

THE WORKS  
OF  
SHAKESPEARE











# **KING LEAR**

**Act III. Scene ii.**

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**FROM A PAINTING BY PROFESSOR ALBERT  
W. HOLDEN**

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THE HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE

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THE WORKS OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY  
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VOLUME X

WITH MANY HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS

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# MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

VINCENTIO, Duke of Vienna.

ANGELO, the deputy in the Duke's absence.

ESCALUS, an ancient lord, joined with Angelo in the government.

CLAUDIO, a young gentleman.

LUCIO, a fantastic.

Two other Gentlemen.

Provost.

THOMAS, } friars.  
PETER, }

A Justice.

VARRIUS.

ELBOW, a simple constable.

FROTH, a foolish gentleman.

POMPEY, servant to Mistress Overdone.

ABHORSON, an executioner.

BARNARDINE, a dissolute prisoner.

ISABELLA, sister to Claudio.

MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo.

JULIET, beloved of Claudio.

FRANCISCA, a nun.

MISTRESS OVERDONE, a bawd.

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.

## SCENE—VIENNA.

HISTORIC PERIOD: The historic period is indefinite.

## TIME OF ACTION.

The time of action consists of four days. Mr. Daniel thus divides them:—

**Day 1:** Act I. Scene 1 may be taken as a kind of prelude, after which some little interval must be supposed in order to permit the new governors of the city to settle to their work. The rest of the play is comprised in three consecutive days.

**Day 2:** Commences with Act I. Scene 2 and ends with Act IV. Scene 2.

**Day 3:** Commences in Act IV. Scene 2 and ends with Act IV. Scene 4.

**Day 4:** Includes Act IV. Scenes 5 and 6, and the whole of Act V., which is in one scene only.

# MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

## INTRODUCTION.

### LITERARY HISTORY.

Measure for Measure was first printed in the Folio of 1623. No external evidence as to its date has been found, and the internal evidence is both slight and doubtful. Tyrwhitt considered that two passages in the early part of the play contain an allusion to the demeanour of James I. on his entry into England at the time of his accession in 1603. In i. 1. 68-73 the Duke says:

I'll prively away. I love the people,  
But do not love to stage me to their eyes:  
Though it do well, I do not relish well  
Their loud applause and Aves vehement;  
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion  
That does affect it. •

Again, in ii. 4. 24-30 it is observed by Angelo:

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;  
Come all to help him, and so stop the air  
By which he should revive: and even so  
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,  
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness  
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love  
Must needs appear offence.

"I cannot help thinking," says Tyrwhitt, "that Shakspeare, in these two passages, intended to flatter the unkingly weakness of James the First, which made him so impatient of the crowds that flocked to see him, especially upon his first coming, that, as some historians say, he restrained them by a proclamation." The Old-Spelling editors quote in their notes the following corroborative passage: "But our King coming through the North (Banqueting, and Feasting by the way) the applause of the people in so obsequious, and submissive a manner (still admiring *Change*) was checkt by an honest plain Scotsman (unused to such humble acclama-

tions) with a *Prophetical expression*; *This people will spoyle a good King*. The King as unused, so tired with multitudes, especially in his *Hunting* (which he did as he went) caused an inhibition to be published, to restrain the people from *Hunting Him*. Happily being fearfull of so great a *Concourse*, as this Novelty produced, the old *Hatred* betwixt the *Borderers* not forgotten, might make him apprehend it to be of a greater extent: though it was generally imputed to a desire of enjoying his *Recreation* without interruption" (Arthur Wilson's History of Great Britain, 1653, p. 3). Other passages which have been conjectured to contain historical allusions are i. 2. 5: "Heaven grant us its peace;" and i. 2. 83: "What with the war, what with the sweat;" the last clause having perhaps some reference to the "sweating sickness" or plague, which in 1603 carried off more than 30,000 people in London; and the allusions to "peace" and "war" having perhaps some reference to the war with Spain, which came to an end in the autumn of 1604. All this is vague enough, but it may be said to lend a little colour to the theory which places the date of the play in 1603 or early in 1604. At all events, there can be no reasonable doubt that Measure for Measure belongs to a late, but not the latest, period of Shakspeare's work--to the period with which all its characteristics link it, the period of Hamlet, of Othello, of Troilus and Cressida.

The direct sources of the plot are Whetstone's "endless comedy," The Right Excellent and Famous Historye of Promos and Cassandra, 1578, and the prose version of the same story by the same writer in The Heptameron of Civil Discourses, 1582. Whetstone himself derived his story from the Hecatomithi of Giraldi Cinthio (Parte Seconda, Deca



## MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ottava, novella v.).<sup>1</sup> The outline of Whetstone's comedy may be given in the "Argument of the Whole History" prefixed by the author or his publisher. "In the cyttie of Julio (sometimes vnder the dominion of Corwinus, Kinge of Hungarie and Boemia) there was a law, that what man so euer committed adultery should lose his head, and the woman offender should weare some disguised apparel during her life, to make her infamouslve noted. This seuere lawe, by the fauour of some mercifull magistrate, became little regarded vntill the time of Lord Promos aucturity; who conuicting a yong gentleman named Andrugio of incontinency, condemned both him and his minion to the execution of this statute. Andrugio had a very vertuous and beawtiful gentlewoman to his sister, named Cassandra: Cassandra to enlarge her brothers life, submitted an humble petition to the Lord Promos: Promos regarding her good behauiours, and fantasying her great beawtie, was much delighted with the sweete order of her talke; and doying good, that euill might come thereof, for a time he repry'd her brother; but, wicked man, tounring his liking vnto vnlawfull lust, he set downe the spoile of her honour raunsome for her brothers life. Chaste Cassandra, abhorring both him and his sute, by no perswasion would yeald to this raunsome: but in fine, wonne with the importunitie of hir brother (pleading for life) vpon these conditions she agreeede to Promos; first that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. Promos, as feareles in promisse as carelesse in performance, with sollemne vowe sygned her conditions: but worse then any infydel, his will satisfyed, he performed neither the one nor the other; for, to keepe his authoritie vnsported with fauour, and to prevent Cassandras clamors, he commaunded the gayler secretly to present Cassandra with her brothers head. The gayler, with<sup>2</sup> the outcries of Andrugio, abhorryng Promos lewdenes, by the prouidence of God prouided thus for his safety. He presented Cassandra with

a felon's head newlie executed, who (being mangled, knew it not from her brother's, by the gayler who was set at libertie) was so agreede at this trecherye, that, at the pointe to kyl her selfe, she spared that stroke to be auenged of Promos: and deuising a way, she concluded to make her fortunes knowne vnto the kinge. She (executing this resolution) was so highly fauoured of the king, that forthwith he hasted to do justice on Promos: whose judgement was, to marrye Cassandra, to repaire her crased<sup>3</sup> honour; which donne, for his hainous offence he should lose his head. This maryage solemnised, Cassandra, tyed in the greatest bondes of affection to her husband, became an earnest suter for his life: the kinge (tendringe the generall benefit of the common weale before her special ease, although he fauoured her much,) would not graunt her sute. Andrugio (disguised amonge the company) sorrowing the griefe of his sister, bewrayde his safetie, and craued pardon. The kinge, to renoune the vertues of Cassandra, pardoned both him and Promos." It will be seen from this summary of the main part of the action that Shakespeare is indebted to Whetstone for the general framework of his plot; it will be seen equally that he has transformed the revolting incoherencies of the original story into a closely-knit, credible, and artistic whole. Shakespeare's debt to the comedy of his predecessor, beyond the mere framework—the ground-plan of his building—may be set down at practically nothing. Promos and Cassandra is a crude and shapeless cento of ill-digested material; a mere succession of heavy scenes set forth in jolting doggerel; bearing by no means so much relation to the play of Shakespeare as the quarries at Carrara bear to the marbles of Michelangelo. A quarry, a storehouse, we may call it: that at the very outside; but certainly nothing with any pretence to art or vitality, nothing with any right to exist on its proper merits. No hints towards the characterization of any of the dramatis personæ common to Shakespeare and to Whetstone could be found in the lifeless pages of the earlier play.

<sup>1</sup> Hecatommithi ouero Cento Novelle di M. Giouanbattista Giraldi Cinthio. In Venezia, Appresso Enea de Alaris, MDLXXIII. Pp. 130-135.

<sup>2</sup> Probably there is some misprint or omission here.

<sup>3</sup> Crased, i.e. brokeh, damaged. See *Mids. Night's Dream*, note 17.

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wright. Wherever for a moment there is the smallest similarity in thought or word—and this is very seldom indeed, considering the strong similarity of the incidents—such likeness is nothing more or less than inevitable, and exists simply in the most obvious truisms, so to speak, of natural action. In Cinthio's version of the story there are one or two natural touches, good enough, if he had seen them, to have suggested a thought to Shakespeare. Epitia, for instance, the Isabella of *Measure for Measure*, is spoken of as one to whom Philosophy had taught how the human soul should meet every hap ("cui la Filosofia haueua insegnato qual debbia essere l'animo humano in ogni fortuna"). Could anything truer be said of Isabella? Altogether Cinthio is very much more graphic and effective than Whetstone, either in the prose or poetry of his English imitator. Hazlitt, in his *Shakespeare's Library*, quotes two similar stories, told briefly and barely by Goulart, in his *Admirable and Memorable Histories*, 1607. Other such stories are known, some of them on historical evidence, such as the story of the governor of Flushing, in the old French chronicles. Perhaps, as has been suggested, the very story as we find it in Cinthio was based on an actual occurrence in the dark ages of the Italian despots.

### STAGE HISTORY.

Of the performance of *Measure for Measure* we have no record before the Restoration; and when theatres were again licensed, the only form in which this play appeared on the stage was in the sadly-transformed shape of Davenant's jumble of this play and *Much Ado*, called *The Law against Lovers*, which has already been alluded to in the Introduction to *Much Ado* (vol. vii. p. 8). What amazing devil, as the late Charles Dickens would have said, possessed Sir William Davenant to spoil two plays, so different in their nature but each so good of its kind, by jumbling them together, it is difficult to conceive. It is possible, if the tradition that Davenant was Shakespeare's son be true, that he owed his father a grudge for begetting so extremely ill-looking an offspring. If so, it must be owned that, in this

deformation of two of his father's great works, he had his revenge; for he has succeeded to a marvel in destroying all the comedy of *Benedick* and *Beatrice*, while at the same time he enfeebled the serious and almost tragical interest of *Measure* for *Measure*. It may be as well to give a list of the *Dramatis Personæ* of Davenant's play:

THE DUKE OF SAVOY.  
 LORD ANGELO, his deputy.  
 BENEDICK, brother to Angelo.  
 LUCTO, } his friends.  
 BALTHAZAR, }  
 ESCHALUS, a counsellor.  
 CLAUDIO, in love with Julietta.  
 PROVOST.  
 FRIAR THOMAS.  
 BERNARDINE, a prisoner.  
 JAILOR.  
 FOOL.  
 HANGMAN.  
 BEATRICE, a great heiress.  
 ISABELLA, sister to Claudio.  
 JULIETTA, mistress to Claudio.  
 VIOLA, sister to Beatrice, very young.  
 FRANCISCA, a nun.

Scene: TURIN.

The first act follows the story of *Measure* for *Measure* pretty closely as far as the incidents go. The effect of the introduction of *Benedick* and *Beatrice* is that they are both entirely deprived of the wit and vivacity which characterized them in Shakespeare's *Much Ado*, while nearly all the beautiful poetry of *Measure* for *Measure* is ruthlessly deformed into the dreariest prose-verse.

For a specimen of Davenant's work we may take the following lines from the Duke's speech to Angelo in act i. scene 1:

That victory gives me now free leisure to  
 Pursue my old design of travelling;  
 Whilst, hiding what I am, in fit disguise,  
 I may compare the customs, prudent laws,  
 And managements of foreign states with ours.

The victory alluded to is that which *Benedick* has just won. The scraps of Shakespeare that are dragged in, whether from *Much Ado* or *Measure* for *Measure*, but especially from the former, seem sadly out of place. Here is a specimen of Davenant's originality. After a scene between *Benedick* and *Beatrice*, *Viola*,

## MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

who is the young sister of Beatrice, says to Benedick:

Y' are welcome home, my lord. Have you brought  
Any pendants and fine fans from the wars?

*Ben.* What, my sweet bud, you are grown to a  
blossom!

*Vio.* My sister has promised me that I shall be  
A woman, and that you shall make love to me,  
When you are old enough to have a wife.

*Ben.* This is not a chip of the old block, but will  
prove

A smart twig of the young branch.

This wretched stuff is printed as verse, though it is difficult to believe it was ever intended to be anything but prose. In the second act it is Benedick that pleads for the life of Claudio. Again the scenes between Benedick and Beatrice, that are dragged in, serve merely to encumber the action without lightening the play. Davenant preserves the scene between Isabella and Angelo, carefully injuring if not utterly destroying, wherever he can, the poetry of Shakespeare's language. The second act concludes with a mutilated version of Angelo's soliloquy in act ii. scene 4 of Shakespeare's play, the last four lines of which are thus improved by Davenant:

The numerous subjects to a well-wisht King  
Quit their own home, and in rude fondness to  
His presence crowd, where their unwelcome love  
Does an offence, and an oppression prove.

The third act goes straight on with the same scene (from Shakespeare), beginning with the entrance of Isabella. This is followed by a long scene between Benedick and Beatrice, in which Beatrice urges Benedick to steal his brother's signet, and so seal the pardon of Juliet and Claudio. Then Viola comes in and sings a song, *apropos des bottes*; after which Lucio and Balthazar persuade Beatrice that Benedick is in love with her. The extraordinary dullness of this scene, compared with the one it is founded on in *Much Ado*, is decidedly original. Then we go back to Measure for Measure, and have a scene between Claudio and Isabella in prison; next to which comes an original scene, in which Benedick brings Beatrice the signed pardon for Juliet and Claudio, which he has obtained through Escalus. The act ends with a short scene in the

prison between Viola and Juliet, her cousin. In this scene, short as it is, Davenant's genius will burst out, as witness the following description by the innocent little Viola when speaking of the Jailor:

The fellow looks like a man God'd  
In pump-water. Is he married?

The beginning of the next act is apparently original. It appears that the Friar, *i.e.* the disguised Duke, is thwarting Benedick's scheme for the release of Juliet and Claudio, so he and Beatrice relieve their feelings by calling in Viola, who dances; the stage-direction being *Enter Viola dancing a saraband, awhile with castanets*. This is the scene which so much pleased the sapient and tasteful Pepys, who says, under date February 18th, 1661-2: "Saw 'The Law against Lovers,' a good play, and well performed, especially the little girl's (whom I never saw act before) dancing and singing; and were it not for her the losse of Roxalana would spoil the house." Then we have a scrap of Pompey in the shape of the Fool, and another scrap from Shakespeare in the shape of a scene between the Duke and Lucio; and then a scene between Juliet and Isabella in prison, quite original, in which the author bursts into poetry and, shaking off the trammels of blank verse, indulges in rhymed couplets. Juliet thinks that Isabella might make the sacrifice asked by Angelo for Claudio's sake, to which Isabella pointedly answers that she had better make it herself:

The good or ill redemption of his life  
Both less concern his sister than his wife.

Then we have more original elephantine playfulness between Benedick and Beatrice. Then, after a brief return to Shakespeare in a scene between the Duke, Provost, and Barnardine, we have an original scene in which Claudio gives the Fool a thousand pieces of gold as a bribe to help Juliet to escape in a page's dress. He declines to attempt to escape himself. Juliet, not to be outdone in generosity, sends her Maid with a proposal to Claudio to escape by a window in her room with the connivance of the Provost's wife, but she is not to escape

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herself. All this is, I suppose, to make the character of Claudio more sympathetic. Then we have a sort of parody in rhymed verse of the great scene between Angelo and Isabella, in which we find such gems of poetry as the following speech of Isabella:

Catch fools in nets without a covert laid;  
Can I, who see the treason, be betray'd!

The effect of this exquisite couplet upon Angelo is to make him completely change his tone, and to become suddenly virtuous, declaring that all that had happened before was only his fun. He never meant that Claudio should die; he never meant to make naughty proposals to Isabella. All that he meant was to propose honourable marriage. But Isabella is not to be taken in with these beautiful sentiments; she remarks:

If it be true, you shall not be believ'd.  
Lest you should think me apt to be deceiv'd.

Then she goes out, leaving poor Angelo in a very forlorn condition, who comes to the conclusion

Because she doubts my virtue I must die;  
Who did with vicious arts her virtue try.

In the fifth act we have more singing, in which Beatrice, Benedick, and Viola all take part, supported by the Chorus; this musical entertainment being, as it appears, for the benefit of Angelo, in order to rouse him from his supposed anchoritic existence. Then we begin to get serious again, and three servants come in, one after another, exhorting Angelo to "Arm, arm, my lord!" for his brother is in open revolt and is besieging the prison where Claudio and Juliet are confined. Now we have a great deal of excitement and something like a pantomime rally by all the characters; and the play ultimately ends with the marriage of Angelo and Isabella! They are kept in countenance by two other pairs of betrothed lovers, Benedick and Beatrice, and Claudio and Juliet. Lucio, who gets very waggish towards the end, is inclined to marry the Fool's grandmother, but, finding she is dead, decides on remaining a bachelor.

I have given a full account of Davenant's play, because few persons are likely to take the trouble to read it for themselves, and, un-

less one does so, one might be deceived by the praises lavished on this contemptible work by contemporary and other critics.

In 1700 at Lincoln's Inn Fields the version of this play by Charles Gildon, called *Measure for Measure* or *Beauty the best Advocate* was produced with the following cast: Angelo = Betterton, Claudio = Verbruggen, Duke = Arnold, Escalus = Berry, Isabella = Mrs. Bracegirdle, Juliet = Mrs. Bowman. As in Davenant's version, the scene was laid at Turin, and Balthazar figures among the *Dramatis Personæ*. All the comic characters, including Lucio, are ruthlessly cut out. The title-page announces that the play was "Written originally by Mr. Shakespear; and now very much altered; With additions of several Entertainments of Musick." There were no less than four of these Entertainments, with one of which the play concluded. Charles Gildon wrote several plays, but none of them were successful. Genest quotes two lines from the second act, where Angelo tells Isabella to meet him at the opera:

Consider on it, and at ten this evening  
If you'll comply, you'll meet me at the Opera.

This wretched production does not appear ever to have been revived, though the next mention of the play, under date December 8th, 1720, at Lincoln's Inn Fields, is "not acted 20 years, *Measure for Measure* by Shakespeare," the following members of the cast being given: Duke = Quin, Angelo = Boheme, Claudio = Ryan, Isabella = Mrs. Seymour. On this occasion it was acted eight times, and revived again on October 10th, 1721, when Genest gives C. Bullock as the representative of Lucio, which proves that it cannot have been Gildon's version, as in that Lucio is omitted altogether. We may take it, therefore, that the performance in December, 1720, was the first revival of Shakespear's play after the Restoration.

Quin was decidedly fond of the part of the Duke, which he played excellently, and he seems to have caused the piece to be revived, pretty nearly every season, at whatever theatre he happened to be; though it never was played more than once or twice during any

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one season. On March 10th, 1737, Quin took his benefit as the Duke at Drury Lane, when Mrs. Cibber was Isabella, a part to which she seems to have been very partial. That wretched creature her husband, Theophilus Cibber, played Lucio at least on one occasion, January 26th, 1738, when, for the first time, Elbow is mentioned in the cast, his representative being Harper. Mrs. Cibber took her benefit as Isabella on April 12th of the same year. On January 4th, 1744, Mrs. Pritchard made her first appearance as Isabella at Covent Garden. She ultimately succeeded Mrs. Cibber in this rôle. At Covent Garden, April 11th, 1746, Measure for Measure was represented for the benefit of Havard and Berry, "not acted 6 years," when Mrs. Woffington played Isabella for the first time; and she repeated the part on more than one occasion, though it could not have been a very suitable one to her. Quin seems to have played the Duke for the last time on December 4th, 1750, when no particulars of the cast are given. It was at this theatre, Covent Garden, that he made his last appearance in 1753, the great success of Barry during the last two seasons had perhaps reminded Quin that it was time for him to retire. On February 22nd, 1755, Measure for Measure was played at Drury Lane, with Yates as Pompey, and Mrs. Cibber as Isabella, Woodward as Lucio, the Duke being Mossop. It was played once or twice during the three following seasons; but Garrick never took any part in it himself. It was about this time that a singularly tragical occurrence took place in connection with this play. Joseph Peterson, an actor of considerable ability and great versatility, who had been long attached to the Norwich company, was playing the part of the Duke in this play, one of his best parts, some time in October, 1758; when, in the scene with Claudio, played on that occasion by Moody, in the third act, just as he was speaking the lines iii. 1. 6-8:

Reason thus with life:

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing

That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art.

he dropped dead into Moody's arms. Peterson made his first *début* at Goodman's Fields

as Lord Foppington, and played Buckingham to Garrick's Richard on his first appearance as Richard III. He was interred at Bury St. Edmund's, with the lines he last spoke on the stage inscribed on his tomb. The next notable performance of Measure for Measure was on February 12th, 1770, for Woodward's benefit at Covent Garden. It was announced as "Not acted 20 years." Bensley was the Duke, Clarke Angelo, Wroughton Claudio, and the *beneficiaire* himself Lucio; Quick played Elbow; Mrs. Bellamy took the part of Isabella, apparently for the first time, and Mrs. Bulkeley was Mariana. The piece was repeated again on the 21st of the same month. At the same theatre in the next season on January 12th, 1771, Yates played Lucio to the Isabella of his wife. During this season it was played three times, and twice in the succeeding one. On March 18th, 1775, this play was revived at Drury Lane, "Not acted 16 years." King was Lucio, Palmer Angelo, Parsons Pompey. It was represented on the 20th April following for Palmer's benefit. It was again acted on January 8th, 1777, "Not acted 5 years," when Lee and Mrs. Jackson appeared for the first time as the Duke and Isabella respectively. Passing over some unimportant performances of the play, we come to October 11th, 1780, when the play was again revived at Covent Garden, with Henderson as the Duke, Lee Lewes Lucio, Clarke Angelo, Wroughton Claudio, Mrs. Yates again playing Isabella, and Mrs. Inchbald appearing in the small part of Mariana. At Bath, in the season 1779-1780, we find the first record of the performance of Mrs. Siddons as Isabella. She played the part six times during that season, and on November 3rd, 1783, she appeared at Drury Lane for the first time in this character. During this season she acted the part five times; in fact it was the only Shakespearian one she attempted in London. In speaking of Mrs. Siddons' impersonations it must not be forgotten that there was another Isabella, a very favourite, part of hers. This was the heroine of South-erne's Isabella or the Fatal Marriage, altered by Garrick; but though many of her contemporaries seem to have considered this Isabella to be one of her most powerful im-

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personations, there is no doubt that the great actress was especially fine as the heroine of *Measure for Measure*, notably in the great scenes with Angelo, and in the prison scene with Claudio. The part is one which essentially requires an actress to assume moral dignity, if she has it not. The pretty pathos which serves well enough for Ophelia and Desdemona is of no avail here: indeed there is no part in any of Shakespeare's plays which requires greater elevation both of thought and of style than that of Isabella.

On December 30th, 1794, John Kemble appeared, at Drury Lane, for the first time as the Duke, with a strong cast which included Bannister, jun., as Lucio, Palmer as Angelo, Dicky Suett as Pompey, Parsons as Elbow; Mrs. Siddons, of course, was the Isabella; indeed no one seems to have attempted to rival her in this part for many years. The piece was acted eight times on this occasion. We pass over several performances at Drury Lane during the next eight years, till we come to November 21st, 1803, when the play was revived at Covent Garden, "not acted 20 years." Kemble and Mrs. Siddons again took their old parts, and Cooke appeared for the first time as Angelo; the Claudio was Charles Kemble, and the two comic parts of Elbow and Pompey were played by Blanchard and Emery respectively. The next memorable performance of this play was on October 30th, 1811, the beginning of Mrs. Siddons' last season at Covent Garden. The cast was much the same as on the last-mentioned occasion, except that Barrymore was the Angelo, and, according to Genest, was the only one whose part was not well acted. In this revival Liston was the Pompey, and Emery took the small part of Barnardine. George Daniel says, in his preface to the acting edition of Cumberland's British Theatre: "The few words put into the mouth of this dissolute prisoner were given with astonishing power by Emery, who, in reality, looked the wretch described by the poet, 'Unfit to live or die.'" The piece was played several times during this season; Mrs. Siddons making her last appearance in the part on June 26th, 1812. It is said that she

was then so enfeebled by age that, when she knelt to the Duke, she was unable to rise without assistance. With Mrs. Siddons the popularity of *Measure for Measure* as an acting play seems to have died, at least for a time. No actress since has succeeded in making her mark in the character of Isabella. On February 8th, 1816, Miss O'Neill made her first appearance in the part at Covent Garden, on which occasion Yates played the Duke. The next revival of any importance was that under Elliston's management, May 1st, 1824, at Drury Lane, when it was only played twice. Liston, singular to say, was cast for Lucio, and was a dire failure. Phelps produced *Measure for Measure* in his third season at Sadler's Wells on November 4th, 1846; Miss Addison's Isabella was said to have been a fine performance, but the play was not often repeated; Phelps played the Duke, though he is said to have preferred the part of Angelo. In recent times the only memorable revival of this play was that at the Haymarket, when the late Miss Adelaide Neilson, whose premature death was so much regretted, played Isabella on Saturday, April 1st, 1876. The best features in the cast on this occasion were the Duke of Mr. Howe and the Lucio of Mr. Conway, the best performance in the Shakespearian drama that the latter ever gave. Charles Warner was an earnest Claudio, and Mr. Buckstone himself raised many a laugh as Pompey. Miss Neilson's Isabella was a pretty and graceful performance, and considered by many critics to be her best Shakespearian impersonation; but she scarcely fulfilled the highest requirements of the part. The play had not been represented for 25 years in London.

It was revived at the Haymarket again two years later, when Miss Neilson was supported by the graceful and poetic actor, Mr. Kyrle Bellew, as Claudio. The only actress of ability who has since played the part of Isabella in London is Miss Wallis, who, after having produced *Measure for Measure* in the provinces in 1883, revived the play at the Kennington Theatre, March 27th, 1899. Great interest was felt in the assumption of the rôle of Isabella by Madame Modjeska, at the Garrick, New York, Oct. 7th, 1895.

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### CRITICAL REMARKS.

Measure for Measure is neither the last of the comedies nor the first of the tragedies. It is tragedy and comedy together, inextricably interfused, coexistent in a mutual contradiction; such a tangled web, past hope of unravelling, as our life is, looked at by the actors in it, on the level of its action; with certain suggestions, open or concealed, of the higher view, the aspect of things from a point of tolerant wisdom. The hidden activity of the duke, working for ends of beneficent justice, in the midst of the ferment and corruption of the seething city; this figure of personified Providence, watchfully cognizant of act and motive, has been conceived by Shakespeare—not yet come to his darkest mood, in which man is a mere straw in the wind of Destiny—to give the sense of security indwelling in even such a maze as this. It is not from Isabella that we get any such sense. Her very courage and purity and intellectual light do but serve to deepen the darkness, when we conceive of her as but one sacrifice the more. Just as Cordelia intensifies the pity and terror of King Lear, so would Isabella's helpless virtues add the keenest ingredient to the cup of bitterness—but for the duke. He is a foretaste of Prospero, a Prospero working greater miracles without magic; and he guides us through the labyrinths of the play by a clue of which he has the secret.

That Measure for Measure is a "painful" play (as Coleridge called it) cannot be denied. There is something base and sordid about the villany of its actors; a villany which has nothing of the heroism of sin. In Angelo we have the sharpest lesson that Shakespeare ever read self-righteousness. In Claudio we see a "gilded youth" with the gilding rubbed off; and there is not under heaven a more pitiful sight. From Claudio's refined wantonness we sink deeper and deeper, through Lucio, who is a Claudio by trade, and without even the pretence of gilding, to the very lowest depth of a city's fondness and brutality. The "humours" of bawd and hangman and the customers of both are painted with as angry a hand as Hogarth's; bitten in with the etcher's acid, as if into the

very flesh. Even Elbow, "a simple constable," a Dogberry of the lower dregs, struts and maunders before us with a desperate imbecility, in place of the engaging silliness, where silliness seemed a hearty comic virtue, of the "simple constable" of the earlier play. In the astonishing portrait of Barnardine we come to the simply animal man; a portrait which in its savage realism, brutal truth to nature, cynical insight into the workings of the contented beast in man, seems to anticipate some of the achievements of the modern realistic novel. In the midst of this crowd of evil-doers walks the duke, hooded body and soul in his friar's habit; Escalus, a solitary figure of broad and sturdily uprightness; Isabella, "a thing enskied and sainted," the largest-hearted and clearest-eyed heroine of Shakespeare; and apart, veiled from good and evil in a perpetual solitariness of sorrow, Mariana, at the moated grange.

In the construction of this play Shakespeare seems to have put forth but a part of his strength, throwing his full power only into the great scenes, and leaving, with less than his customary care (in strong contrast to what we note in Twelfth Night), frayed ends and edges of action and of characterization. The conclusion, particularly, seems hurried, and the disposal of Angelo inadequate. I cannot but think that Shakespeare felt the difficulty, nay, impossibility of reconciling the end which his story and the dramatic conventionalities required with the character of Angelo as shown in the course of the play, and that he slurred over the matter as best he could. With space before him he might have convinced us—for what could not Shakespeare do!—of the sincerity of Angelo's repentance and the rightfulness of his remission; but as it is, crowded as all this conviction and penitence and forgiveness necessarily is into a few minutes of supplementary action, one can hardly think that Coleridge expressed the natural feeling too forcibly when he said that "the strong indignant claim of justice" is baffled by the pardon and marriage of Angelo. Of the scenes in which Angelo appears as the prominent actor—the incomparable second and fourth scenes of the second act, the

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first the temptation of Angelo, the second Angelo's temptation of Isabella—nothing can be said but that Shakespeare may have equalled, but scarcely can have exceeded them in intensity and depth of natural truth. These, with that other scene between Claudio and Isabella, make the play.

It is part of the irony of things that the worst complication, the deepest tragedy, in all this tortuous action comes about by the innocent means of the stainless Isabella; who also, by her steadfast heroism, brings light and right at last. But for Isabella, Claudio would simply have died, perhaps meeting his fate, when it came, with a desperate flash of his father's courage; Angelo might have lived securely to his last hour, unconscious of his own weakness—of the fire that lurked in so impenetrable a flint. Shakespeare has sometimes been praised for the subtlety with which he has barbed the hook for Angelo, in making Isabella's very chastity and goodness the keenest of temptations. The notion is not peculiar to Shakespeare, but was hinted at, in his scrambling and uncertain way, by the writer of the old play. In truth, I do not see what other course was open to either, given the facts which were not original in Shakespeare or in Whetstone. Angelo, let us remember, is not a hypocrite: he has no dishonourable intention in his mind; he conceives himself to be firmly grounded on a broad basis of rectitude, and in condemning Claudio he condemns a sin which he sincerely abhors. His treatment of the betrothed Mariana would probably be in his own eyes an act of frigid justice; it certainly shows a man not sensually-minded, but cold, calculating, likely to err, if he errs at all, rather on the side of the miserly virtues than of the generous sins. It is thus the nobility of Isabella that attracts him: her freedom from the tenderest signs of frailty, her unbiassed intellect, her regard for justice, her religious sanctity; and it is on his noblest side first, the side of him that can respond to these qualities, that he is tempted. I know of nothing more consummate than the way in which his mind is led on, step by step towards the trap still hidden from him, the trap prepared by the merciless foresight of the chance that tries the profes-

sions and the thoughts of men. Once tainted, the corruption is over him like leprosy, and every virtue withers into the corresponding form of vice. In Claudio it is the same touchstone—Isabella's unconscious and misdirected Ithuriel-spear—that brings out the basest forms and revelations of evil. A great living painter has chosen the moment of most pregnant import in the whole play—the moment when Claudio, having heard the terms on which alone life can be purchased, murmurs, "Death is a fearful thing," and Isabella, not yet certain, yet already with the grievous fear astir in her, of her brother's weakness, replies, "And shamed life a hateful"—it is this moment that Hohnan Hunt brings before us in a canvas that, like his scene from the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, throws more revealing light on Shakespeare than a world of commentators. Against the stained and discoloured wall of his dungeon, apple-blossoms and blue sky showing through the grated window behind his delicate dishevelled head, Claudio stands; a lute tied with red ribbons hangs beside him, a spray of apple-blossom has fallen on the dark garments at his feet, one hand plays with his fetters—with how significant a gesture!—the other hand pinches, idly affectionate, the two intense hands that Isabella has laid upon his breast; he is thinking—where to debate means shame,—balancing the arguments; and with pondering eyes, thrusting his tongue towards the corner of his just-parted lips with a movement of exquisite naturalness, he halts in indecision: all his mean thoughts are there, in that gesture, in those eyes; and in the warm and gracious youth of his whole aspect, passionately superficial and world-loving, there is something of the pathos of things "sweet, not lasting," a fragile, an unreasonable, an inevitable pathos. Isabella fronts him, an embodied conscience, all her soul in her eyes. Her eyes read him, plead with him, they are suppliant and judge; her intense fearfulness, the intolerable doubt of her brother's honour, the anguish of hope and fear, shine in them with a light as of tears frozen at the source. In a moment, with words on his lips whose far-reaching imagination is stung into him and from him by the sharpness of the impending



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death, he will have stooped below the reach of her contempt, uttering those words, "Sweet sister, let me live!"

After all, the final word of Shakespeare in this play is mercy; but it is a mercy which comes of the consciousness of our own need of it, and it is granted and accepted in humiliation. The lesson of mercy taught in the Merchant of Venice is based on the mutual blessing of its exercise, the graciousness of spirit to which it is sign and seal.

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest;  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

12

Here, the claim which our fellow-man has on our commiseration is the sad claim of common guiltiness before an absolute bar of justice.

How would you be  
If He, which is the top of judgment, should  
But judge you as you are?

And is not the "painfulness" which impresses us in this sombre play, due partly to this very moral, and not alone to the circumstances from which it disengages itself? For it is so mournful to think that we are no better than our neighbours.





*Duke.* For you must know, we have with special soul  
Elected him our absence to supply.—(Act i. 1. 17, 18.)

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### ACT I

SCENE I. *An apartment in the Duke's palace.*

DUKE, ESCALUS, and Attendants, discovered.

*Duke.* [*Seated*] Escalus!

*Escal.* My lord?

*Duke.* Of government the properties to unfold,

Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;

Since I am put<sup>1</sup> to know that your own science  
Exceeds, in that, the lists<sup>2</sup> of all advice

My strength can give you: [then no more remains

But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth  
is able,

And let them work.] The nature of our people,  
Our city's institutions, and the terms <sup>11</sup>

For common justice, you're as pregnant in<sup>3</sup>

As art and practice hath enriched any

That we remember. There is our commission,

From which we would not have you warp.

[*Escalus kneels and receives his commission.*

Call hither,

I say, bid come before us Angelo.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

What figure of us think you he will bear?

For you must know, we have with special soul  
Elected him our absence to supply;

Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love,  
And given his deputation<sup>4</sup> all the organs <sup>21</sup>

Of our own power: what think you of it?

*Escal.* If any in Vienna be of worth  
To undergo such ample grace and honour,  
It is Lord Angelo.

*Duke.* Look where he comes.

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Ang.* Always obedient to your grace's will,  
I come to know your pleasure.

*Duke.* Angelo,  
There is a kind of character<sup>5</sup> in thy life,

<sup>1</sup> Put, made.

<sup>2</sup> Lists, limits.

<sup>3</sup> Pregnant in, well acquainted with.

<sup>4</sup> Deputation, deputyship.

<sup>5</sup> Character, i.e. writing, the primary sense of the word.

That to the observer doth thy history  
Fully unfold. [*Taking the other commission.*]

Thyself and thy belongings 30

Are not thine own so proper, as to waste  
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.  
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,  
Not light them for themselves; for if our  
virtues

Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike  
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely  
touch'd

But to fine issues; [nor Nature never lends  
The smallest scruple of her excellence  
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines  
Herself the glory of a creditor, 40  
Both thanks and use.<sup>1</sup> But I do bend my  
speech

To one that can my part in him advertise;<sup>2</sup>  
Hold, therefore, Angelo:—

[*Tenders his commission.*]

In our remove be thou at full yourself;  
Mortality and mercy in Vienna  
Live in thy tongue and heart: old Escalus,  
Though first in question,<sup>3</sup> is thy secondary.  
Take thy commission.

[*Rises and comes down to Angelo.*]

Ang. Now, good my lord,  
Let there be some more test made of my metal,  
Before so noble and so great a figure 50  
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:  
We have with a heaven'd and prepared choice  
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.  
[*Angelo kneels and receives his commission.*]

Our haste from hence is of so quick condition  
That it prefers itself and leaves unquesti-  
on'd Matters of needful value. We shall write to  
you,

As time and our concernings shall importune,  
How it goes with us, and do look to know  
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:  
To the hopeful execution do I leave you 60  
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet give leave, my lord,  
That we may bring you<sup>4</sup> something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;  
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do

With any scruple: your scope is as mine own,  
So to enforce or qualify the laws

As to your soul seems good. Give me your  
hand: [*Angelo gives his hand to the Duke.*]

I'll privily away. I love the people,  
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:  
Though it do well, I do not relish well 70  
Their loud applause and Aves<sup>5</sup> vehement;  
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion  
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

[*Going.*]

Ang. The heavens give safety to your pur-  
poses!

Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in  
happiness!

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me  
leave

To have free speech with you; and it concerns  
me

To look into the bottom of my place:

A power I have, but of what strength and  
nature 80

I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw  
together,

And we may soon our satisfaction have  
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. A street.

*Enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen.*

Lucio. If the duke with the other dukes  
come not to composition with the King of  
Hungary, why then all the dukes fall upon  
the king.

First Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but  
not the King of Hungary's!

Sec. Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimoni-  
ous pirate that went to sea with the Ten  
Commandments, but scrap'd one out of the  
table.

Sec. Gent. "Thou shalt not steal"<sup>6</sup> 10

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

First Gent. Why, 't was a commandment to

<sup>1</sup> Use, interest.

<sup>2</sup> Advise, instruct.

<sup>3</sup> Question, consideration.

<sup>4</sup> Bring you, accompany you.

<sup>5</sup> Aves, acclamations (Latin ave = hail).

command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, do relish the petition well that prays for peace.

*Sec. Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

*Lucio.* I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where grace was said. 20

[*Sec. Gent.* Not a dozen times at least.

*First Gent.* What, in metre?

*Lucio.* In any proportion or in any language.

*First Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

*Lucio.* Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy; as, for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

*First Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

*Lucio.* I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list. 31

*First Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

*Lucio.* I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee. 40

*First Gent.* I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

*Sec. Gent.* Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

*Lucio.* Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes! I have purchas'd as many diseases under her roof as come to—

*Sec. Gent.* To what, I pray?

*Lucio.* Judge. 49

*Sec. Gent.* To three thousand dolours<sup>1</sup> a year.

*First Gent.* Ay, and more.

*Lucio.* A French crown more.

*First Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error; I am sound.

*Lucio.* Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee. ]

*Enter MISTRESS OVERDONE, crying.*

*First Gent.* How now! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica? 59

*Mrs. Ov.* Well, well; there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

*Sec. Gent.* Who's that, I pray thee?

*Mrs. Ov.* Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

*First Gent.* Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

*Mrs. Ov.* Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head to be choppy'd off. 70

*Lucio.* But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

*Mrs. Ov.* I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

*Lucio.* Believe me, this may be: he promis'd to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

*Sec. Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

*First Gent.* But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation. 81

*Lucio.* Away! let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.*

*Mrs. Ov.* Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

*Enter POMPEY.*

How now! what's the news with you?

*Pom.* Yonder man is carried to prison.

[*Mrs. Ov.* Well; what has he done?

*Pom.* A woman.

*Mrs. Ov.* But what's his offence? 90

*Pom.* Groping for trouts in a peculiar<sup>2</sup> river. ]

*Mrs. Ov.* What, is there a maid with child by him?

*Pom.* No, but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

*Mrs. Ov.* What proclamation, man?

<sup>1</sup> Dolours, an obvious pun on dolours and dollars.

<sup>2</sup> Peculiar, i.e. belonging to an individual.

*Pom.* All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down. 100

[*Mrs. Ov.* And what shall become of those in the city?

*Pom.* They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

*Mrs. Ov.* But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

*Pom.* To the ground, mistress.]

*Mrs. Ov.* Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

*Pom.* Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place,



*Claud.* Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world? Bear me to prison, where I am committed.—(Act I. 2. 119-121.)

you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be consider'd.

[*Loud voices heard without.*

*Mrs. Ov.* What's to do here, Thomas tapster? let's withdraw.

*Pom.* Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there's Maolan Juliet. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Provost, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and Officers.*

*Claud.* Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world? Bear me to prison, where I am committed. 121

*Prov.* I do it not in evil disposition, But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

*Claud.* Thus can the demigod Authority Make us pay down for our offence by weight. The words of heaven:—on whom it will, it will; On whom it will not, so; yet still 't is just.

*Re-enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen.*

*Lucio.* Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?

*Claud.* From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:

As surfeit is the father of much fast, 130  
So every scope<sup>1</sup> by the immoderate use

<sup>1</sup> Scope, license.

Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,  
Like rats that ravin<sup>1</sup> down their proper<sup>2</sup> bane,  
A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.

*Lucio.* If I could speak so wisely under an  
arrest, I would send for certain of my credi-  
tors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief  
have the foppery of freedom as the morality of  
imprisonment. What's thy offence, Claudio?

*Claud.* What but to speak of would offend  
again. 140

*Lucio.* What, is't murder?

*Claud.* No.

*Lucio.* Lechery?

*Claud.* Call it so.

*Prov.* Away, sir! you must go.

*Claud.* One word, good friend. Lucio, a  
word with you. [Takes him aside.

*Lucio.* A hundred, if they'll do you any good.  
Is lechery so look'd after?

*Claud.* Thus stands it with me:—upon a  
true contráct

I got possession of Julietta's bed: 150  
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,  
Save that we do the denunciation<sup>3</sup> lack  
Of outward order: this we came not to,  
Only for propagation<sup>4</sup> of a dower  
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;  
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love  
Till time had made them for us. But it chanc'd  
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment  
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

*Lucio.* With child, perhaps?

*Claud.* Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the duke—

[Whether it be the fault and glimpse of new-  
ness, 162

Or whether that the body public be  
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,  
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know  
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;  
Whether the tyranny be in his place,  
Or in his eminence that fills it up,  
I stagger in:—but this new governor ]  
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties 170  
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by  
the wall

So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,

And none of them<sup>5</sup> been worn; and, for a name,  
Now puts the drowy and neglected act  
Freshly on me:—t's surely for a name.

*Lucio.* I warrant it is: and thy head stands  
so tickle<sup>6</sup> on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid,  
if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after  
the duke, and appeal to him.

*Claud.* I have done so, but he's not to be  
found. 180

I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service:

This day my sister should the cloister enter

And there receive her approbation:

Acquaint her with the danger of my state;

Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends

To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him:

I have great hope in that; for in her youth

There is a prone<sup>6</sup> and speechless dialect,

Such as move men; beside, she hath prosper-  
ous art

When she will play with reason and discourse,  
And well she can persuade. 191

*Lucio.* I pray she may; as well for the  
encouragement of the like, which else would  
stand under grievous imposition, as for the  
enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry  
should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-  
tack.<sup>7</sup> I'll to her.

*Claud.* I thank you, good friend Lucio.

[Provost advances.

*Lucio.* Within two hours.

*Claud.* Come, officer, away! [Exeunt.

### SCENE III. The entrance to a monastery.

Enter DUKE and FRIAR THOMAS.

*Duke.* No, holy father; throw away that  
thought;

Believe not that the dribbling dart of love  
Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire  
thee

To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose  
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and  
ends

Of burning youth.

*Fri. T.* May your grace speak of it?

*Duke.* My holy sir, none better knows than  
you

<sup>1</sup> Ravin, ravenously devour.

<sup>2</sup> Proper, own.

<sup>3</sup> Denunciation, formal declaration.

<sup>4</sup> Propagation, augmentation.

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<sup>5</sup> Tickle, ticklish.

<sup>6</sup> Prone, appealing.

<sup>7</sup> Tick-tack, a sort of backgammon (French, *tric-trac*).

How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd  
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,  
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery<sup>1</sup>  
keeps. 10

I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,  
A man of stricture and firm abstinence,  
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,  
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;  
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,  
And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious sir,  
You will demand of me why I do this!

*Fri. T.* Gladly, my lord.

*Duke.* We have strict statutes and most  
biting laws,  
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong  
weeds, 20

Which for this fourteen years we have let slip;  
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,  
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond  
fathers,  
Having bound up the threatening twigs of  
birch,

Only to stick it in their children's sight  
For terror, not to use, in time the rod's  
More mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,  
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,  
And liberty plucks justice by the nose; 25  
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart  
Goes all decorum.

*Fri. T.* It rested in your grace  
To unloose this tied-up justice when you  
pleas'd:

And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd  
Than in Lord Angelo.

*Duke.* I do fear, too dreadful:  
Sith<sup>2</sup> 't was my fault to give the people scope,  
'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall them  
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be  
done,

When evil deeds have their permissive pass,  
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed,  
my father,

I have on Angelo impos'd the office; 40  
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike  
home,

And yet my nature never in the fight,  
To do it slander. And to behold his sway,  
I will, as 't were a brother of your order,

Visit both prince and people: therefore, I  
prithee,

Supply me with the habit, and instruct me  
How I may formally in person bear<sup>3</sup>

Like a true friar. More reasons for this action  
At our more leisure shall I render you;  
Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise; 50  
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses  
That his blood flows, or that his appetite  
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,  
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV. A nunnery.

*Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.*

*Isab.* And have you nuns no further privi-  
leges?

*Fran.* Are not these large enough?

*Isab.* Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring  
more;

But rather wishing a more strict restraint  
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint  
Clare.

*Lucio.* [Within] Ho! Peace be in this place!

*Isab.* Who's that which calls?

*Fran.* It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,  
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;  
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.  
When you have vow'd, you must not speak  
with men 10

But in the presence of the prioress:  
Then, if you speak, you must not show your  
face;

Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.

[*Lucio calls again within.*]

He calls again; I pray you, answer him.

[*Exit.*]

*Isab.* Peace and prosperity! Who is't that  
calls?

*Enter LUCIO.*

*Lucio.* Hail, virgin, if you be,—as those  
cheek-roses

Proclaim you are no less! Can you stand <sup>4</sup>stead<sup>4</sup> one  
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,  
A novice of this place, and the fair sister  
To her unhappy brother Claudio? 20

<sup>1</sup> Bravery, finery.<sup>2</sup> Sith, since.<sup>3</sup> Bear, behave.<sup>4</sup> Stead, help.

*Isab.* Why "her unhappy brother"? let me ask, 21

The rather for I now must make you know  
I am that Isabella and his sister.

*Lucio.* Gentle and fair, your brother kindly  
greet's you:

Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

*Isab.* Woe me! for what?

*Lucio.* For that which, if myself might be  
his judge;

He should receive his punishment in thanks:  
He hath got his friend with child.

*Isab.* Sir, make me not your story.<sup>1</sup>

*Lucio.*

'Tis true.



*Lucio.* All hope is gone,  
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer  
To soften Angelo. — (Act I. 4. 67-69.)

I would not—though 't is my familiar sin  
With maids to seem the lapwing and to jest,  
Tongue far from heart—play with all virginss:  
I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted,  
By your renouncement an immortal spirit,  
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,  
As with a saint.

*Isab.* You do blaspheme the good in mock-  
ing me.

*Lucio.* Do not believe it. Fewness and  
truth,<sup>2</sup> 't is thus:

[Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:

As those that feed grow full, as blossoming  
time 41

That from the seedness the bare fallow brings  
To teeming foison,<sup>3</sup> even so her plenteous womb  
Expresseth his full tilth<sup>4</sup> and husbandry.]

*Isab.* Some one with child by him? My  
cousin Juliet?

*Lucio.* Is she your cousin?

*Isab.* Adoptedly; as school-maids change  
their names

By vain though apt affection.

*Lucio.*

She it is.

*Isab.* O, let him marry her.

<sup>1</sup> Your story, i.e. your jest.

<sup>2</sup> Fewness and truth, i.e. briefly and truly.

<sup>3</sup> Foison, plenty.

<sup>4</sup> Tilth, tillage.



*Lucio.* This is the point.  
 The duke is very strangely gone from hence;  
 Bore many gentlemen, myself being one, 51  
 In hand and hope of action: but we do learn  
 By those that know the very nerves of state,  
 His giving-out were of an infinite distance  
 From his true-meant design. Upon his place,  
 And with full line of his authority,  
 Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood  
 Is very snow-broth; one who never feels  
 The wanton stings and motions of the sense,  
 [But doth rebate<sup>1</sup> and blunt his natural edge  
 With profits of the mind, study and fast.]  
 He—to give fear to use<sup>2</sup> and liberty, 62  
 Which have for long run by the hideous law,  
 As mice by lions—hath pick'd out an act,  
 Under whose heavy sense your brother's life  
 Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;  
 And follows close the rigour of the statute,  
 To make him an example. All hope is gone.  
 Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer  
 To soften Angelo: and that's my pith of busi-  
 ness

'Twixt you and your poor brother. 70

*Isab.* Doth he so seek his life?

*Lucio.* Has censur'd<sup>3</sup> him  
 Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath  
 A warrant for his execution.

*Isab.* Alas, what poor ability's in me  
 To do him good?

*Lucio.* Assay the power you have.

*Isab.* My power! Alas, I doubt—

*Lucio.* Our doubts are traitors,  
 And make us lose the good we oft might win  
 By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,  
 And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,  
 Men give like gods; but when they weep and  
 kneel, 81

All their petitions are as freely theirs  
 As they themselves would owe<sup>4</sup> them.

*Isab.* I'll see what I can do.

*Lucio.* But speedily.

*Isab.* I will about it straight;  
 No longer staying but to give the mother<sup>5</sup>  
 Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:  
 Commend me to my brother: soon at night<sup>6</sup>  
 I'll send him certain word of my success.

*Lucio.* I take my leave of you.

*Isab.* Good sir, adieu.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

## ACT II.

## SCENE I. A hall in Angelo's house.

*Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, and a Justice; Provost,  
 Officers and Attendants in waiting behind.*

*Ang.* We must not make a scarecrow of the  
 law,  
 Setting it up to fear<sup>7</sup> the birds of prey,  
 And let it keep one shape, till custom make it  
 Their perch, and not their terror.

*Escal.* Ay, but yet  
 Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,  
 Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas, this  
 gentleman,  
 Whom I would save, had a most noble father!  
 Let but your honour know,  
 Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,

That, in the working of your own affections,  
 Had time coher'd with place, or place with  
 wishing, 11

Or that the resolute acting of our blood  
 Could have attain'd the effect of your own  
 purpose,

Whether you had not sometime in your life  
 Err'd in this point which now you censure him,  
 And pull'd the law upon you. •

*Ang.* 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,  
 Another thing to fall. [I not deny,  
 The jury, passing on the prisoner's life, 19  
 May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two  
 Guiltier than him they try. What's open  
 made to justice,

That justice seizes: what knows the law  
 That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very  
 pregnant,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Rebate, abate, flatten, make dull.

<sup>2</sup> Use, custom.

<sup>3</sup> Censur'd, sentenced.

<sup>4</sup> Owe, have.

<sup>5</sup> The mother, i.e. the prioress.

<sup>6</sup> Soon at night, this very night.

<sup>7</sup> Fear, affright.

<sup>8</sup> Pregnant, evident.

{The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't,  
Because we see it; but what we do not see  
{We tread upon, and never think of it.]  
You may not so extenuate his offence  
For<sup>1</sup> I have had such faults; but rather tell me,  
When I, that censure him, do so offend, 29  
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,  
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

*Escal.* Be it as your wisdom will.

*Ang.* Where is the provost?

*Prov.* [*Advancing*] Here, if it like your honour.

*Ang.* See that Claudio  
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:  
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;  
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[*Exit Provost.*]

*Escal.* [*Aside*] Well, heaven forgive him!  
and forgive us all!

{Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall;  
{Some run from breaks of ice, and answer none;  
{And some condemned for a<sup>2</sup> fault alone.] 40

*Enter ELBOW, and Officers with FROTH and POMPEY.*

*Elb.* Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

*Ang.* How now, sir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

*Elb.* If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors. 50

*Ang.* Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

*Elb.* If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

*Escal.* This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

*Ang.* Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow? 60

*Pom.* He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

*Ang.* What are you, sir?

*Elb.* He, sir! a tapster, sir; parcel<sup>3</sup>-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house,<sup>4</sup> which, I think, is a very ill house too.

*Escal.* How know you that?

*Elb.* My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,— 70

*Escal.* How! thy wife!

*Elb.* Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,—

*Escal.* Dost thou detest her therefore?

*Elb.* I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, [if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it] is a naughty house. 78

*Escal.* How dost thou know that, constable?

*Elb.* Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accus'd in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

*Escal.* By the woman's means?

*Elb.* Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means: but as she spit in his face, [*pointing to Froth*] so she defied him.

*Pom.* Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

*Elb.* Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

*Escal.* [*To Angelo*] Do you hear how he misplaces? 90

*Pom.* Sir, she came in great with child; and longing, saving your honour's reverence, for stew'd prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes,—

*Escal.* Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir. 98

*Pom.* No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the

<sup>1</sup> For, because.

<sup>2</sup> A. one.

<sup>3</sup> Parcel, part.

<sup>4</sup> Hot-house, bagnio.

dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

*Froth.* No, indeed.

*Pom.* Very well; you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the fore-said prunes,— 111

*Froth.* Ay, so I did indeed.

*Pom.* Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,—

*Froth.* All this is true.

*Pom.* Why, very well, then,— 118

*Escal.* Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

*Pom.* Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

*Escal.* No, sir, nor I mean it not.

*Pom.* Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas:—was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth? 130

*Froth.* All-hallond eve.

*Pom.* Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair,<sup>1</sup> sir;—'t was in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit,—have you not?

*Froth.* I have so: because it is an open room, and good for winter.

*Pom.* Why, very well, then; I hope here be truths.

*Ang.* This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave, 140

And leave you to the hearing of the cause; Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

*Escal.* I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship. [Exit Angelo.

Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

*Pom.* Once, sir! there was nothing done to her once.

*Elb.* I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

*Pom.* I beseech your honour, ask me. 150

*Escal.* Well, sir; what did this gentleman to her?

*Pom.* I beseech you, sir, look<sup>2</sup> if this gentleman's face. Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 't is for a good purpose. Doth your honour mark his face?

*Escal.* Ay, sir, very well.

*Pom.* Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

*Escal.* Well, I do so.

*Pom.* Doth your honour see any harm in his face? 160

*Escal.* Why, no.

*Pom.* I'll be supposed<sup>2</sup> upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

*Escal.* He's in the right. Constable, what say you to it? 168

*Elb.* First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

*Pom.* By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

*Elb.* Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet! the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

*Pom.* Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

*Escal.* Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity? Is this true? 181

*Elb.* O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

*Escal.* If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too. 190

*Elb.* Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

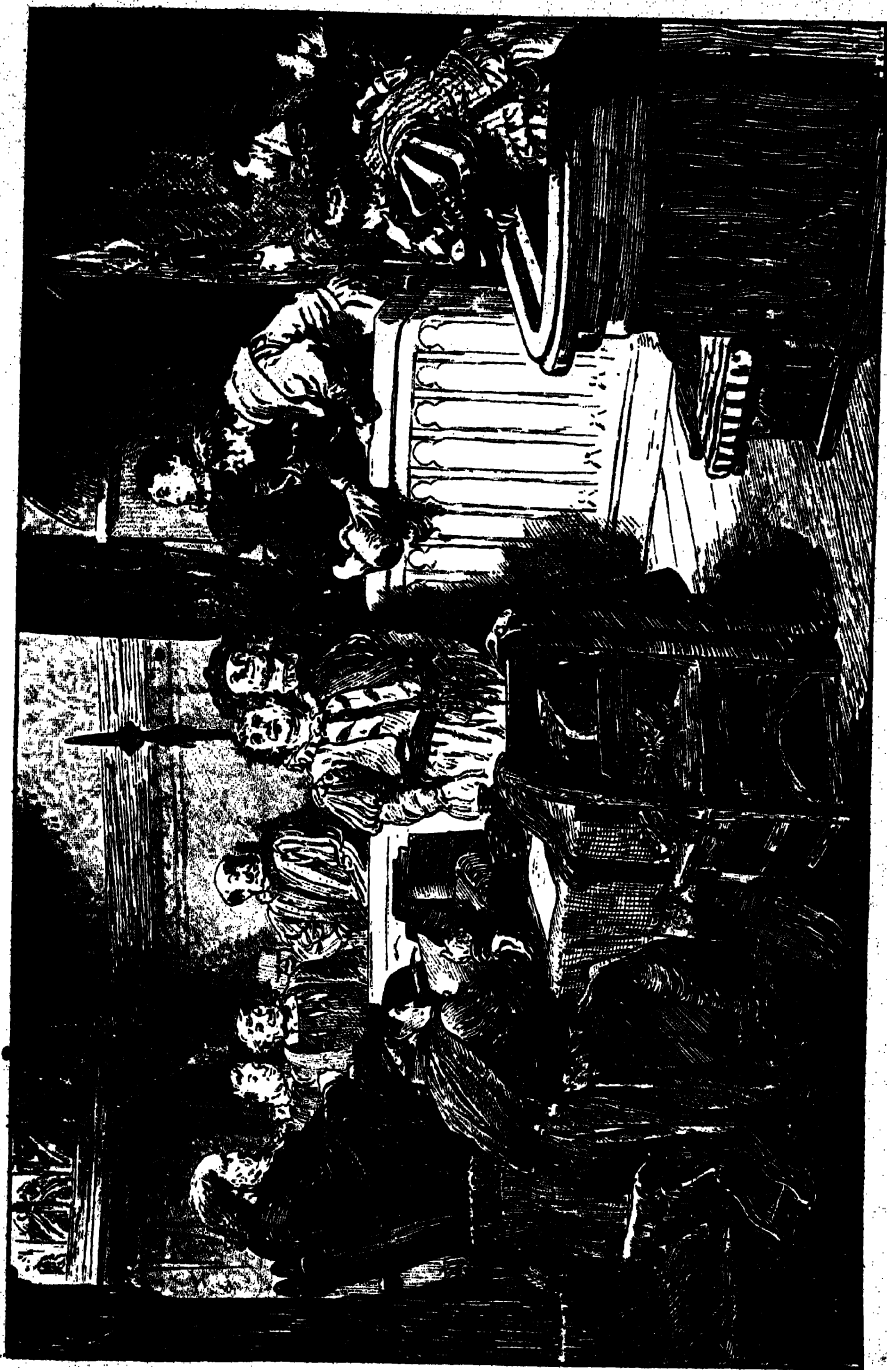
*Escal.* Truly, officer, because he hath some

<sup>1</sup> A lower chair, i.e. an easy-chair.

<sup>2</sup> Supposed, i.e. deposed.







MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Act II. Scene 1. line 160.

*Pom. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?*



offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are.

*Elb.* Marry, I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue. 201

*Escal.* [To *Froth*] Where were you born, friend? [*Pompey pushes Froth forward.*]

*Froth.* Here in Vienna, sir.

*Escal.* Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

*Froth.* Yes, an't please you, sir.

*Escal.* So. [To *Pompey*] What trade are you of, sir? [*Froth gets behind Pompey.*]

*Pom.* A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

*Escal.* Your mistress' name?

*Pom.* Mistress Overdone.

*Escal.* Hath she had any more than one husband? 211

*Pom.* Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

*Escal.* Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth. [*Pompey pushes Froth across to Escalus*] Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

*Froth.* I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in. 220

*Escal.* Well, no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. [*Exit Froth, Pompey pushing him off.*] Come you hither to me, master tapster. What's your name, master tapster?

*Pom.* [*Advancing*] Pompey.

*Escal.* [What else?

*Pom.* Bum, sir. 227

*Escal.* Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that in the beastliest sense you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster, are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

*Pom.* Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

*Escal.* How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

*Pom.* If the law would allow it, sir. 239

*Escal.* But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allow'd in Vienna.

*Pom.* Does your worship mean to geld and splay<sup>1</sup> all the youth of the city?

*Escal.* No, Pompey.

*Pom.* Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't, then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds. 248

*Escal.* There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

*Pom.* If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after<sup>2</sup> three-pence a bay:<sup>3</sup> if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so. 257

*Escal.* Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you:—] I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; [no, not for dwelling where you do:] if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Caesar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

*Pom.* I thank your worship for your good counsel: [*Aside*] but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine. Whip me! No, no; let carman whip his jade: The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*]

*Escal.* Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, master constable. [*Elbow advances.*] How long have you been in this place of constable?

*Elb.* Seven year and a half, sir.

*Escal.* I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

*Elb.* And a half, sir. 278

*Escal.* Alas, it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

*Elb.* Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

<sup>1</sup> Splay, i.e. spay, castrate.

<sup>2</sup> After, at the rate of.

<sup>3</sup> See note 67.



*Escal.* Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

*Elb.* To your worship's house, sir?

*Escal.* To my house. Fare you well. [*Exit Elbow.*] What's o'clock, think you? 200

*Just.* Eleven, sir.

*Escal.* I pray you home to dinner with me.

*Just.* I humbly thank you.

*Escal.* It grieves me for the death of Claudio; But there's no remedy.

*Just.* Lord Angelo is severe.

*Escal.* It is but needful: Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so; Pardon is still the nurse of second woe: But yet,—poor Claudio! There is no remedy. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Another room in the same.

*Enter PROVOST and a Servant.*

*Serv.* He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight: I'll tell him of you.

*Prov.* Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*] I'll know

His pleasure; may be he'll relent. Alas, He hath but as offended in a dream! All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he To die for't!

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Ang.* Now, what's the matter, provost?

*Prov.* Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

*Ang.* Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?

Why dost thou ask again?

*Prov.* Lest I might be too rash: Under your good correction, I have seen, 10 When, after execution, judgment hath Repented o'er his doom.

*Ang.* Go to; let that be mine: Do you your office, or give up your place, And you shall well be spar'd.

*Prov.* I crave your honour's pardon. What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?

She's very near her hour.

*Ang.* Dispose of her To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Here is the sister of the man condemn'd Desires access to you.

*Ang.* Hath he a sister?

*Prov.* Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid, 20

And to be shortly of a sisterhood, If not already.

*Ang.* Well, let her be admitted.

[*Exit Servant.*]

See you the fornicatress be remov'd? Let her have needful, but not lavish, means; There shall be order for't.

*Enter ISABELLA and LUCIO.*

*Prov.* Save your honour!

[*Offering to retire.*]

*Ang.* Stay a little while. [*Provost withdraws.*]—[*To Isabella*]

You're welcome: what's your will?

[*Lucio goes to back of stage.*]

*Isab.* I am a woeful suitor to your honour, Please but your honour hear me.

*Ang.* Well; what's your suit?

*Isab.* There is a vice that most I do abhor, And most desire should meet the blow of justice; 30

For which I would not plead, but that I must; For which I must not plead, but that I am At war 'twixt will and will not.

*Ang.* Well; the matter?

*Isab.* I have a brother is condemn'd to die: I do beseech you, let it be his fault,<sup>1</sup> And not my brother.

[*Prov.* [*Aside*] Heaven give thee moving graces!]

*Ang.* Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?

Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done: Mine were the very cipher of a function, 35 To fine<sup>2</sup> the faults whose fine stands in record, And let go by the actor.

*Isab.* O just but severe law! I had a brother, then.—Heaven keep your honour! [*Retiring. Lucio comes down and meets her.*]

<sup>1</sup> His fault, i.e. his fault that is condemned.

<sup>2</sup> Fine, punish.

*Lucio.* [*Aside to Isabella*] Give't not o'er  
so: to him again, entreat him; 48  
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown:  
You are too cold; if you should need a pin,  
You could not with more tame a tongue desire  
it: \* \* \*  
To him, I say.

*Isab.* [*Advancing rapidly to Angelo*] Must  
he needs die?

*Ang.* Maiden, no remedy.

*Isab.* Yes; I do think that you might pardon  
him,  
And neither heaven nor man grieve at the  
mercy. 50



*Isab.* To-morrow! O, that 's sudden! Spare him, spare him!—(Act ii. 2. 83.)

*Ang.* I will not do 't.

*Isab.* But can you, if you would?

*Ang.* Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

*Isab.* But might you do 't, and do the world  
no wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that re-  
morse<sup>1</sup>

As mine is to him?

*Ang.* He's sentenc'd: 't is too late.

*Lucio.* [*Aside to Isabella*] You are too cold.

*Isab.* Too late! why, no; I, that do speak  
a word,

May call it back again. Well, believe this,  
No ceremony that to great ones longs,<sup>2</sup> 59

Not the king's crown nor the deputed sword,  
The marshal's truncheon nor the judge's robe,  
Become them with one half so good a grace  
As mercy does.

If he had been as you, and you as he,  
You would have slipp'd like him; but he, like you,  
Would not have been so stern.

*Ang.*

Pray you, be gone.

*Isab.* I would to heaven I had your potency,  
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?  
No; I would tell what 't were to be a judge,  
And what a prisoner.

[*Lucio.* [*Aside to Isabella*] Ay, touch him;  
there's the vein. ] 70

*Ang.* Your brother is a forfeit of the law,  
And you but waste your words.

<sup>1</sup> Remorse, pity.

<sup>2</sup> Longs, belongs.

*Isab.*

Alas, alas!

Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;  
 And He that might the vantage best have took  
 Found out the remedy. How would you be,  
 If He, which is the top of judgment, should  
 But judge you as you are! O, think on that;  
 And mercy then will breathe within your lips,  
 Like man new made.

*Ang.*

Be you content, fair maid;  
 It is the law, not I condemn your brother:  
 Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,  
 It should be thus with him: he must die to-  
 morrow.

*Isab.* To-morrow! O, that's sudden! Spare  
 him, spare him!

He's not prepar'd for death. [Even for our  
 kitchens

We kill the fowl of season.<sup>1</sup> shall we serve  
 heaven

With less respect than we do minister  
 To our gross selves?] Good, good my lord,  
 bethink you;

Who is it that hath died for this offence?

There's many have committed it.

[*Lucio.* [*Aside to Isabella*] Ay, well said.]

*Ang.* The law hath not been dead, though  
 it hath slept:

Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,  
 If the first that did the edict infringe

Had answer'd for his deed: [now 't is awake,  
 Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,

Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,  
 Either new, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,

And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,  
 Are now to have no successive degrees,

But, ere they live, to end.]

*Isab.* [*Kneeling*] Yet show some pity.

*Ang.* I show it most of all when I show  
 justice;

For then I pity those I do not know,  
 Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;

And do him right that, answering one foul  
 wrong,

Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;  
 Your brother dies to-morrow;—be content.

[*He raises her.*

*Isab.* So you must be the first that gives  
 this sentence,

And he that suffers. O, it is excellent  
 To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous  
 To use it like a giant.

*Lucio.* [*Aside*] That's well said.

*Isab.* Could great men thunder 110  
 As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be  
 quiet,

For every pelting<sup>2</sup> petty officer  
 Would use his heaven for thunder;  
 Nothing but thunder. Merciful Heaven!  
 Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous  
 bolt

Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak  
 Than the soft myrtle: but man, proud man,

Drest in a little brief authority,  
 Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,

His glassy essence, like an angry ape, 120  
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven  
 As makes the angels weep; [who, with our

spleens,<sup>3</sup>  
 Would all themselves laugh mortal.]

*Lucio.* [*Aside to Isabella*] O, to him, to him,  
 wench! he will relent;

He's coming; I perceive 't.

[*Pro.* [*Aside*] Pray heaven she win him!]

*Isab.* We cannot weigh our brother with  
 ourself:

Great men may jest with saints; 't is wit in  
 them,

But in the less foul profanation.

*Lucio.* [*Aside to Isabella*] Thou'rt i' the  
 right, girl; more o' that.

*Isab.* That in the captain's but a cholerick  
 word,

Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

[*Lucio.* [*Aside to Isabella*] Art advis'd<sup>4</sup> o'  
 that? more on't.]

*Ang.* Why do you put these sayings upon me?

*Isab.* Because authority, though it err like  
 others,

Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,  
 That skins<sup>5</sup> the vice o' the top. Go to your

bosom;

Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth  
 know

That's like my brother's fault: if it confess

<sup>2</sup> Pelting, paltry.

<sup>3</sup> Spleen, supposed to be the seat of mirth.

<sup>4</sup> Advis'd, i.e. advised, or conscious.

<sup>5</sup> Skin, covers thinly over.

<sup>1</sup> Of season, i.e. in its season.

A natural guiltiness such as is his, 139  
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue  
Against my brother's life.

*Ang. [Aside]* She speaks, and 't is  
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.—Fare  
you well. *[Going.]*

*Isab.* Gentle my lord, turn back.

*Ang.* I will bethink me—come again to-morrow. *[Going to door.]*

*Isab.* Hark how I'll bribe you: good my lord, turn back.

*Ang. [Returning]* How! bribe me!

*Isab.* Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.

*Lucio. [Aside to Isabella]* You had married all else.

*Isab.* Not with fond<sup>1</sup> shekels of the tested gold, 149

Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor  
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,  
That shall be up at heaven and enter there  
Ere sun-rise, prayers from preserved souls,  
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate  
To nothing temporal.

*Ang. [After a pause]* Well; come to me to-morrow.

*[Lucio [Aside to Isabella] Go to; 't is well; away!]*

*Isab.* Heaven keep your honour safe!

*[Retiring.]*

*Ang. [Aside]* Amen!

For I am that way going to temptation,  
Where prayers cross.

*Isab. [Returning]* At what hour to-morrow  
Shall I attend your lordship?

*Ang.* At any time 'fore noon.

*Isab.* 'Save your honour!

*[Exeunt Isabella, Lucio, and Provost.]*

*Ang.* From thee, even from thy virtue!  
What's this, what's this? Is this her fault  
or mine?

The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?  
Ha!

Not she; nor doth she tempt: [but it is I  
That, lying by the violet in the sun,  
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,  
Corrupt with virtuous season.] Can it be  
That modesty may more betray our sense

Than woman's lightness? Having waste  
ground enough, 170

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,  
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!  
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?  
Dost thou desire her foully for those things



*Ang.* What's this, what's this? Is this her fault or mine?  
The tempter or the tempted.—(Act ii. 2. 162, 163.)

That make her good? O, let her brother live:  
Thieves for their robbery have authority  
When judges steal themselves. What, do I  
love her,  
That I desire to hear her speak again,  
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream  
on?

O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint, 180  
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dan-  
gerous

<sup>1</sup> Fond, foolish, trifling.

Is that temptation that doth goad us on 182  
To sin in loving virtue: [never could the  
strumpet,  
With all her double vigour, art and nature,  
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid  
Subdues me quite.] Ever till now,  
When men were fond,<sup>1</sup> I smil'd and wonder'd  
how. [Exit.]

## [SCENE III. A room in a prison.]

Enter, severally, DUKE disguised as a friar,  
and PROVOST.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so I think you  
are.

Prov. I am the provost. What's your will,  
good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity and my blest  
order,

I come to visit the afflicted spirits  
Here in the prison. Do me the common right  
To let me see them, and to make me know  
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister  
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more  
were needful.

Look, here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine,<sup>2</sup>  
Who, falling in the flaws<sup>3</sup> of her own youth,  
Hath blister'd her report: she is with child;  
And he that got it, sentenc'd; a young man  
More fit to do another such offence  
Than die for this.

Enter JULIET.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.  
[To Juliet] I have provided for you: stay  
awhile,  
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you  
carry?

Jul. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign  
your conscience,  
And try your penitence, if it be sound,  
Or hollowly put on.

Jul. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd  
him.

Duke. So then it seems your most offence-  
ful act

Was mutually committed?

Jul. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind  
than his.

Jul. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you  
do repent,

As that<sup>4</sup> the sin hath brought you to this  
shame,

Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not  
heaven,

Showing we would not spare heaven as we  
love it,

But as we stand in fear,—

Jul. I do repent me, as it is an evil,  
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,  
And I am going with instruction to him.

Grace go with you! Benedicite! [Exit.]

Jul. Must die to-morrow! O injurious love,  
That respites me a life, whose very comfort  
Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE IV. A room in Angelo's house.

ANGELO discovered, seated.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think  
and pray

To several<sup>5</sup> subjects. Heaven hath my empty  
words;

Whilst my invention,<sup>6</sup> hearing not my tongue,  
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,

[As if I did but only chew his name;]

And in my heart the strong and swelling evil  
Of my conception. The state, whereon I  
studied,

Is like a good thing, being often read,

Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,

Wherein—let no man hear me—take pride,  
Could I with boot change for an idle plume

<sup>1</sup> Fond, foolishly fond.

<sup>2</sup> Of mine, i.e. in my custody.

<sup>3</sup> Flaws, gusts of passion.

<sup>4</sup> As that, because.

<sup>5</sup> Several, separate.

<sup>6</sup> Invention, imagination.

Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,  
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,  
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls  
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:  
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,  
'Tis not the devil's crest.

*Enter Servant.*

How now! who's there!

*Serv.* One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

*Ang.* Teach her the way. [*Exit Servant.*]  
O heavens! 19

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,  
Making both it unable for itself,  
And dispossessing all my other parts  
Of necessary fitness? [*Rises.*

[So play the foolish throngs with one that  
swoons;

Come all to help him, and so stop the air  
By which he should revive: and even so  
The general,<sup>1</sup> subject to a well-wish'd king,  
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fond-  
ness

Crowd to his presence, where their untaught  
love

Must needs appear offence.]

*Enter ISABELLA.*

How now, fair maid!

*Isab.* I am come to know your pleasure.

*Ang.* That you might know it, would much  
better please me 32

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother  
cannot live.

*Isab.* Even so. Heaven keep your honour!

[*Retiring.*

*Ang.* Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,  
As long as you or I:—yet he must die.

*Isab.* Under your sentence?

*Ang.* Yea.

*Isab.* When, I beseech you? that in his  
reprieve,

Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted 40  
That his soul sicken not.

• *Ang.* Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were  
as good

To pardon him that hath from nature stol'n

A man already made, as to remit  
Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's  
image

In stamps that are forbid: ['tis all as easy  
Falsely to take away a life true made  
As to put mettle in restrained<sup>2</sup> means  
To make a false one.

*Isab.* 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not  
in earth. 50

*Ang.* Say you so? then I shall pose you  
quickly.

Which had you rather, that the most just law  
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem  
him,

Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness  
As she that he hath stain'd?

*Isab.* Sir, believe this,  
I had rather give my body than my soul.

*Ang.* I talk not of your soul: our compell'd  
sins

Stand more for number than for account.

*Isab.* How say you?

*Ang.* Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can  
speak 59

Against the thing I say.] Answer to this:  
I, now the voice of the recorded law,  
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:  
Might there not be a charity in sin  
To save this brother's life?

*Isab.* Please you to do't,  
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,

It is no sin at all, but charity.

*Ang.* Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your  
soul,

Were equal poise of sin and charity.

*Isab.* That I do beg his life, if it be sin,  
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my  
suit, 70

If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer  
To have it added to the faults of mine,  
And nothing of your answer.

*Ang.* Nay, but hear me.  
Your sense pursues not mine: either you're  
ignorant,

Or seem so; craftily; and that's not good.

*Isab.* Let me be ignorant, and in nothing  
good,

But graciously to know I am no better.

<sup>1</sup> The general, i.e. the populace.

<sup>2</sup> Restrained, forbidden.

*Ang.* Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright 78

When it doth tax itself; [as these black masks  
Proclaim an enshield<sup>1</sup> beauty ten times louder  
Than beauty could, display'd.] But mark me;  
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:  
Your brother is to die.

*Isab.* So.

*Ang.* And his offence is so, as it appears,  
Accountant to the law upon that pain.<sup>2</sup>

*Isab.* True.

*Ang.* Admit no other way to save his life,—  
As I subscribe<sup>3</sup> not that, nor any other,  
But in the loss of question,—that you, his  
sister, 90

Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,  
Whose credit with the judge, or own great  
place,

Could fetch your brother from the manacles  
Of the all-building law; and that there were  
No earthly mean to save him, but that either  
You must lay down the treasures of your body  
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer;  
What would you do?

*Isab.* As much for my poor brother as myself:  
That is, were I under the terms of death,  
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as  
rubies, 101

And strip myself to death, as to a bed  
That longing have been sick for, ere I'd yield  
My body up to shame.

*Ang.* Then must your brother die.

*Isab.* And 't were the cheaper way:  
Better it were a brother died at once,  
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,  
Should die for ever.

*Ang.* Were not you then as cruel as the  
sentence

That you have slander'd so? 110

*Isab.* Ignomy in ransom and free pardon  
Are of two houses: lawful mercy  
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

*Ang.* You seem'd of late to make the law  
a tyrant;

And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother  
A merriment than a vice.

*Isab.* O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,

To have what we would have, we speak not  
what we mean;

I something do excuse the thing I hate,  
For his advantage that I dearly love. 120

*Ang.* We are all frail.

*Isab.* Else let my brother die,  
[If not a fedary,<sup>4</sup> but only he,  
Owe and succeed thy weakness.]

*Ang.* Nay, women are frail too.

*Isab.* Ay, as the glasses where they view  
themselves;

Which are as easy broke as they make forms.  
Women! Help heaven! men their creation mar  
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times  
frail;

For we are soft as our complexions are, 125  
And credulous to false prints.

*Ang.* I think it well:

And from this testimony of your own sex,—  
Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger  
Than faults may shake our frames,—let me be  
bold;

I do arrest your words. Be that you are,  
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;  
If you be one, as you are well express'd  
By all external warrants, show it now,  
By putting on the destin'd livery.

*Isab.* I have no tongue but one: gentle my  
lord,

Let me entreat you speak the former language.

*Ang.* Plainly conceive, I love you. 131

*Isab.* My brother did love Juliet; and you  
tell me

That he shall die for 't.

*Ang.* He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

*Isab.* I know your virtue hath a license in 't,  
Which seems a little fouler than it is,  
To pluck on others.

*Ang.* Believe me, on my honour,  
My words express my purpose.

*Isab.* Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,  
And most pernicious purpose! Seeming, seem-  
ing! [Retreating.]

I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for 't. 135

Sign me a present pardon for my brother,<sup>5</sup>  
Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the  
world aloud

What man thou art.

<sup>1</sup> Enshield, enshielded, i.e. covered.

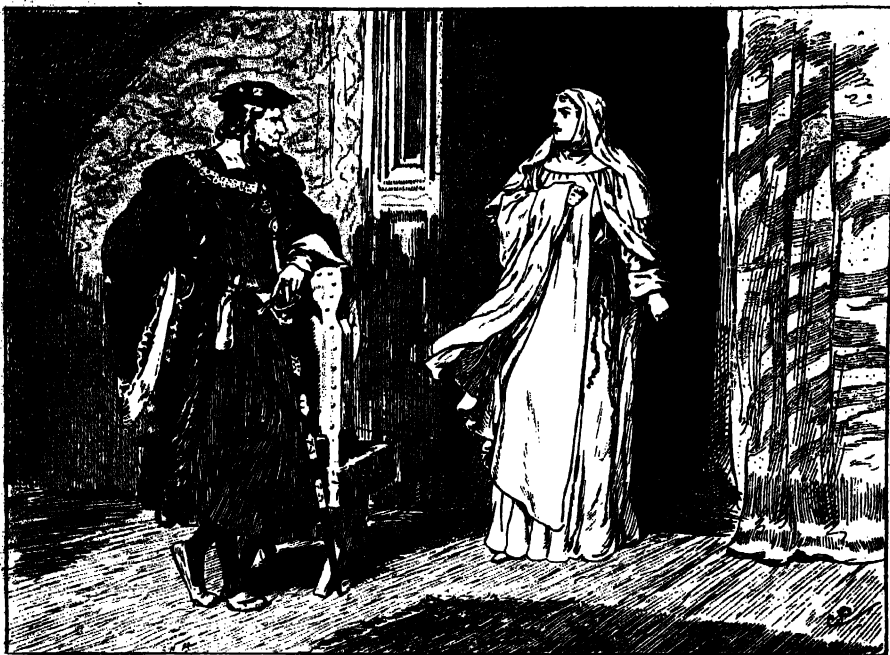
<sup>2</sup> Pain, penalty.

<sup>3</sup> Subscribe, admit.

<sup>4</sup> Fedary, vassal.

*Ang.* Who will believe thee, Isabel?  
My unsoild name, the austereness of my life,  
My vouch against you, and my place i' the  
state,  
Will so your accusation outweigh,  
That you shalt stife in your own report,  
And smell of calumny. I have begun,

And now I give my sensual race<sup>1</sup> the rein:  
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite; 161  
Lay by all nicety and prolixious<sup>2</sup> blushes,  
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy  
brother  
By yielding up thy body to my will;  
Or else he must not only die the death,



*Isab.* I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't. - (Act II. 4. 161.)

But thy unkindness shall his death draw out  
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,  
Or, by the affection<sup>3</sup> that now guides me most,  
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,  
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your  
true. [*Erit.*]

*Isab.* To whom should I complain? Did I  
tell this, 171

Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,  
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,  
Either of condemnation or approof;  
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;

Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,  
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:  
Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the  
blood,

Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,  
That, had he twenty heads to tender down  
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,  
Before his sister should her body stoop  
To such abhorrd pollution. 185

Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:  
More than our brother is our chastity.  
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,  
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

[*Erit.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Race*, natural disposition.

<sup>2</sup> *Prolixious*, tiresomely prudish. <sup>3</sup> *Affection*, impulse.



## ACT III.

SCENE I. *A room in the prison.*

*Enter DUKE disguised as before, CLAUDIO, and PROVOST.*

*Duke.* So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

*Claud.* The miserable have no other medicine But only hope:

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

*Duke.* Be absolute for death;<sup>1</sup> either death or life

Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing

That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,

Servile to all the skyey influences,<sup>2</sup> That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st, Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool; For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;

For all the accommodations that thou bear'st Are nurs'd by baseness. Thou'rt by no means valiant;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep, And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not; For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get, And what thou hast, forgett'st. Thou art not certain;

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,<sup>3</sup> After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor; For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows, Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey, And death unloads thee. [Friend hast thou none;

For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire, The mere effusion of thy proper loins,

Do curse the gout, serpigo,<sup>4</sup> and the rheum, For ending thee no sooner.] Thou hast nor youth nor age,

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep; Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich, Thou hast neither heat, affection, firm, nor beauty,

To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this

That bears the name of life? Yet in this life

Lie hid moe thousand deaths;<sup>4</sup> yet death we fear,

That makes these odds all even.

*Claud.* I humbly thank you. To sue to live, I find I seek to die;

And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

*Isab.* [Within] What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

*Prov.* Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome. [Goes to door.]

*Duke.* Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

*Claud.* Most holy sir, I thank you.

*Isab.* [Outside door] My business is a word or two with Claudio.

*Prov.* And very welcome. [Returns from door, ushering in Isabella] Look, signior, here's your sister.

*Duke.* Provost, a word with you.

*Prov.* As many as you please.

*Duke.* Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be conceal'd.

[Exeunt Duke and Provost; Duke is seen from time to time, listening.]

*Claud.* Now, sister, what's the comfort?

*Isab.* Why, As all comforts are; most good, most good indeed.

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,

Intends you for his swift ambassador,

Where you shall be an everlasting leiger.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Be absolute for death, i.e. be certain you will die.

<sup>2</sup> Effects, expressions.

<sup>3</sup> Serpigo, a creeping eruption of the skin.

<sup>4</sup> Moe thousand deaths, i.e. a thousand more deaths.

<sup>5</sup> Leiger (or lieger), resident ambassador.

Therefore your best appointment<sup>1</sup> make with speed;

To-morrow you set on.

*Claud.* Is there no remedy?

*Isab.* None, but such remedy as, to save a head,

To cleave a heart in twain.

*Claud.* But is there any?

*Isab.* Yes, brother, you may live:

There is a devilish mercy in the judge,

If you'll implore it, that will free your life,

But fetter you till death.

[*Claud.* Perpetual durance?

*Isab.* Ay, just; perpetual durance, a restraint,

Though all the world's vastidity you had,

To a determin'd scope.]

*Claud.* But in what nature?

*Isab.* In such a one as, you consenting to't,  
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,

And leave you naked.

*Claud.* Let me know the point!

*Isab.* O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,  
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,  
And six or seven winters more respect  
Than a perpetual honour. 'Darest thou die?

[*A pause. Claudio turns his face away.*

The sense of death is most in apprehension;  
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great  
As when a giant dies.

*Claud.* Why give you me this shame?  
Think you I can a resolution fetch  
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,  
I will encounter darkness as a bride,  
And hug it in mine arms.

*Isab.* There spake my brother; there my  
father's grave

Did utter forth a voice! [*Embracing him*]

Yes, thou must die:

Thou art too noble to conserve a life  
In base appliances. This outward-sainted  
deputy,

Whose settled visage and deliberate word

Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew<sup>2</sup>

As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;

[His filth within being cast, he would appear

A pond<sup>3</sup> as deep as hell.]

*Claud.* The prenzie<sup>3</sup> Angelo?

*Isab.* O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,

The damned'st body to invest and cover

In prenzie's guards! Dost thou think, Claudio?

If I would yield him my virginity,

Thou mightst be freed.

*Claud.* O heavens! it cannot be.

*Isab.* Yes, he would give't thee, from this

rank offence,

So to offend him still. This night's the time

That I should do what I abhor to name,

Or else thou diest to-morrow.

*Claud.* Thou shalt not do't.

*Isab.* O, were it but my life,

I'd throw it down for your deliverance

As frankly as a pin.

*Claud.* [*Embracing her*] Thanks, dear Isabel.

*Isab.* Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

*Claud.* [*Yes. Has he affections in him,  
That thus can make him bite the law by the  
nose,*

When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin;

Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

*Isab.* Which is the least?

*Claud.* If it were damnable, he being so  
wise,

Why would he for the momentary trick

Be perdurably fin'd<sup>4</sup>?—[*Despairingly*] O  
Isabel!

*Isab.* What says my brother?

*Claud.* Death is a fearful thing.

*Isab.* And shamed life a hateful.

*Claud.* Ay, but to die, and go we know not  
where;

To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;

This sensible warm motion to become

A kneaded clod; and the delighted<sup>5</sup> spirit

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside

In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;

To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,

And blown with restless violence round about

The pendent world; or to be worse than worst

Of those that lawless and incertain thought

Imagine howling: 'tis too horrible!

The weariest and most loathed worldly life

That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment

<sup>3</sup> *Prenzie*, a word of doubtful meaning; perhaps = prince.

<sup>4</sup> *Perdurably fin'd*, everlastingly punished.

<sup>5</sup> *Delighted*, accustomed to delight.

<sup>1</sup> *Appointment*, equipment.

<sup>2</sup> *Emmew*, mew up, inclose; and so, clutch, grip.

Can lay on nature is a paradise  
To what we fear of death.

*Isab.* Alas, alas!

*Claud.* Sweet sister, let me live:

What sin you do to save a brother's life,  
Nature dispenses with the deed so far  
That it becomes a virtue.

131

*Isab.*

O you beast!

O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!

Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?

Is't not a kind of incest, to take life

From thine own sister's shame? [What should

I think?

140

Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!



*Isab.* O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!  
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?—(Act iii. 1. 137, 138.)

For such a warped slip of wilderness<sup>1</sup>  
Ne'er issued from his blood.] Take my defiance:  
Die, perish! Might but my bending down  
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:  
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,  
No word to save thee.

*Claud.* Nay, hear me, Isabel.

*Isab.* O, fie, fie, fie!

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade. 149

Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:

'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [Going.

*Claud.* O, hear me, Isabella!

*Re-enter DUKE, disguised as before.*

*Duke.* Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but  
one word.

*Isab.* What is your will?

*Duke.* Might you dispense with your leisure,  
I would by and by have some speech with you:  
the satisfaction I would require is likewise  
your own benefit.

*Isab.* I have no superfluous leisure; my stay  
must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will  
attend you a while. [Walks apart.

*Duke.* Son, I have overheard what hath  
pass'd between you and your sister. Angelo

<sup>1</sup> Wilderness, wildness.

had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death: do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready. 172

*Claudio.* Let me ask my sister pardon. [*Crosses to Isabella, kneels, and kisses her hand.*] I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

*Duke.* Hold you there: farewell. [*Exit Claudio; Duke comes down.*] Provost, a word with you!

*Re-enter Provost.*

*Prov.* What's your will, father? 178

*Duke.* That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me a while with the maid: my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

*Prov.* In good time. [*Exit.*]

*Duke.* The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother? 193

*Isab.* I am now going to resolve<sup>1</sup> him, I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But O how much is the good duke deceiv'd in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government. 199

*Duke.* That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation: "he made trial of you only." Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings: to

the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprightously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business. 211

*Isab.* Let me hear you speak further. I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

*Duke.* Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

*Isab.* I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name. 220

*Duke.* She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wreck'd at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him, the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate<sup>2</sup> husband, this well-seeming Angelo. 232

*Isab.* Can this be so? did Angelo so leave her?

*Duke.* Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not. 239

*Isab.* What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail?

*Duke.* It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

*Isab.* Show me how, good father. 247

<sup>1</sup> Resolve, inform.

<sup>2</sup> Combine, contracted.

*Duke.* This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself<sup>1</sup> to this advantage, first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course,—and now follows all,—we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy sealed.<sup>2</sup> The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

*Isab.* The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection. 272

*Duke.* It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's: there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

*Isab.* I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. *The street before the prison.*

*Enter, on one side, DUKE disguised as before; on the other, ELBOW, and Officers with POMPEY; the DUKE keeps, at first, in the background.*

*Elb.* Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Refer yourself, i.e. have recourse to.

<sup>2</sup> Sealed, laid bare, exposed.

<sup>3</sup> Bastard, a sweet Spanish wine.

*Duke.* O heavens! what stuff is here?

*Pom.* 'T was never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing. 11

*Elb.* Come your way, sir. [*Duke advances.*] Bless you, good father friar.

*Duke.* And you, good brother father.<sup>4</sup> What offence hath this man made you, sir?

*Elb.* Marry, sir, he hath offended the law: [and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.]

*Duke.* Fie, sirrah! [a bawd, a wicked bawd!] The evil that thou causest to be done, 21 That is thy means to live. Do thou but think What 't is to cram a maw or clothe a back From such a filthy vice: say to thyself, From their abominable and beastly touches I drink, I eat, array myself, and live. Canst thou believe thy living is a life, So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

*Pom.* Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove— 30

*Duke.* Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin, Thou wilt prove his. ] Take him to prison, officer:

Correction and instruction must both work Ere this rude beast will profit.

*Elb.* He must before the deputy, sir; [he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

*Duke.* That we were all, as some would seem to be, 40

From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

*Elb.* His neck will come to your waist,—a cord, sir. ]

*Pom.* I spy comfort; I cry bail. Here's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

*Enter Lucio.*

*Lucio.* How now, noble Pompey! What,

<sup>4</sup> Good brother father, a play on Elbow's father friar—father brother (frère).

at the wheels of Caesar! art thou led in triumph? [What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting clutch'd? What reply, ha? What sayest thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is 't not drown'd i' the last rain, ha? What say'st thou, Trot? Is the world as it was, man?

Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? or how? The trick of it?

*Duke.* Still thus, and thus; still worse!

*Lucio.* How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

*Pom.* Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub. 60

*Lucio.* Why, 't is good; it is the right of it;



*Duke.* Canst thou believe thy living is a life,  
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.—(Act iii. 2. 27, 28.)

it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powder'd bawd: an unshunn'd consequence; it must be so. ] Art going to prison, Pompey?

*Pom.* Yes, faith, sir.

*Lucio.* Why, 't is not amiss, Pompey. Farewell: go, say I sent thee thither. [For debt, Pompey? or how? 68

*Ebb.* For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

*Lucio.* Well, then, imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 't is his right: bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. ] Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey: you will

turn good husband<sup>1</sup> now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

*Pom.* I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

*Lucio.* No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear.<sup>2</sup> I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. Bless you, friar.

*Duke.* And you. 82

<sup>1</sup> Husband, i.e. house-band.

<sup>2</sup> The wear, i.e. the fashion.

*Lucio.* Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

*Elb.* Come your ways, sir; come.

[*Constables advance.*]

*Pom.* You will not bail me, then, sir?

*Lucio.* Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad, friar? what news?

*Elb.* Come your ways, sir; come.

[*Constables seize Pompey.*]

*Lucio.* Go to kennel, Pompey, go. [*Exeunt Elbow, and Officers with Pompey.*] What news, friar, of the duke? [*Duke turns his face away.*]

*Duke.* I know none. Can you tell me of any?

*Lucio.* Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

*Duke.* He does not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

*Lucio.* It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't. 101

*Duke.* He does well in't.

*Lucio.* A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

*Duke.* It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

*Lucio.* Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after this downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

*Duke.* How should he be made, then?

*Lucio.* Some report a sea-maid spawned him; [some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain that, when he makes water, his urine is congealed ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion<sup>1</sup> generative; that's infallible.] 119

*Duke.* You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

*Lucio.* Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, [for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man!] Would the duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bas-

tards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: [he had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.]

*Duke.* I never heard the absent duke much detected<sup>2</sup> for women; he was not inclin'd that way. 120

*Lucio.* O, sir, you are deceiv'd.

*Duke.* 'T is not possible.

*Lucio.* Who, not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the duke had crotchets<sup>3</sup> in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

*Duke.* You do him wrong, surely.

*Lucio.* Sir, I was an inward<sup>4</sup> of his. A shy fellow was the duke: and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing. 140

*Duke.* What, I prithee, might be the cause?

*Lucio.* No, pardon; 't is a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

*Duke.* Wise! why, no question but he was.

*Lucio.* A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow. 150

*Duke.* Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed<sup>4</sup> must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskilfully; or if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

*Lucio.* Sir, I know him, and I love him.

*Duke.* Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love. 160

*Lucio.* Come, sir, I know what I know. \*

*Duke.* I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

<sup>2</sup> Detected, accused.

<sup>3</sup> An inward, an intimate.

<sup>4</sup> Helmed, i.e. steered through.

*Lucio.* Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke. 170

*Duke.* He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

*Lucio.* I fear you not.

*Duke.* O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm; you'll forswear this again.

*Lucio.* I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceiv'd in me, friar. [But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no? 180

*Duke.* Why should he die, sir?

*Lucio.* Why, for filling a bottle with a tun-dish.<sup>1</sup> I would the duke we talk of were return'd again: this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. ] Farewell, good friar: I prithee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet (and I say to thee) he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I said so. Farewell. [Exit.

*Duke.* No might nor greatness in mortality Can censure scape; back-wounding calumny The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong

Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue? But who comes here? [He retires.

*Enter ESCALUS, PROVOST, and Officers [with MISTRESS OVERDONE].*

*Escal.* [Go; away with her to prison!

*Mrs. Ov.* Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man; good my lord.

*Escal.* Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit<sup>2</sup> in the same kind? This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

• *Prov.* A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour. 209

• *Mrs. Ov.* My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown

was with child by him in the duke's time; he promis'd her marriage: his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob:<sup>3</sup> I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me!



*Duke.* I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

—(Act III. 2. 244, 245.)

*Escal.* That fellow is a fellow of much license:—let him be called before us. Away with her to prison! Go to; no more words. [Exit Officers with Mrs. Overdone.] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd; Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnish'd

<sup>3</sup> Come Philip and Jacob, i.e. on the 1st of May, the feast of St. Philip and St. James (Jacobus).

<sup>1</sup> Tun-dish, funnel.

<sup>2</sup> Forfeit, liable to penalty.



with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

*Prov.* [*Pointing to Duke*] So, please you, this friar hath been with him, and advis'd him for th' entertainment of death.

*Escal.* Good even, good father.

*Duke.* [*Advancing*] Bliss and goodness on you!

*Escal.* Of whence are you?

*Duke.* Not of this country, though my chance is now 230

To use it for my time: I am a brother Of gracious order, late come from the See • In special business from his holiness.

*Escal.* What news abroad i' the world?

*Duke.* None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking: there is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security<sup>1</sup> enough to make fellowship accursed: much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

*Escal.* One that, above all other strifes, contented especially to know himself.

*Duke.* What pleasure was he given to? 245

*Escal.* Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepar'd. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

*Duke.* He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most

willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolv'd to die. 262

*Escal.* You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty: but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him he is indeed Justice.

*Duke.* If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself. 271

*Escal.* I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

*Duke.* Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt Escalus and Provost.*]

He who the sword of heaven will bear  
Should be as holy as severe;  
Pattern in himself to know,  
Grace to stand, and virtue go;  
More nor less to others paying  
Than by self-offences weighing. 290  
Shame to him whose cruel striking  
Kills for faults of his own liking!  
Twice treble shame on Angelo,  
To weed my vice, and let his grow!  
O, what may man within him hide,  
Though angel on the outward side!  
How may likeness, made in crimes,  
Making practice on the times,  
To draw with idle spiders' strings  
Most ponderous and substantial things! 295  
Craft against vice I must apply:  
With Angelo to-night shall lie  
His old betrothed but despised;  
So disguise shall, by the disguised,  
Pay with falsehood false exacting,  
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Security*, i.e. suretyship.

## ACT IV.

[SCENE. I. *The Moated Grange at St. Luke's.**Enter MARIANA and a Boy singing.**Song.*

Take, O, take those lips away,  
 That so sweetly were forsworn;  
 And those eyes, the break of day,  
 Lights that do mislead the morn:

But my kisses bring again,  
 Bring again;  
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,  
 Seal'd in vain.

*Mari.* Break off thy song, and haste thee  
 quick away:  
 Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice  
 Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.

[*Exit Boy.*]

Take, O, take those lips away,  
 That so sweetly were forsworn.—(Act iv. 1. 1, 2.)

*Enter DUKE disguised as before.*

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish 10  
 You had not found me here so musical.  
 Let me excuse me, and believe me so,  
 My mirth it much pleas'd, but pleas'd my  
 woe.

*Duke.* 'Tis good: though music oft hath such  
 a charm  
 To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.  
 I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired

for me here to-day? much upon this time have  
 I promised here to meet.

*Mari.* You have not been inquired after: I  
 have sat here all day. 20

*Duke.* I do constantly<sup>1</sup> believe you. The  
 time is come even now. I shall crave your  
 forbearance a little: may be I will call upon  
 you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

*Mari.* I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*]

<sup>1</sup> Constantly, firmly.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Duke.* Very well met, and welcome.

What is the news from this good deputy?

*Isab.* He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,

Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;

And to that vineyard is a planched<sup>1</sup> gate, 30

That makes his opening with this bigger key:

This other doth command a little door

Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;

There have I made my promise

Upon the heavy middle of the night

To call upon him.

*Duke.* But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

*Isab.* I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't:

With whispering and most guilty diligence,

In action all of precept, he did show me 40

The way twice o'er.

*Duke.* Are there no other tokens Between you greed<sup>2</sup> concerning her observance?

*Isab.* No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;

And that I have possess'd<sup>3</sup> him my most stay

Can be but brief; for I have made him know

I have a servant comes with me along,

That stays upon me; whose persuasion is

I come about my brother.

*Duke.* 'Tis well borne up.

I have not yet made known to Mariana

A word of this. What, ho! within! come forth! 50

*Re-enter MARIANA.*

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;

She comes to do you good.

*Isab.* I do desire the like.

*Duke.* Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

*Mari.* Good friar, I know you do, and have found it.

*Duke.* Take, then, this your companion by the hand,

Who hath a story ready for your ear.

I shall attend your leisure: but make haste;

The vaporous night approaches.

*Mari.* Will't please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt Mariana and Isabella.*]

*Duke.* O place and greatness, millions of false eyes 60

Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report

Run with these false and most contrarious quests

Upon thy doings: thousand escapes<sup>4</sup> of wit

Make thee the father of their idle dream,

And rack thee in their fancies.

*Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.*

Welcome! How agreed?

*Isab.* She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,

If you advise it.

*Duke.* It is not my consent,

But my entreaty too.

*Isab.* Little have you to say

When you depart from him, but, soft and low,

"Remember now my brother."

*Mari.* Fear me not.

*Duke.* Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all. 71

He is your husband on a pre-contract:

To bring you thus together, 't is no sin,

Sith that the justice of your title to him

Doth flourish<sup>5</sup> the deceit. Come, let us go:

Our corn's to reap, for yet our tilth's to sow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A room in the prison.*

*Enter PROVOST and POMPEY.*

*Prov.* Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

*Pom.* If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he's his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

*Prov.* Come, sir, leave me your snatches,<sup>6</sup> and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow

morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine!

Here is in our prison a common executioner,

who in his office lacks a helper: if you will

take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem

you from your gyves; if not, you shall have

your full time of imprisonment, and your de-

liverance with an unpitied whipping, [for you

have been a notorious bawd.]

<sup>4</sup> *Escapes*, sallies.

<sup>5</sup> *Flourish*, colour, varnish.

<sup>6</sup> *Snatches*, scraps of wit.

<sup>1</sup> *Planched*, made of planks or boards.

<sup>2</sup> *Greed*, i.e. agreed.

<sup>3</sup> *Possess'd*, informed.

*Pom.* Sir, [I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind; but yet] I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

*Prov.* What, ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there? 21

*Enter ABHORSON.*

*Abhor.* Do you call, sir?

*Prov.* Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. [He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.]

*Abhor.* [A bawd, sir?] fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery. 30

*Prov.* Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*]

*Pom.* Pray, sir, by your good favour,—for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

*Abhor.* Ay, sir; a mystery.

*Pom.* Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; [and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery:] but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

*Abhor.* Sir, it is a mystery.

*Pom.* Proof?

*Abhor.* Every true man's apparel fits your thief. 50

*Pom.* If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

*Re-enter PROVOST.*

*Prov.* Are you agreed?

*Pom.* Sir, I will serve him; [for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.]

*Prov.* You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

*Abhor.* [Come on, bawd;] I will instruct thee in my trade; follow. 58

*Pom.* I do desire to learn, sir: and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare;<sup>1</sup> for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

*Prov.* Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt Pompey and Abhorson.*]



*Pom.* Pray, sir, by your good favour,—for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,—... your occupation a mystery?—(Act iv. 2. 33-36.)

The one has my pity; not a jot the other,  
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

*Enter CLAUDIO.*

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:

'T is now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow

<sup>1</sup> Yare, ready.

Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

*Claud.* As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour 69

When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:  
He will not wake.

*Prov.* Who can do good on him?  
Well, go, prepare yourself. [*Knocking within.*]

But, hark, what noise!

Heaven give your spirits comfort! [*Exit Claudio.*] By and by!

I hope it is some pardon or reprieve  
For the most gentle Claudio.

*Enter DUKE disguised as before, with a letter having a large seal.*

Welcome, father.

*Duke.* The best and wholesomest spirits of the night

Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late?

*Prov.* None, since the curfew rung.

*Duke.* Not Isabel?

*Prov.* No.

*Duke.* They will, then, ere't be long.

*Prov.* What comfort is for Claudio?

*Duke.* There's some in hope.

*Prov.* It is a bitter deputy. 81

*Duke.* Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd  
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice:

He doth with holy abstinence subdue  
That in himself which he spurs on his power

To qualify<sup>1</sup> in others: were he meal'd<sup>2</sup> with that

Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;  
But this being so, he's just. [*Knocking within.*]

Now are they come.

[*Exit Provost.*]

This is a gentle provost: seldom when  
The steeld gaoler is the friend of men. 90

[*Knocking within.*]

How now! what noise? That spirit's possess'd with haste

That wounds the unsisting<sup>3</sup> postern with these strokes.

*Re-enter Provost.*

*Prov.* [*Speaking to one at the door.*] There he must stay until the officer  
Arise to let him in: he is call'd up.

*Duke.* Have you no countermmand for Claudio yet,

But he must die to-morrow?

*Prov.* None, sir, none.

*Duke.* As near the dawning, provost, as it is,  
You shall hear more ere morning.

*Prov.* Happily<sup>4</sup>  
You something know; yet I believe there comes 99

No countermmand; no such example have we:  
Besides, upon the very siege<sup>5</sup> of justice  
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear  
Profess'd the contrary.

*Enter a Messenger (with large sealed letter).*

*Duke.* This is his lordship's man.

*Prov.* And here comes Claudio's pardon.

*Mes.* [*Giving the letter, which Provost opens and reads.*] My lord hath sent you this note;  
and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it,  
neither in time, matter, or other circumstance.  
Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day. 109

*Prov.* I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger.*]

*Duke.* [*Aside.*] This is his pardon, purchas'd by such sin

For which the pardoner himself is in.  
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,  
When it is borne in high authority:  
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,  
That for the fault's love is the offender friended.  
Now, sir, what news?

*Prov.* I told you. Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting-on;<sup>6</sup> methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before. 121

*Duke.* Pray you, let's hear.

*Prov.* [*Reads.*]

"Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and in the afternoon Barnardine: for my better satisfaction,

<sup>1</sup> Qualify, temper, abate.

<sup>2</sup> Meal'd, sprinkled, defiled.

<sup>3</sup> Unsisting, perhaps = shaking.

<sup>4</sup> Happily, i. e. haply.

<sup>5</sup> Siege (French *siege*), sent.

<sup>6</sup> Putting-on, incitement.

let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril."

What say you to this, sir? 131

*Duke.* What is that Barnardine who is to be executed in the afternoon?

*Prov.* A Bohemian born, but here nurs'd up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

*Duke.* How came it that the absent duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so. 139

*Prov.* His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and, indeed, his fact,<sup>1</sup> till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

*Duke.* It is now apparent?

*Prov.* Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

*Duke.* Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touch'd? 148

*Prov.* A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

*Duke.* He wants advice.

*Prov.* He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

*Duke.* More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo, who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy. 172

*Prov.* Pray, sir, in what?

*Duke.* In the delaying death.

*Prov.* Alack, how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest. 179

*Duke.* By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

*Prov.* Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.<sup>2</sup>

*Duke.* O, death's a great disguiser; and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'd before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

*Prov.* Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

*Duke.* Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

*Prov.* To him, and to his substitutes.

*Duke.* You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing? 201

*Prov.* But what likelihood is in that?

*Duke.* Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt<sup>3</sup> you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, [showing him the letter] here is the hand and seal of the duke: you know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

*Prov.* I know them both. 210

*Duke.* The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour; perchance of the duke's death, perchance entering into some monastery, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the

<sup>2</sup> Discover the favour, recognize the face.

<sup>3</sup> Attempt, tempt.

<sup>1</sup> Fact, deed, crime.

shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd; but this shall absolutely resolve<sup>1</sup> you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A corridor in the prison; at back door of Barnardine's cell in the same.*

*Enter POMPEY.*

Pom. I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches<sup>2</sup> him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Fortlight the tilter, and brave Master Shooty the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now "for the Lord's sake." 21

*Enter ABHORSON.*

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Pom. [*Calling outside door of cell*] Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, Master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

[*Goes up and opens door of cell.*]

Bar. [*Within*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Pom. Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Bar. [*Within*] Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy. 31

Abhor. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

Pom. Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Pom. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Pom. Very ready, sir. 40

*Enter BARNARDINE; he comes down between Pompey and Abhorson.*

Bar. How now, Abhorson! what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Bar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for't.

Pom. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Abhor. Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father: do we jest now, think you?

[*Retires up.*]

*Enter DUKE disguised as before.*

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you 60

Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Bar. I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,—

Bar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit into cell.*]

Duke. Unfit to live or die: O gravel heart! After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey.*]

<sup>1</sup> Resolve, convince.

<sup>2</sup> Peaches, i.e. impeaches.

*Re-enter Provost.*

*Prov.* Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner? 70

*Duke.* A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;  
And to transport him in the mind he is  
Were damnable.

*Prov.*

Here in the prison, father,  
There died this morning of a cruel fever  
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,  
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head  
Just of his colour. What if we do omit  
This reprobate till he were well inclin'd;  
And satisfy the deputy with the visage  
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio? 80



*Bar.* I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.—(Act iv. 3. 82, 83.)

*Duke.* O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!  
Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on  
Prefix'd by Angelo: see this be done,  
And sent according to command; whiles I  
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

*Prov.* This shall be done, good father, presently.

But Barnardine must die this afternoon:  
And how shall we continue Claudio,  
To save me from the danger that might come  
If he were known alive?

*Duke.* Let this be done.  
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and  
Claudio: 91

Ere twice the sun hath made his journal<sup>1</sup>  
greeting 92  
To the under generation, you shall find  
Your safety manifested.

*Prov.* I am your free dependant.

*Duke.* Quick, dispatch, and send the head to  
Angelo. [*Exit Provost.*]

Now will I write letters to Angelo,—  
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents

Shall witness to him I am near at home,  
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound

<sup>1</sup> Journal, diurnal.



To enter publicly: him I'll desire 101  
 To meet me at the consecrated fount,  
 A league below the city; and from thence,  
 By cold gradation and well balanced form,  
 We shall proceed with Angelo.

*Re-enter Provost with Ragozine's head in bag.*

*Prov.* Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

*Duke.* Convenient<sup>1</sup> is it. Make a swift return;  
 For I would commune with you of such things  
 That want no ear but yours.

*Prov.* I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*]

*Isab.* [*Within*] Peace, ho, be here! 110

*Duke.* The tongue of Isabel. She's come to know

If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:  
 But I will keep her ignorant of her good,  
 To make her heavenly comforts of despair,  
 When it is least expected.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Isab.* Ho, by your leave!

*Duke.* Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter,

*Isab.* The better, given me by so holy a man.  
 Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

*Duke.* He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world:

His head is off, and sent to Angelo. 120

*Isab.* Nay, but it is not so.

*Duke.* It is no other: show your wisdom, daughter,

In your close patience.

*Isab.* O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!

*Duke.* You shall not<sup>2</sup> be admitted to his sight.

*Isab.* Unhappy Claudio! wretched Isabel!  
 Injurious world! most damned Angelo!

[*Pacing about agitatedly.*]

*Duke.* This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot;  
 Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.

[*Isabel comes down to him.*]

Mark what I say, which you shall find 130  
 By every syllable a faithful verity:

The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes;

One of our covent,<sup>3</sup> and his confessor,  
 Gives me this instance:<sup>4</sup> already he hath carried

Notice to Escalus and Angelo;  
 Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,  
 There to give up their power. If you can, paco  
 your wisdom 137

In that good path that I would wish it go;  
 And you shall have your bosom<sup>5</sup> on this wretch,  
 Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,  
 And general honour.

*Isab.* I am directed by you.

*Duke.* This letter, then, to Friar Peter give;  
 'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:  
 Say, by this token, I desire his company  
 At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours

I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you  
 Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo  
 Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,  
 I am combined<sup>6</sup> by a sacred vow,  
 And shall be absent. Wend you with this  
 letter: 150

Command these fretting waters from your eyes  
 With a light heart; trust not my holy order,  
 If I pervert your course. Who's here?

*Enter LUCIO.*

*Lucio.* Good even. Friar, where's the provost?

*Duke.* Not within, sir.

*Lucio.* O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to't. But they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. [*Exit Isabella.*]

*Duke.* Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

*Lucio.* Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou tak'st him for. 171

*Duke.* Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

*Lucio.* Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

*Duke.* You have told me too many of him

<sup>1</sup> Convenient, becoming.

<sup>2</sup> Shall not, i.e. will not.

<sup>3</sup> Covent, convent.

<sup>4</sup> Instance, intimation.

<sup>5</sup> Bosom, i.e. heart's desire.

<sup>6</sup> Combined, pledged.

already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

*Lucio.* I was once before him for getting a wench with child. 180

*Duke.* Did you such a thing?

*Lucio.* Yes, mafty, did I: but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

*Duke.* Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

*Lucio.* By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: [if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it.] Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. A room in Angelo's house.

*Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS, with letters.*

*Escal.* Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.

*Ang.* In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and reliver<sup>1</sup> our authorities there?

*Escal.* I guess not. 8

*Ang.* And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entring, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

*Escal.* He shows his reason for that; to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

*Ang.* Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed:

Betimes i' the morn I'll call you at your house:

Give notice to such men of sort and suit

As are to meet him. 20

*Escal.* I shall, sir. Fare you well.

*Ang.* Good night. [Exit Escalus.]

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,<sup>2</sup>

And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!

And by an eminent body that enforc'd  
The law against it! But that her tender shame

Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,  
How might she tongue me!<sup>3</sup> Yet reason dares  
her no;

For my authority bears of a credent bulk,  
That no particular<sup>4</sup> scandal once can touch



*Lucio.* Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick.

—(Act iv. 3. 189, 190.)

But it confounds the breather. He should  
have liv'd, 31

Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous  
sense,

Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,  
By so receiving a dishonour'd life

With ransom of such shame. Would yet he  
had liv'd!

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,  
Nothing goes right: we would, and we would  
not! [Exit.]

<sup>1</sup> Reliver, redeliver.  
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<sup>2</sup> Unpregnant, unready.

<sup>3</sup> Tongue me, speak of me.

<sup>4</sup> Particular, personal.

[SCENE V. *Fields without the town.**Enter DUKE in his own habit, and FRIAR PETER.*

*Duke.* [Giving letters] These letters at fit time deliver me:

The provost knows our purpose and our plot.  
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,  
And hold you ever to our special drift;  
Though sometimes you do blench<sup>1</sup> from this to that,

As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius' house,

And tell him where I stay: give the like notice  
To Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus,  
And bid them bring the trumpets<sup>2</sup> to the gate;  
But send me Flavius first.

*Fri. P.* It shall be speeded well. [Exit.]

*Enter VARRIUS.*

*Duke.* I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste: 11

Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends

Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.

[Exit.]

[SCENE VI. *Street near the city gate.**Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.*

*Isab.* To speak so indirectly I am loth:  
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,  
That is your part: yet I am advis'd to do it;  
He says, to veil full purpose.

*Mari.* Be rul'd by him.

*Isab.* Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure  
He speak against me on the adverse side,  
I should not think it strange; for 't is a physic  
That's bitter to sweet end.

*Mari.* I would Friar Peter—

*Isab.* O, peace! the friar is come.

*Enter FRIAR PETER.*

*Fri. P.* Come, I have found you out a stand  
most fit, 10

Where you may have such vantage on the duke,  
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trum-  
pets sounded;

The generous and gravest citizens.

Have hent<sup>3</sup> the gates, and very near upon

The duke is entering: therefore, hence, away!

[Exit.]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before the gates of Vienna. Flourish of trumpets and drums.*

*Enter from one side, DUKE, VARRIUS, Lords, Officers; from the city gates, Soldiers, then ANGELO and ESCALUS, LUCIO, PROVOST, &c. At the back, FRIAR PETER, ISABELLA, and MARIANA veiled.*

[Angelo and Escalus kneel and deliver up their commissions, which the Duke hands to an Officer. Angelo and Escalus rise.]

*Duke.* My very worthy cousin, fairly met!  
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

*Ang.* } Happy return be to your royal grace!  
*Escal.* }

*Duke.* Many and hearty thankings to you both.

We have made inquiry of you; and we hear  
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul  
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,  
Forerunning more requital.

*Ang.* You make my bonds still greater.

*Duke.* O, your desert speaks loud; [and I should wrong it,

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom, 10

When it deserves, with characters of brass,

A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time  
And rasure of oblivion.] Give me your

hand,

And let the subject see, to make them know  
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim  
Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus,

[Takes the hands of both of them, placing Angelo on one side of him, Escalus on the other.]

<sup>1</sup> Blench, start off.      <sup>2</sup> Trumpets, trumpeters.

<sup>3</sup> Hent, seized, taken possession of.

You must walk by us on our other hand;  
And good supporters are you.

*FRIAR PETER and ISABELLA come forward.*

*Fri. P.* Now is your time: speak loud and  
kneel before him. 19

*Isab.* Justice, O royal duke! Vail<sup>1</sup> your  
regard [*Kneeling.*]

Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!  
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye  
By throwing it on any other object  
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,  
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

*Duke.* Relate your wrongs; in what? by  
whom? be brief.

Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice:  
Reveal yourself to him.

*Isab.* O worthy duke,  
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:  
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak  
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,  
Or wring redress from you: hear me, O, hear  
me, here! 32

*Ang.* My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:  
She hath been a sutor to me for her brother  
Cut off by course of justice,—

*Isab.* By course of justice! [*Rising.*]

*Ang.* And she will speak most bitterly and  
strange.

*Isab.* Most strange, but yet most truly, will  
I speak:

That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?  
That Angelo's a murderer; is't not strange?  
That Angelo is an adulterous thief, 40  
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;  
Is it not strange and strange?

*Duke.* Nay, it is ten times strange.

*Isab.* It is not truer he is Angelo  
Than this is all as true as it is strange:  
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth  
To the end of reckoning.

*Duke.* Away with her! Poor soul,  
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

[*The Officers are about to seize her;  
she waves them back.*]

*Isab.* O prince, I conjure thee, as thou be-  
liev'st

There is another comfort than this world,

That thou neglect me not, with that opinion  
That I am touch'd with madness! Make not  
impossible 51  
That which but seems unlike: 't is not impos-  
sible.

But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,  
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute  
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,  
In all his dressings, characts,<sup>2</sup> titles, forms,  
Be an arch-villain. Believe it, royal prince:  
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,  
Had I more name for badness.

*Duke.* By mine honesty,  
If she be mad,—as I believe no other,— 60  
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,  
Such a dependency of thing on thing,  
As<sup>3</sup> e'er I heard in madness.

*Isab.* O gracious duke,  
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason  
For inequality; but let your reason serve  
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,  
And hide the false, seems true.<sup>4</sup>

*Duke.* Many that are not mad  
Have, sure, more lack of reason. What would  
you say?

*Isab.* I am the sister of one Claudio,  
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication 70  
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:  
I, in probation of a sisterhood,  
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio  
As then the messenger,—

*Lucio.* [*Comes down, taking his cap off to the  
Duke*] That's I, an't like your grace:  
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her  
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo  
For her poor brother's pardon.

*Isab.* That's he indeed.

*Duke.* You were not bid to speak.

*Lucio.* No, my good lord;  
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

*Duke.* I wish you now, then;  
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have  
A business for yourself, pray heaven you then  
Be perfect. 82

*Lucio.* I warrant your honour.

*Duke.* The warrant's for yourself; take heed  
to't.

<sup>2</sup> *Characts.* i.e. characters, distinctive marks.

<sup>3</sup> *As,* i.e. that.

<sup>4</sup> *The false, seems true,* i.e. the false that seems true.

*Isab.* This gentleman told somewhat of my tale,—

*Lucio.* Right.

*Duke.* It may be right; but you are i' the wrong

To speak before your time. [*Lucio bows and retires.*] Proceed.

*Isab.* I went

To this pernicious caitiff deputy,—

*Duke.* That 's somewhat madly spoken.

*Isab.* Pardon it;

The phrase is to the matter. 90

*Duke.* Mended again. The matter; proceed.

*Isab.* In brief, to set the needless process by,  
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,  
How he refell'd<sup>1</sup> me, and how I replied,—  
For this was of much length,—the vile conclusion

I now begin with grief and shame to utter:  
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body  
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,  
Release my brother; and, after much debate-  
ment, 99

My sisterly remorse<sup>2</sup> confutes mine honour,  
And I did yield to him: but the next morn be-  
times,

His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant  
For my poor brother's head.

*Duke.* This is most likely!

*Isab.* O, that it were as like as it is true!

*Duke.* By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st  
not what thou speak'st,

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour  
In hateful practice.<sup>3</sup> First, his integrity  
Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no  
reason

That with such vehemency he should pursue  
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,  
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,  
And not have cut him off. Some one hath  
set you on: 112

Confess the truth, and say by whose advice  
Thou cam'st here to complain.

*Isab.* And is this all?

Then, O you blessed ministers above,  
Keep me in patience, and with ripen'd time  
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up

In countenance!<sup>4</sup> Heaven shield your grace  
from woe, 118

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go!  
[*Going.*]

*Duke.* I know you'd fain be gone. An officer!  
[*The officers advance.*]

To prison with her! Shall we thus permit  
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall  
On him so near us? This needs must be a  
practice.

Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

*Isab.* One that I would were hefe, Friar  
Lodowick.

*Duke.* A ghostly father, belike. Who knows  
that Lodowick?

*Lucio.* My lord, I know him; 't is a meddling  
friar;

I do not like the man: had he been lay, my  
lord,

For certain words he spoke against your grace  
In your retirement, I had swung<sup>5</sup> him  
soundly. 130

*Duke.* Words against me! this<sup>6</sup> a good friar,  
belike!

And to set on this wretched woman here  
Against our substitute! Let this friar be found.

*Lucio.* But yesternight, my lord, she and  
that friar,

I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,  
A very scurvy fellow.

*Fri. P.* Blessed be your royal grace!  
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard  
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman  
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute, 140  
Who is as free from touch or soil with her  
As she from one ungot.

*Duke.* We did believe no less.  
Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks  
of?

*Fri. P.* I know him for a man divine and  
holy;

Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,  
As he's reported by this gentleman;  
And, on my trust, a man that never yet  
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.\*

*Lucio.* My lord, most villanously; believe it.

*Fri. P.* Well, he in time may come to clear  
himself; 150

<sup>1</sup> *Refell'd* (Latin, *refello*), rebutted.

<sup>2</sup> *Remorse*, pity.

<sup>3</sup> *Practice*, plotting.

<sup>4</sup> *Countenance*, false appearance, hypocrisy.

<sup>5</sup> *Swung*, whipt.

<sup>6</sup> *This*, i.e., this is

But at this instant he is sick, my lord, 151  
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,  
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint

Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, came I hither,  
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know

Is true and false; and what he with his oath  
And all probation will make up full clear,  
Whensoever he's convented.<sup>1</sup> First, for this woman,

To justify this worthy nobleman,  
So vulgarly<sup>2</sup> and personally accus'd, 100  
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,  
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.  
[Exit Isabella, guarded.]

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?  
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!  
Give us some seats. [The attendants bring two chairs of state from within the city gates.]  
Come, cousin Angelo;

In this I'll be impartial; be you judge  
Of your own cause.

[Mariana advances, veiled. Duke and Angelo seat themselves.]

Is this the witness, friar?  
First, let her show her face, and after speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face

Until my husband bid me. 170

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow, then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you are nothing, then: neither maid, widow, nor wife? 180

Lucio. [Behind Duke's chair.] My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause

To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;

And I confess, besides, I am no maid:  
I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not

That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk, then, my lord: it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too! 191

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:  
She that accuses him [of fornication,]  
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;  
And charges him, my lord, with such a time  
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms  
[With all the effect of love.]

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say your husband. 201

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,

[Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,

But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.]]

Ang. This is a strange abuse.<sup>3</sup> Let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask. [Unveils.]

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,  
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on; 208

This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,  
Was fast belock'd in thine; this is the body  
That took away the match from Isabel,  
And did supply thee at thy garden-house<sup>4</sup>  
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. [Behind chair] Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more!

Lucio. Enough, my lord. [Goes to Peter.]

Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this woman:

And five years since there was some speech of marriage

Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,  
Partly for that her promised proportions<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Abuse, deception, delusion.

<sup>4</sup> Garden-house, summer-house.

<sup>5</sup> Proportions, shares of real and personal estate, i.e. marriage portion.

<sup>1</sup> Convented, summoned.

<sup>2</sup> Vulgarly, publicly.

Came short of composition;<sup>1</sup> but in chief 220  
 For that her reputation was disvalued  
 In levity: since which time of five years  
 I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard  
 from her,

Upon my faith and honour.

*Mari. [Kneeling]* Noble prince,

As there comes light from heaven and words  
 from breath,

As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,  
 I am affianc'd this man's wife as strongly

As words could make up vows: [and, my  
 good lord,

But Tuesday night last gone in 's garden-house  
 He knew me as a wife.] As this is true, 230

Let me in safety raise me from my knees;  
 Or else for ever be confixed<sup>2</sup> here,

A marble monument! *[Rises.]*

*Ang. [Starting up]* I did but smile till now:  
 Now, good my lord, give me the scope of  
 justice;

My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive  
 These poor informal<sup>3</sup> women are no more  
 But instruments of some more mightier mem-  
 ber

That sets them on: let me have way, my lord,  
 To find this practice out.

*Duke.* Ay, with my heart;

And punish them to your height of pleasure.

*[Rises.]*

Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,  
 Compact<sup>4</sup> with her that's gone, think'st thou  
 thy oaths, 242

Though they would swear down each particular  
 saint,

Were testimonies against his worth and credit,  
 That's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord  
 Escalus,

Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains  
 To find out this abuse, whence 't is deriv'd.

There is another friar that set them on;

Let him be sent for.

*Fri. P.* Would he were here, my lord! for  
 he, indeed, 250

Hath set the women on to this complaint:  
 Your provost knows the place where he abides,  
 And he may fetch him.

*Duke.*

Go do it instantly.

*[Exit Provost.]*

And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,  
 Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,  
 Do with your injuries as seems you best,  
 In any chastisement: I for a while will leave  
 you; 258

But stir not you till you have well determin'd  
 Upon these slanderers.

*Escal.* My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.

*[Exit Duke. Angelo and Escalus sit.]*

Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that  
 Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

*Lucio.* *Cucullus non facit monachum;*<sup>5</sup> honest  
 in nothing but in his clothes; and one that  
 hath spoke most villainous speeches of the duke.

*Escal.* We shall entreat you to abide here  
 till he come, and enforce them against him:  
 we shall find this friar a notable fellow.

*Lucio.* As any in Vienna, on my word. 269

*Escal. [To an Officer]* 'Call that same Isabel  
 here once again: I would speak with her.  
*[Exit Officer through city gates.]* Pray you,  
 my lord, give me leave to question; you shall  
 see how I'll handle her.

*[Lucio.* Not better than he, by her own  
 report.

*Escal.* Say you?

*Lucio.* Marry, sir, I think, if you handled  
 her privately, she would sooner confess: per-  
 chance, publicly, she'll be ashamed.

*Escal.* I will go darkly to work with her.

*Lucio.* That's the way; for women are light  
 at midnight. ] 281

*Re-enter Officer with ISABELLA.*

*Escal. [To Isabella]* Come on, mistress:  
 here's a gentlewoman denies all that you  
 have said.

*Lucio.* My lord, here comes the rascal I  
 spoke of; here with the provost.

*Escal.* In very good time: speak not you to  
 him till we call upon you.

*Lucio.* Mum.

*Re-enter PROVOST, with the DUKE in his friar's  
 habit.*

*Escal.* Come, sir: did you set these women

<sup>1</sup> Composition, agreement.

<sup>2</sup> Confixed, fixed.

<sup>3</sup> Informal, insane.

<sup>4</sup> Compact, leagued.

<sup>5</sup> "The cowl does not make the monk."

on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you did. 291

*Duke.* 'Tis false.

*Escal.* How! know you where you are?

*Duke.* Respect to your great place! and let the devil . . .

Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne! Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

*Escal.* The duke's in us; and we will hear you speak:

Look yoff speak justly.

*Duke.* Boldly, at least. But, O, poor souls, Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox? Good night to your redress! Is the duke gone? Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust, 302

Thus to retort<sup>1</sup> your manifest appeal, And put your trial in the villain's mouth Which here you come to accuse.

*Lucio.* This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

*Escal.* Why, thou unreverend and unhal- low'd friar,

Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth, And in the witness of his proper ear, 310 To call him villain? and then to glance from him

To the duke himself, to tax him with injustice? Take him hence; [*Officers advance*] to the rack with him! We'll touse<sup>2</sup> you

Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose. What, unjust?

*Duke.* Be not so hot; the duke

Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he Dare rack his own: his subject am I not, Nor here provincial.<sup>3</sup> My business in this state Made me a looker-on here in Vienna, 319 Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble Till it o'er-run the stew; laws for all faults, But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes

Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop, As much in mock as mark.

*Escal.* Slander to the state! Away with him to prison!

[*Two Officers approach the Duke.*]

<sup>1</sup> Retort, refer back.

<sup>2</sup> Touse, tear.

<sup>3</sup> Provincial, under the jurisdiction of this ecclesiastical province.

*Ang.* What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio? Is this the man that you did tell us of?

*Lucio.* 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, good-man baldpate: do you know me? 329

[*They advance towards each other.*]

*Duke.* I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

*Lucio.* O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?

*Duke.* Most notably, sir.

*Lucio.* Do you so, sir? And was the duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be? 338

*Duke.* You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

*Lucio.* O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

*Duke.* I protest I love the duke as I love myself.

*Ang.* Hark, how the villain would close<sup>4</sup> now, after his treasonable abuses!

*Escal.* Such a fellow is not to be talked withal. Away with him to prison! Where is the provost? [*Provost advances.*] Away with him to prison! lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more. Away with those giglots<sup>5</sup> too, and with the other confederate companion!

[*Officers advance to seize Isabella and Mariana. The Provost arrests the Duke.*]

*Duke.* [*To Provost*] Stay, sir; stay awhile.

*Ang.* What, resists he? Help him, Lucio.

*Lucio.* Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir! Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Will't not off? 360

[*Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke. Angelo and Escalus start up from their seats. Lucio steps back amazed.*]

*Duke.* Thou art the first knave that e'er mad'st a duke.

<sup>4</sup> Close, come to an agreement, make reparation.

<sup>5</sup> Giglots, wantons.



First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.

[Officers release Isabella and Mariana.

*Lucio is stealing away.*

[To *Lucio*] Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and you

Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.

[Officers seize *Lucio* and bring him back.

*Lucio.* This may prove worse than hanging.

*Duke.* [To *Escalus*] What you have spoke

I pardon: sit you down:

We'll borrow place of him. [To *Angelo*] Sir, by your leave.

[Takes *Angelo's* chair. *Escalus* sits.

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,



*Duke.* Thou art the first knave that e'er mad'st a duke.—(Act v. 1. 561.)

That yet can do thee office?<sup>1</sup> If thou hast,  
Rely upon it till my tale be heard, 370  
And hold no longer out.

*Ang.* O my dread lord,  
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,  
To think I can be undiscernible,  
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,  
Hath look'd upon my passes.<sup>2</sup> Then, good  
prince,

No longer session hold upon my shame,  
But let my trial be mine own confession:  
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,  
Is all the grace I beg.

*Duke.* Come hither, Mariana.

[*Mariana* advances.

Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

*Ang.* I was, my lord.

*Duke.* Go take her hence, and marry her  
instantly. [*Angelo goes to Mariana.*

Do you the office, friar; which consummate,  
Return him here again. Go with him, provost.

[*Escort Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter,*  
and *Provost* through the city gates.

*Escal.* My lord, I am more amaz'd at his  
dishonour

Than at the strangeness of it.

*Duke.* Come hither, Isabel.

[*Duke and Escalus rise.*

[Your friar is now your prince: as I was then  
Advertising<sup>3</sup> and holy to your business,  
Not changing heart with habit, I am still  
Attorney'd at your service.]

<sup>1</sup> Do thee office, i.e. do thee service.

<sup>2</sup> Passes, proceedings.

<sup>3</sup> Adverting, i.e. assisting with counsel.

*Isab.* O, give me pardon,  
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd<sup>1</sup>  
Your unknown sovereignty!

*Duke.* You are pardon'd, Isabel:  
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.  
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;  
And you may marvel why I obscur'd myself,  
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather  
Make rash remonstrance<sup>2</sup> of my hidden power  
Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid,  
It was the swift celerity of his death,  
Which<sup>3</sup> I did think with slower foot came on,  
That brain'd my purpose. But peace be with  
him! 401

That life is better life, past fearing death,  
Than that which lives to fear: make it your  
comfort,

So happy is your brother.

*Isab.* I do, my lord.

*Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER,  
and PROVOST.*

*Duke.* For this new-married man, approach-  
ing here,  
Whose salt<sup>3</sup> imagination yet hath wrong'd  
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon  
For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudg'd your  
brother,—

Being criminal, in double violation  
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach 410  
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,—  
The very mercy of the law cries out

[Most audible, even from his proper tongue,]  
"An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!"

Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers  
leisure;

Like doth quit like, and MEASURE still FOR  
MEASURE.

[Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested;  
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee  
vantage.]

We do condemn thee to the very block  
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with  
like haste. 420

Away with him!

[Officers advance and stand by Angelo's  
side.

*Mari.* [O my most gracious lord,  
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.]

*Duke.* It is your husband mock'd you with  
a husband.

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,  
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,  
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,  
And choke your good to come: for his pos-  
sessions,

Although by confutation<sup>4</sup> they are ours,  
We do instate and widow you withal,  
To buy you a better husband.]

*Mari.* O my dear lord,  
I crave no other, nor no better man. 431

*Duke.* Never crave him; we are definitive.<sup>5</sup>

*Mari.* [Kneeling] Gentle my liege,—

*Duke.* You do but lose your labour.  
Away with him to death! [[To Lucio] Now,  
sir, to you.]

[Officers about to remove Angelo.]

*Mari.* O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take  
my part;

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come  
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

*Duke.* Against all sense you do importune  
her:

Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,  
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,  
And take her hence in horror.

*Mari.* Isabel, 441  
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;  
Hold up your hands, say nothing; I'll speak  
all.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults;  
And, for the most, become much more the better  
For being a little bad: so may my husband.  
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

*Duke.* He dies for Claudio's death.

*Isab.* [Kneeling] Most bounteous sir,  
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,  
As if my brother liv'd. I partly think 450  
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,  
Till he did look on me: since it is so,  
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,  
In that he did the thing for which he died:  
For Angelo,

His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,  
And must be buried but as an intent

<sup>1</sup> Pain'd, put to labour.

<sup>2</sup> Remonstrance, demonstration.

<sup>3</sup> Salt, lustful.

<sup>4</sup> Confutation, conviction.

<sup>5</sup> Definitive, resolved.

That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects,

Intents but merely thoughts.

*Mari.* Merely, my lord.

*Duke.* Your suit's unprofitable; stand up,  
I say. [*Mariana and Isabella rise.*]

I have bethought me of another fault. 481

Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded  
At an unusual hour?

*Prov.* It was commanded so.

*Duke.* Had you a special warrant for the deed?

*Prov.* No, my good lord; it was by private  
message.

*Duke.* For which I do discharge you of your  
office:

Give up your keys.

*Prov.* Pardon me, noble lord:

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;  
Yet did repent me, after more advice:<sup>1</sup> 489  
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,  
That should by private order else have died,  
I have reserv'd alive.

*Duke.* What's he?

*Prov.* His name is Barnardine.

*Duke.* I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.  
Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[*Exit Provost. Duke talks apart  
with Isabella.*]

*Escal.* I am sorry, one so learned and so wise  
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,  
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,  
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

*Ang.* I am sorry that such sorrow I procure:  
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart  
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;  
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it. 492

*Re-enter from the city, PROVOST, with BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO muffled, and JULIET.*

*Duke.* Which is that Barnardine?

*Prov.* This, my lord.

*Duke.* There was a friar told me of this man.  
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,  
That apprehends no further than this world,  
And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt  
condemn'd:

But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;  
And pray thee take this mercy to provide

For better times to come. Friar, advise him;  
I leave him to your hand. [*Exeunt Barnardine  
and Friar into the city.*] What muffled  
fellow's that? 491

*Prov.* This is another prisoner that I sav'd,  
Who should have died when Claudio lost his  
head;

As like almost to Claudio as himself.

[*Begins to unmuffle Claudio.*]

*Duke.* [*To Isabella*] If he be like your brother,  
for his sake

Is he pardon'd,—[*Claudio discovers himself to  
Isabella—she rushes into his arms, and then  
kneels to Angelo,—*] and, for your lovely  
sake;

Give me your hand, [*raising her*] and say you  
will be mine,

He is my brother too: [*taking Claudio's hand*]  
but fitter time for that.

By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe;

[*Crossing to Angelo.*]

Methinks I see a quickening in his eye. 500

Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:

Look that you love your wife; her worth worth  
yours.

I find an apt remission in myself;  
And yet here's one in place<sup>2</sup> I cannot pardon.  
[*To Lucio*] You, sirrah, that knew me for a  
fool, a coward,

One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;

Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,

That you extol me thus?

*Lucio.* Faith, my lord, I spoke it but ac-  
cording to the trick. If you will hang me for  
it, you may; but I had rather it would please  
you I might be whipt. 512

*Duke.* Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after.  
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,  
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,  
As I have heard him swear himself there's  
one

Whom he begot with child, let her appear,  
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,  
Let him be whipt and hang'd. 519

*Lucio.* [I beseech your highness, do not marry  
me to a whore!] Your highness said even now,  
I made you a duke: good my lord, do not re-  
compense me in making me a cuckold.

<sup>1</sup> Advice, consideration.

<sup>2</sup> In place, present.

*Duke.* Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.

Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal  
Remit thy other forfeits. Take him to prison;  
[*Officers seize Lucio.*]

And see our pleasure herein executed.

*Lucio.* Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping and hanging.

*Duke.* Slandering a prince deserves it. 590

[*Exeunt Officers with Lucio.*]

She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.\*

Joy to you, Mariana! Love her, Angelo:  
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.  
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much  
goodness:

There's more behind that is more grateful.<sup>1</sup>

Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy:

We shall employ thee in a worthier place.

Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home.

The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:

The offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel, 540

[*Taking her hand and kissing it.*]

I have a motion much imports your good;

Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,

What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.

So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show

What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> Gratitude, gratifying.



## NOTES TO MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

### ACT I. SCENE 1.

1. Line 5: *Since I am PUT to know.*—Compare Cymbeline, ii. 3. 110:

You *put* me to forget a lady's manners.

2. Line 6: *the LIMITS of all advice; i.e. the limits.* Compare I. Henry IV. iv. 1. 51, 52:

The very *list*, the very utmost bound  
Of all our fortunes.

3. Lines 7-10:

*then no more remains*  
*But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,*  
*And let them work.*

This clause in the Duke's first sentence has proved a more awkward stumbling-block to commentators than almost any passage in Shakespeare. The Cambridge editors chronicle twelve conjectural emendations in their foot-note, and five others in the supplementary notes at the end of the play. It has been proved, however, by the Old-Spelling editors that the lines as they stand are capable of explanation—an explanation, it is true, which leaves the whole passage (lines 3-9) an example of the most contorted and arbitrary syntax. I give their note: "The words 'my strength' include (1) the Duke's science, his knowledge of the properties of government; (2) his ducal authority, which is his sole prerogative. 'Your owne science,' he says to Escalus, 'exceedes in that' (in that province of my strength which embraces my administrative skill) all that my 'advice' (counsel) can give you. 'Then,' he continues, 'no more remains (is needful) but that (my strength *per se*, which is mine alone) to your sufficiency' (legal science),—your 'worth' (character and rank) making you fit for the post,—and you may henceforth let 'them' (your prior sufficiency and my now deputed power) work together."

[This explanation of the Old-Spelling editors seems to me quite as involved and obscure as the text which it professes to explain. It is evident that the text is corrupt, probably through there having been some interlineation in the MS. from which it was printed; nor can I believe that Shakespeare would have wished such a hideously unrhymical verse as line 8 to be spoken by any actor. If by *my strength* the Duke means "my power," or "my authority," we may imagine that the passage stood something like this:

*then no more remains*  
*But that (i.e. my strength) to add to your sufficiency,*  
*And, as your worth is able, let them work.*

The rest of line 9, *The nature of our people*, would then form an imperfect line by itself.—F. A. M.]

4. Line 11: *the TERMS.*—"Terms mean the technical language of the courts. An old book called *Les Termes de la Ley* (written in Henry the Eighth's time) was in Shakespeare's days, and is now, the accidence of young students in the law" (Blackstone).

5. Line 18: *with special SOUL.*—This metaphorical use of *soul* (meaning preference or regard) may be compared with a similar use of the word in *The Tempest*, iii. 1. 42-48:

for several virtues  
Have I lik'd several women; never any  
With so full *soul*, but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd  
And put it to the foil.

6. Line 31: *proper; i.e. proprius*, peculiar to one's self. Compare Timon, i. 2. 106, 107: "what better or *properer* can we call our own than the riches of our friends?" and below, in this play, v. 1. 110. "Faults *proper* to himself."

7. Line 41: *use.*—*Use* was in Shakespeare's time a customary word for *interest*. Compare *Venus and Adonis*, 708:

But gold that's put to *use* more gold begets.

8. Lines 41, 42:

*But I do bend my speech*  
*To one that can my part in him aduertise.*

The Duke has been giving Angelo advice; he now breaks off, intimating gracefully that, after all, *he* is speaking to one who can instruct *him* in such matters.

9. Line 43: *Hold, therefore, Angelo.*—This is generally supposed to be spoken by the Duke as he hands his commission to Angelo. Grant White conjectures that a part of the line is lost, and he restores it thus:

Hold therefore, Angelo, our place and power;

basing his guess on i. 3. 11-13 below:

I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo . . .  
My absolute *power* and place here in Vienna.

But this is juggling with the text, not editing. Dyce quotes Gifford, on the words "*Hold thee, drunkard*" (i.e. take the letter:) in Jonson's *Catiline*: "There is no expression in the English language more common than this, which is to be found in almost every page of our old writers; yet the commentators on Shakespeare, with the exception of Steevens, who speaks doubtfully on the subject, misunderstand it altogether. In *Measure for Measure*, the Duke, on producing Angelo's commission, says: '*Hold, therefore, Angelo*'" (Jonson's Works, vol. iv. p. 347).

10. Lines 45, 46:

*Mortality and mercy in Vienna*  
*Live in thy tongue and heart.*

Douce rightly emphasizes the importance of these words—"the privilege of exercising mercy," conferred by the Duke upon his deputy. See also lines 65-67 below:

your scope is as mine own,  
So to enforce or *qualify* the law  
As to your soul seems good.

The Duke thus renders it impossible for Angelo to make the excuse—such as it would be—that his instructions were precise and without margin of mercy.

11. Line 52: *We have with a LEAVEN'D and prepared choice.*—A *leavened* choice is explained by Johnson as one "not declared as soon as it fell into the imagination, but suffered to work long in the mind." The metaphor may no doubt have this meaning, as *leaven* or yeast does take some hours to ferment; but may it not mean as well, or more primarily, that the choice was based on a thorough and searching scrutiny, as *leaven* works up through and permeates the whole mass of dough?

12. Lines 68, 69:

*I love the people,  
But do not like to STAGE me to their eyes.*

*Stage* is used again as a verb in two passages of Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 29-31:

Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will  
Unstate his happiness, and be *staged* to the show  
Against a sword!

and v. 2. 216, 217:

the quick comedians  
Extemporally will *stage* us.

### ACT I. SCENE 2.

13. Line 15: *the thanksgiving BEFORE meat.*—Hanmer reads *after*, and his reading, say the Cambridge editors, "is recommended by the fact that in the old forms of 'graces' used in many colleges, and, as we are informed, at the Inns of Court, the prayer for peace comes always after, and never before, meat. But as the mistake may easily have been made by Shakespeare, or else deliberately put into the mouth of the 'First Gentleman,' we have not altered the text."

14. Line 28: *Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.*—An expression, which may almost be termed proverbial for, *We are both of one piece.* Steevens cites Marston, *The Malcontent*, 1604: "*There goes but a paire of sheeres betwix an emperor and the sonne of a bagge-piper; onely the dying, dressing, pressing, glossing, makes the difference*" (Works, vol. ii. p. 270). Compare, too, Dekker, *The Gull's Hornbook*, ch. i.: "*there went but a pair of shears between them.*"

15. Line 35: *as be PIL'D, as thou art PIL'D.*—"A quibble between *piled*—peeled, stripped of hair, bald (from the French disease), and *piled* as applied to velvet, three-piled velvet meaning the finest and costliest kind of velvet" (Dyce). Compare Chaucer, Prologue, line 627:

With skalled browes blake, and *piled* berd.

16. Line 39: *forget to drink after thee.*—That is, for fear of the contagion.

17. Lines 45, 46, 48.—These lines are given by Pope to the First Gentleman, and there is a good deal of probability in the surmise; still, it is only a probability; and, as the Cambridge editors remark, "It is impossible to discern any difference of character in the three speakers, or to introduce logical sequence into their buffoonery."

18. Line 52: *A French crown; i.e. the corona Feneris.* Compare *Midsummer Night's Dream*, i. 2. 90: "Some of your *French crowns* have no hair at all."

19. Line 84: *the sweat.*—This very likely refers to the plague or "sweating-sickness," which ravaged London in

1603, carrying off about a fifth of the population. The war, above, may also refer to the war with Spain, which came to an end in the autumn of 1604.

20. Lines 99, 100: *ALL HOUSES in the SUBURBS of Vienna must be pluck'd down.*—Tyrwhitt, quite unnecessarily, as I take it, would read *all bawdy-houses*. There is no doubt that this is meant, but when we remember who the speakers were, and how much a meaning look or an extra accent can convey, we may well suppose that Pompey said merely *all houses*, and that when he said *houses* Mrs. Overdone quite understood what he meant. As a matter of fact, houses of ill-fame were chiefly in the suburbs. Compare Heywood, *The Rape of Lucrece*, li. 3: "*Brutus* . . . he removes himself from the love of Brutus that shrinks from my side till we have had a song of all the pretty *suburbians*" (p. 194)—a prelude to Valerius' rattling song of Molly, Nelly, Betty, Dolly, Nanny, Rachel, and Biddy.

21. Line 116: *Thomas tapster.*—Douce expresses his surprise that Mrs. Overdone "should have called the clown by this name when it appears by his own showing that his name was Pompey." But of course it is a mere class-name, no more peculiar to one man than John Barley-corn or Tommy Atkins. For a contemporary instance of the precise alliterative form, compare Fletcher's *Rollo*, iii. 1 (end of scene), where a song, expanded from the *Three merry men* snatch, is sung by a Yeoman or "Page of the Cellar," a Butler, a Cook, and a Pantler. The last sings:

O man or beast, or you at least  
that wear a brow or antler,  
Pick up your ears unto the tears  
of me poor *Paul the Pantler*.

22. Line 119.—The Folio after this line begins a new scene (*Scena Tertia*) with the entrance of the Provost, &c. The Collier MS. omits Juliet from the persons who enter here, since, if present, she is silent, and, as appears from Claudio's words to Lucio, out of sight and hearing. Yet Pompey has just said, "There's Madam Juliet." The Cambridge editors "suppose that she was following at a distance behind, in her anxiety for the fate of her lover. She appears again," they add, "as a mute personage at the end of the play."

[It looks very much here as if the author had originally intended to make some use of Julietta or Juliet in this scene, but in the course of working it out had changed that intention. It is evident, from act ii. scene 3, that Juliet was arrested as well as Claudio, and that, for some time at any rate, she was kept "under observation." In the acting edition Juliet does not come on with the Provost and Claudio; but there is no reason why she should not be on the stage; for it is quite clear that the dialogue between Lucio and Claudio is spoken aside. Only one would certainly expect, if Juliet were at that time present on the stage, that Claudio would have made some allusion to the fact.—F. A. M.]

23. Lines 124-127:

*Thus can the demigod Authority  
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.  
The words of heaven:—on whom it will, it will;  
On whom it will not, so; yet still 't is just.*

In the *Fi.* there is no stop after *weight*, and this pointing is preserved in the Cambridge Shakespeare. Davenant, in his *Law Against Lovers*, gives the reading in the text, and he has been generally followed. He omits the next two lines altogether. Dr. Roberts, Provost of Eton, conjectured that "The words of heaven" should be "The sword of heaven." Henley, however, explains the passage as it stands, by an apt reference to the words in Romans ix. 15, 18: "For He saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy;" and "Therefore hath He mercy on whom He will have mercy, and whom He will He hardeneth."

24. Line 133: *Like rats that RAVIN down their proper bane*.—Compare Macbeth, ii. 4. 28, 29:

Thrifless ambition, that will ravin up  
Thine own life's means!

and Cymbeline, i. 6. 49: "ravining first the lamb."

25. Line 138: *the MORALITY of imprisonment*.—*Fi.* have *mortality*, an obvious misprint, rectified by Davenant, and adopted into the text by Rowe.

26. Line 152: *the denunciation*.—This word, meaning *proclamation or formal declaration* ("To denounce or declare," Minshew, 1617), is only used here by Shakespeare. Dyce quotes from Todd's Johnson's Dictionary, s.v. *Denunciation*, "This publick and reiterated denunciation of banns before matrimony" (Hall, Cases of Conscience). Boyer (French Dictionary) has "To Denounce, V.A. (to declare) *dénoncer, declarer, signifier, faire savoir*," and "Denunciation, or Denouncing, S. *Dénonciation, déclaration, Signification, l'Action de dénoncer, &c.*"

27. Line 154: *Only for PROPAGATION of a dower*.—*F.* 1 has *propagation*, corrected to *propagation* by F. 2. Various emendations have been proposed, e.g. *prorogation* by Malone, *procuration* by Jackson, and *preservation* by Grant White. Surely there is no need for any change in the text. Shakespeare does not use the substantive in any other passage; but he uses the verb to *propagate* three times, in *All's Well*, ii. 1. 200; *Rom. and Jul.* i. 1. 193; *Timon*, i. 1. 67. In these three passages it certainly seems to have the sense of "to improve" or "to increase." Only once, in *Pericles*, i. 2. 73:

From whence an issue I might *propagate*,

Shakespeare uses the verb in the sense of "to beget." Steevens, in his note, makes the curious statement,—apparently on the authority of an article in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, November, 1788,—that "*Propagation* being here used to signify *payment*, must have its root in the Italian word *pagare*" (Var. Ed. vol. ix. p. 24). *Propagation* is derived from the Latin *pro*, before, forward, and *pag*, the root of *pango*, to fix. But surely either "increase," or "bring to its maturity," is the sense which best suits this passage; the meaning being that Claudio and Juliet had not declared their marriage because her dower yet remained in the absolute control of her friends; and, till their approval was gained, the two lovers thought it best to hide their love in case she should lose her dower.—F. A. M.

28. Line 162: *Whether it be the FAULT AND GLIMPSE of newness*.—Malone explains this by assuming *fault and*

*glimpse* to be used, by the figure known as *hendiadys*, for *faulty glimpse*. But may not the *fault of newness* mean simply the result of novelty and inexperience?

29. Line 171: *like unscour'd armour*.—Compare *Troilus and Cressida*, iii. 3. 152, 153:

Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
In monumental mockery.

30. Line 172: *nineteen zodiacs*.—Claudio states here that the law has been in abeyance for *nineteen* years; in i. 3. 21 the Duke says that he has let it slip for *fourteen* years. No satisfactory explanation of this disagreement has been found before Dr. Brinsley Nicholson's acute suggestion, recorded in the *Old-Spelling Shakespeare*, that the law was made *nineteen* years ago, but that the duke has reigned only *fourteen* years.

31. Line 177: *tickle*.—*Tickle for ticklish* is used again by Shakespeare in *II. Henry VI.* i. 1. 215, 216:

the state of Normandy

Stands on a tickle point.

32. Line 183: *receive her approbation*; i.e. enter upon her probation. Compare *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, ii. 2. 70:

And I must take a twelve months' *approbation*;

and iii. 1. 17, 18:

Madam, for a twelve months' *approbation*  
We mean to make this trial of our child.

33. Line 185: *in my voice*; i.e. in my name. Compare: *As You Like It*, ii. 4. 87:

And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

34. Line 188: *There is a PRONE and speechless dialect*.—Editors are much at variance as to the exact sense of the word *prone* as here used, some taking it to mean "prompt, ready," and others (as I think with more likelihood) understanding it as "humble, appealing," from the analogy of *prone* = prostrate, as in supplication.

### ACT I. SCENE 3.

35. Line 2: *DRIBBLING dart*.—The sense is evident: a weak and ineffectual missile. But while *dribbling* may be used figuratively in its modern sense, it is perhaps an allusion to a *dribber* in archery, i.e., according to Steevens, one who shoots badly.

36. Line 12: *stricture*; i.e. strictness. Warburton proposes *strict ure* (*ure* = use, practice); a word used in *Promos* and *Cassandra*, but not anywhere by Shakespeare.

37. Lines 20, 21:

The needful bits and curbs to headstrong WEEDS,  
Which for this fourteen years we have let SLIP.

This, which is the reading of the *Fi.*, is frequently altered by editors (following Theobald) from *weeds* to *aceds*, and from *slip* to *sleep*. Mr. W. G. Stone writes me on this passage: "Shakespeare was careless in linking metaphors. I think it possible that he combined the idea of a well-bitted horse (literally equivalent to enforcement of law), and the picture of a rank, noisome growth of weeds, suffered to spring up in a fair garden (literally equivalent to relaxation of law). I do not evade the difficulty by accepting Collins's suggestion (quoted in Schmidt's *Sh.*

*Lex. v. Weed*) that *weed* is a term still commonly applied to an ill-conditioned horse; because this term denotes, I believe, a weak horse; and if *weeds*=horses, the context shows that they are figured as robust animals. *Sleep* is a specious emendation,—more consistent, no doubt, with the metaphor of an old, drowsy lion,—but *slip*=let pass, makes sense."

38. Lines 26, 27:

*in time the rod's  
More mock'd than fear'd.*

Fi. read

in time the rod  
More mock'd than fear'd.

The Cambridge editors adopt Pope's conjecture and read the *rod* *BECOMES* *more mock'd*. The reading in the text is that adopted by the Old-Spelling editors, on the ground that *becomes* was not so likely to be overlooked as the inconspicuous 's' after *rod*, which gives the same sense.

39. Line 30: *The baby beats the nurse*.—"This allusion," says Steevens, "was borrowed from an ancient print, entitled *The World turn'd Upside Down*, where an infant is thus employed." It may be questioned whether Shakespeare's powers of observation and invention were ever at so low a zero as to oblige him to "borrow from an ancient print" when he wanted to speak of a baby beating its nurse.

40. Lines 42, 43:

*And yet my nature never in the fight,  
To do it slander.*

Fi. *To do IN slander*. The correction is Hammer's, referring to *nature*. *Sight* instead of *fight* is adopted by many editors, after Pope.

41. Lines 47, 48:

*How I may formally in person BEAR  
Like a true J-iar.*

So Fi. It is almost universally altered by modern editors, after Capell, to *bear me*. Furnivall and Stone read *bear*, adopting Schmidt's explanation, that it means "behave."

42. Line 51: *Stands at a guard with*.—This probably means, "stands on his guard against," is careful not to lay himself open.

#### ACT I. SCENE 4.

43. Line 80: *Sir, make me not your story*.—This admirable expressive phrase, perfectly obvious in meaning ("make me not your jest"), has been oddly misunderstood by some editors, who have altered *story* to "scorn," and even "sport." Compare *Merry Wives*, v. 5. 170, where Falstaff, jeered at by his expected dupes, replies: "Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me."

44. Lines 81-83:

*though 't is my familiar sin  
With maids to SEEM THE LAPWING and to jest,  
Tongue from heart.*

The allusion here is probably to the *lapwing's* way of deceiving sportsmen by running along the ground for some distance before taking wing. Compare *Comedy of Errors*, iv. 2. 27, 28:

*Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:*

*My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse;  
and see note 101 on that play.*

45. Line 40: *Your brother and his LOVER*.—*Lover* in Shakespeare's time was used for a woman as well as a man. Compare *As You Like It*, iii. 4. 43: "O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover." Coles, in his *Latin Dictionary*, has: "A Lover, *amator, amasius, m. amatriz, amasia, fem.*"

46. Lines 51, 52:

*Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,  
In hand and hope of action.*

*To bear in hand* means, according to Schmidt, "to abuse with false pretences or appearances." Compare *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 305: "What, *bear her in hand* until they come to take hands; and then, with public accusation," &c.

47. Line 60: *But doth REBATE and blunt his natural edge*.—I am indebted to Mr. Stone for the following note on this word: "Cotgrave (ed. 1632) has: 'RABATRE. To abate, deduct, defaulke, diminish, lessen, extenuate; remit, bate; give or draw backe; also, a horse to rebate his curvet . . . RABATRE: m. uñ f. Rebated, bated, abated, deducted, defaulcated, diminished; given, taken, or drawne backe.' Under *Rabattre* Boyer (ed. 1729) has: 'Cheval qui rabat ses Courbettes de bonne grace, (en Termes de Menage), a Horse that rebates his curvets handsomely, or finely.' Amongst the senses of '*Rabattre*, v. a.' Bellows (*Fr. Dict.* ed. 1877) gives, 'aplatir, to flatten,' and '*Rabattu*—e, a. flattened: smoothed.' Bellows's gloss admits of literal application to this line—for an edge flattened is blunted—but I think that Cotgrave's renderings—and you will observe that he uses the English *rebate*—are near enough: for, if an edge be abated, diminished, or lessened, clearly it is blunted. Compare Greene's *Orlando Furioso*:

And what I dare, let say the Portingale,  
And Spaniard tell, who, man'd with mighty fleets,  
Came to subdue their islands to my king,  
Filling our seas with stately argosies,  
Calvars and magars, hulks of burden great;  
Which Brandimart rebated from his coast,  
And sent them home ballast'd with their wealth.

—Works, ed. Dyce, 1861, p. 90, col. 2.

This is the city of great Babylon,

Which proud Darius was rebated from. —*Id.* p. 101, col. 1.

Collier wanted to read *rebutted* for *rebated* in both these passages. Dyce says: "Mr. Collier is greatly mistaken:—the old copies are right in both passages. Greene uses *rebate* in the sense of *beat back* (which is its proper sense, —*Fr. rebattre*). So again in the first speech of the next play [*a Looking-Glass for London and England*, p. 117, col. 1] we find,—

Great Jewry's God, that foil'd stout Benhadad,  
Could not *rebate* the strength that Rasi brought," &c.

I suspect that Rolfe and Dyce are both wrong in connecting Eng. *rebate* with '*rebattre*, to beat back again.' '*Rabattre*' seems to be nearer the sense required." Compare Massinger, *The Roman Actor*, iv. 2:



*Exit.* Only, sir, a foil.  
The point and edge rebated, when you act,  
To do the murder—

where the Quarto reads *rebutted*.

48. Line 88: *Soon at night*; i.e. "this very night." Compare *Merry Wives*, ii. 2. 295 and 298: "Come to me soon at night;" II. Henry IV. v. 5. 96: "I shall be sent for soon at night;" &c. Better still, compare *Othello*, iii. 4. 198. Bianca asks Cassio if she shall see him "soon at night." Returning shortly afterwards she says—with evident reference to this invitation: "An you'll come to supper to-night, you may," &c. (iv. 1. 166).

## ACT II. SCENE 1.

[The Provost, according to Fl., is not on at the beginning of this scene, but is made to enter at line 32, just before Angelo says, "Where is the Provost?" This is very absurd; and it is much better that he should go on at the beginning of the scene, as marked by Capell and in the stage-directions of the Acting Edition.]

In the arrangement of the play as acted at Drury Lane, 1834, under Macready's management, this act is thus rearranged for stage purposes. Scene 1 consists of the first part of Scene 1 as far as line 37, after which Escalus goes off; and the rest of the scene includes Scene 2 in the text, commencing with the Provost's speech, line 7, to the end of scene. Scene 2 is the scene in the street, and contains nearly all that part of Scene 1 in the text from line 41 to line 279 inclusive. Elbow enters with his halbert and two constables having hold of Pompey and Froth; Escalus enters with two apparitors immediately after Elbow's speech; and the scene continues much as in the text, with a few omissions, including the part of the Justice, which is of course unnecessary. Scene 3 is omitted altogether; the third scene being identical with Scene 4 of the text.—F. A. M.]

49. Line 2: *to fear*; i.e. to affright. Used transitively several times in Shakespeare, e.g. *Merchant of Venice*, ii. 1. 8, 9:

I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine  
Hath fear'd the valiant.

50. Line 8: *Let but your honour KNOW*.—Johnson remarks: "To know is here to examine, to take cognizance. So in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, i. 1. 67, 68:

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;  
Know of your youth, examine well your blood."

51. Line 12: *OUR blood*.—So Fl. It is quite possible that this reading may be right, *our* meaning "our common blood," and so I let it stand; but few emendations seem more reasonable and self-justified than that of Davenan's, adopted by Rowe, and followed by most editors—*your*. Mr. Stone suggests that "by exchanging *your* for *our*, when using a word which might have a general application to human frailty, Escalus avoided a too personal reference in a supposititious case."

52. Line 22: *what knows the law*, &c.—Fl. *what knowes the Lawes*.

53. Line 23: *'Tis very PREGNANT*.—Compare *Cymbeline*, iv. 2. 325: "O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!" That is, "it is clearly evident."

54. Line 28: *For I have had such faults*.—*For*—for that, i.e. because; often used by Shakespeare. Compare *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 133, 134:

Why should this a desert be?  
For it is unpeopled? No.

55. Lines 39, 40:

Some run from BREAKS of ice; and answer none;  
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Fl. read *brakes*. This, following the Old-Spelling editors, I take to be merely a variant of *breaks*. The following is their note, given at the end of the play: "The thought uppermost in Escalus's mind is the capricious manner in which punishment is inflicted. He compares this, apparently, to the luck which enables some to clear dangerous ground in the ice, but his metaphor is abruptly abandoned with the words and answer none, &c. The form *brakes* occurs in the epilogue of Marston and Webster's *Malcontent*, 1604, where *brakes* evidently means *breaks*, *flaws*; not, as Steevens supposed, *brake-fern* which grows on uncultivated ground:

Then let not too severe an eye peruse  
The slightest *brakes* of our reformed Muse,  
Who could herself herself of faults detect,  
But that she knows 'tis easy to correct,  
Though some men's labour, &c."

[This is one of the most difficult passages in the play, and marked with a dagger by the Globe edd. Steevens has a long and very interesting note, in the first part of which he explains the text thus: "Some run away from danger, and stay to answer none of their faults, whilst others are condemned only on account of a single frailty" (Var. Ed. vol. ix. p. 43), taking *brakes* to have the same meaning as that given above; but in the subsequent part of his note he produces very strong instances of the use of the word *break* in the sense of "a machine for torture," and if it has that meaning, we must adopt the emendation first given by Rowe and read "*brakes of vice*." This was adopted also by Malone, who followed Rowe chiefly on the ground that the words *answer none*, i.e. "are not called to account by their conscience," show that the "*brakes of vice*" evidently here mean "engines of torture." *Brake* originally meant a kind of severe bit, used for refractory horses, and also a contrivance, used by farriers to confine the legs of horses while they were being shod. I confess that to me the reading of the text is eminently unsatisfactory, though, no doubt, the explanation quoted above makes some sense of it. I cannot see the slightest connection between the idea of running from a dangerous place on ice, and the words *answer none*; nor does the ice metaphor seem to me to fit in at all with the rest of the passage. It may be that we should regard these two lines as being merely the sketch of some speech which Shakespeare intended to write; but against that theory we must set the fact that the two lines are supposed to form part of a rhyming quatrain, such as we come across occasionally in blank verse scenes (e.g. in *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 253–256). Such passages generally contain some very sententious expressions. It is worth noting that line 38 is printed in F. 1 in italics, as if it were a quotation, which very possibly it is. In the Quarto of *Hamlet*, 1603, many of the lines of the speech of Corambis

(Polonius) to Laertes in act i. sc. 3 are printed with inverted commas before them; and, in the Quarto of 1604, though none of the lines in the speech of Polonius to Laertes are so marked, three of the lines in the speech to Ophelia are. This rhymed quatrain, spoken by Escalus, was probably meant to embody some well-known apophthegms; and therefore the reading "brakes of vice" seems to me more suitable to the context; especially as Rowe's emendation involves such a very slight alteration of the text, and the misprint of *ice* for *vice* is one very likely to have occurred. I should take *brakes* to mean here not so much "engines of torture" as "means for restraint of vice," the general sense of the line being, "some escape from all restraints of vice and yet have to answer for none," while some are condemned for a single fault. We might have expected, in line 40, "for one fault alone;" but the author seems to have purposely avoided that because one would have rhymed to *none* at the end of the preceding line.—F. A. M.]

56. Line 54: *precise villain*.—Rofe well remarks on this: "He means of course that they are *precisely* or literally villains; but, as Clarke notes, the word gives the impression of 'strict, severely moral,' as in i. 3. 50 above: 'Lord Angelo is *precise*.'"

57. Line 61: *he's out at elbow*.—This, as Clarke observes, is "a hit at the constable's threadbare coat, and at his being startled and put out by Angelo's peremptory repetition of his name."

58. Line 63: *parcel-bag*.—*Parcel* for *part* is again used by Shakespeare in II. Henry IV. ii. 1. 94: "Thou didst swear to me upon a *parcel-gilt* goblet." It is met with not unfrequently in the dramatic literature of the period. Compare Day, Humour out of Breath, i. 1. 58-60:

*Hip*. My sister would make a rare beggar.

*Fran*. True, she's *parcel* poet, *parcel* fiddler already; and they commonly sing three parts in one.

59. Lines 69 and 75: *detest*.—The same blundering use of *detest* for *protest* or *attest* is given to Mrs. Quickly in Merry Wives, i. 4. 160: "but, I *detest*, an honest maid as ever broke bread."

60. Line 92: *stew'd prunes*.—A dish proverbial in Elizabethan literature for its prevalence in brothels. It is referred to by Shakespeare in Merry Wives, i. 1. 296; I. Henry IV. iii. 3. 128; and II. Henry IV. ii. 4. 159.

61. Line 97: *China dishes*.—"A China dish, in the age of Shakespeare, must have been such an uncommon thing, that the Clown's exemption of it, as no utensil in use in a common brothel, is a striking circumstance in his absurd and tautological deposition" (Steevens).

62. Line 133: *the Bunch of Grapes*.—The practice of giving names to particular rooms in an inn seems to have been common. Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 30: "Score a pint of *bastard* in the *Half-moon*;" and see the London Prodigal, i. 2, where Sir Lancelot, stopping at the *George*, and entering, says: "This room shall serve;" and having given his order to the drawer for a pint of sack, the drawer recapitulates, "A quart of sack in the *Three Tuns*" (ed. Tauchnitz, p. 229). According to the Return of a Jury

to a Writ of Elegit, 7 May, 43 Eliz., there was, in the Tabard, Southwark, "una alia camera vocata *the flower de Luce*" (Hall's Society in the Elizabethan Age, 2nd ed. appendix, p. 102).

63. Line 180: *Justice or Iniquity*.—Escalus is of course referring to Elbow and Pompey. Elton thinks that by *Iniquity* is meant the old *Vice* of the Moralities. Compare Richard III. iii. 1. 82, 83:

Thus, like the formal *Vice*, *Iniquity*,  
I moralize two meanings in one word;

and see note 305 to that play.

64. Line 200: *thou art to continue*.—Steevens suggests that Elbow, misinterpreting the language of Escalus, supposes that the Clown is to *continue* in confinement.

65. Line 215: *they will draw you*.—"Draw has here a cluster of senses. As it refers to the tapster, it signifies *to drain*, *to empty*; as it is related to *hang* ['they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them'], it means *to be conveyed to execution on a hurdle*" (Johnson). In Froth's reply, *drawn in* is probably equivalent to "taken in."

66. Line 228: *the greatest thing about you*.—An allusion, it is generally supposed, to the "monstrous hose," as an old ballad calls them, or ridiculously large breeches, which were worn in the early part of Elizabeth's reign. See the lengthy note in the Variorum Shakespeare on this passage; and compare Romeo and Juliet, note 89.

67. Line 256: *a bay*.—Usually taken to mean the architectural term *bay*; i.e., according to Johnson, "the space between the main beams of the roof;" according to Dyce, a term used "in reference to the frontage." Boyer, in his French Dictionary, has "*Bay* or empty Place in Masonry for a Door or Window." Coles (Lat. Diet.) has "A bay of building, *Mensura viginti quatuor pedum*." Furnivall and Stone suggest "a partitioned space, box."

[Pope's most obvious emendation *day* for *bay* may be noticed, only because it is so obvious, and because Pompey, *ceteris paribus*, would be more likely to talk about "three pence a *day*" for a house than "three pence a *bay*," even were it, as Jonson says, a common term in many parts of England. It certainly would be more satisfactory if the commentators could have found any instance of *bay* being used distinctly as part of a house, and not, as in the only passage quoted by Steevens, as a term of measurement. If one could come across such an expression, for instance, as "a house with many *bays* in it" in any work of Shakespeare's time; or if we could discover any evidence of such a phrase so used in the vernacular, it would relieve one of the doubt which every editor must now feel that such an extremely common misprint of *b* for *d* may be really the only ground for admitting into the text what is a highly characteristic expression, and one which we certainly should not wish to get rid of for the sake of so ordinary a phrase as "three pence a *day*." Perhaps Pompey here only means by *bay* a room.—F. A. M.]

68. Line 275: *YOUR readiness*.—Ft. THE *readiness*; an evident misprint of the common contraction *y'* (your), which was taken for *y'* (the). The emendation is Pope's.

60. Lines 292, 292:

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Rolle cites Harrison's Description of England, ed. Furnivall, p. 166: "With vs the nobilitie, gentrie, and students, doe ordinarilie go to dinner at eleuen before noone, and to supper at fue, or between fue and six at afternoone. The merchants dine and sup seldome before twelue at noone, and six at night especiallie in London. The husbandmen dine also at high noone as they call it, and sup at seuen or eight: but out of the tearme in our vniuersalities the scholars dine at ten."

## ACT II. SCENE 2.

70. Line 4: *He hath but as offended in a dream!*—Grant White reads, *He hath offended but as in a dream*—that being of course the sense; but why change? The beauty of the line is gone, and I scarcely see that it is even made appreciably clearer.

71. Line 40: *To FINE the faults whose FINE stands in record.*—*Fine*, both as verb and noun, is several times used by Shakespeare in the sense of general, not necessarily of pecuniary, punishment. It is used again in iii. 1. 114, 115:

Why would he for the momentary trick  
Be perdurably fin'd?

Compare Coriolanus, v. 6. 64, 65:

What faults he made before the last, I think  
Might have found easy fines.

72. Line 53: *But might you do't.*—*Might you* may be merely a transposition of *you might*, perhaps for the sake of euphony. [In the Cambridge Shakespeare the passage is printed with a full stop at the end of the speech; but Ff. all agree in printing the sentence with a note of interrogation at the end after *him*. Walker (Critical Examination, &c., vol. ii. p. 250) suggested the emendation: "*But you might do't*," which the Cambridge editors should certainly have adopted if they altered the punctuation of the Ff. If the line is to be spoken as printed in the text it must be spoken as a question, or it would not be intelligible to the audience. I cannot see any reason why the author should not have written "*But you might do't*," if he did not mean Isabella to ask a question. The fact that this sentence begins, like that above in line 51, with *But* makes it probable that, like that also, it is intended to be interrogative. On the other hand Dyce, who adopts Walker's emendation and does away with the note of interrogation, points to Isabella's speech above (line 49):

Yes; I do think that *you might* pardon him.

—F. A. M.]

73. Line 58: *May call it BACK again.* *Well, believe this.*—F. 1 reads *may call it againe*;—*back*, which improves alike metre and sense, was added in F. 2.

*Well, believe this*, the reading of the F., is altered by Theobald to *Well believe this* (i.e. "be thoroughly assured of this"), and the reading is adopted by some editors. It is a very good reading, but the F. is, to say the least, quite as good, and I think better.

74. Line 76: *If He, which is the TOP OF JUDGMENT.*—Dyce quotes from Dante, Purgatorio, vi. 37:

Che cima di giudicio non s'avalla;

precisely the same phrase, *top of judgment*. The word *top* is often used by Shakespeare to express the highest point: compare the *Tempest*, iii. 1. 38: "the *top* of admiration;" *King John*, iv. 3. 46–47:

This is the very *top*.

The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,  
Of murder's arms.

75. Line 79: *Like man new made*; i.e. in Johnson's common-sense phrase, "You would be quite another man." I think the references made by some commentators to Adam (as the *man new made*) are rather far-fetched.

[Most certainly I cannot see what Adam has to do with it; but may not *new made* here have the scriptural sense of "regenerated?" Shakespeare is in a decidedly theological vein of mind in this speech, and it is natural, having just spoken of the effect of the Redemption, he should have in his mind "regeneration," such as our Lord explained to Nicodemus (*John* iii. 3–8).—F. A. M.]

76. Line 90: *The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept.*—Holt White compares the maxim in law, *Dormiunt aliquando leges, moriuntur nunquam*.

77. Line 92: *If the first that did the edict infringe.*—Several emendations of this line have been proposed, where none is needed. It is one of those lines, so frequent in Shakespeare, and so ruthlessly handled by his editors, where the first unaccented half of the first foot is wanting. If we remember this—making sufficient pause on the first word to make it accentually equal to two syllables—and lay the accent of *edict* on the second syllable (as Shakespeare does whenever the measure requires it), we shall see that the line is strictly rhythmical and very expressive in its solemn slowness. [This is all quite true as far as the study is concerned, but no actor could speak the line, as it stands, with any effect. Of the various emendations suggested, the best perhaps is that of Capell's: "*If he the first*," and Grant White's: "*If but the first*." Davenant altered the line to "*If he who first*." Shakespeare is very fond of the phrase "*If that*," and it is quite possible that he first wrote "*If that the first*," but, seeing he had too many *thats* in the sentence, struck out the *that* after *If*. Certainly, for stage purposes, the words *If* and *first* require to be emphasized. The emendation that would transpose the position of the last three words and read "*infringe the edict*," making the line end with a trochee, are, I think, much less probable. Out of eight passages in verse in which Shakespeare uses the word *edict*, including this one, it is accented five times on the second syllable.—F. A. M.]

78. Lines 94, 95:

and, like a prophet,

Looks in a glass.

An allusion to the beryl-stone, in which it was supposed that the future might be seen, and the absent brought before the eyes. This picturesque superstition has been often utilized in romances and poems; the latest and greatest instance being Rossetti's ballad, "*Rose Mary*."

79. Line 99: *But, ERE they live, to end.*—Ff. print *here*,

doubtless a misprint, though the Old-Spelling editors resolutely adhere to it. The correction was introduced by Hammer.

80. Line 112: *petting*.—*Petting*, in the sense of *paltry*, is used several times by Shakespeare (e.g. Lear, ii. 3. 18: "Poor *petting* villages"); and Steevens quotes the phrase "a *petting* jade" from Lyly's *Mother Bombie* (1594), iv. 2. The passage runs: "If thou be a good hackneyman, take all our four bonds for the payment, thou knowest we are town-borne children, and will not shrink the citie for a *petting* jade" (Works, vol. ii. p. 126).

81. Lines 113, 114:

*Would use his heaven for thunder;  
Nothing but thunder. Merciful Heaven!*

Dyce arranged these lines, perhaps preferably, so as to leave *Merciful Heaven!* in a line to itself.

82. Line 123: *As MAKES the angels weep*.—So *Ff.*, usually altered to the modern grammatical *make*. But such constructions are not uncommon in Shakespeare; comp. Henry V. i. 2. 118, 119. They are apparently a survival of the Northern plural in *-es*. In some cases the plural noun may be regarded as equivalent, in thought, to the singular.

83. Line 126: *We cannot weigh our brother with ourself*.—This is not, as might be supposed at first sight, a reference of Isabella's to her own brother, but a general statement—our brother meaning "our fellow-man," whom she says we cannot weigh as we should, impartially, with ourselves, passing on each an equal judgment.

84. Line 132: *Art avis'd o' that!*—*Avis'd* is used several times by Shakespeare in the same sense as here (i.e. advised, aware); e.g. Merry Wives, i. 4. 106: "Are you *avis'd* o' that?"

85. Line 136: *That SKINS the vice*.—Shakespeare uses the word *skin* (as a verb) only here and in a very similar passage in Hamlet, iii. 4. 147: "It will but *skin* and flim the ulcerous place." In both places the verb has the meaning of "to cover with a skin;" not that which it usually has in our time, viz. "to take off the skin."

86. Line 149: *sickles*.—This word appears in the *Ff.* as *sickles*, a spelling used in Wyclif's Bible.

87. Line 154: *dedicate*.—This form of the participle is also used in II. Henry VI. v. 2. 37, 38:

*He that is truly dedicate to war  
Hath no self-love.*

88. Line 172: *evils*; i.e. privies. Used again in Henry VIII. ii. 1. 67:

*Nor think their evils on the graves of great men.*

Henley remarks: "The desecration of edifices devoted to religion, by converting them to the most abject purposes of nature, was an Eastern method of expressing contempt. See 2 Kings, x. 27."

#### ACT II. SCENE 3.

89. Line 11: *the flames*.—Here Warburton (after Davenaut) reads *flames*, which is certainly a help to the metaphor, and was perhaps in the original text. But, as John-

son says of Warburton's emendations: "Who does not see that, upon such principles, there is no end of correction?"

90. Lines 30-34:

*but LEST you do repent,  
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,  
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven,  
Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it,  
But as we stand in fear.*

This passage is so broken up by parentheses that it appears more obscure than it really is; and besides, there is an aposiopesis, for the sentence is not finished; the meaning, however, is tolerably clear. The Duke, in his assumed character of spiritual adviser, wishes to impress upon Juliet that her repentance, to be effective, should be based upon the sorrow that she feels for having offended God, and not on account of the shame which her sin has brought upon herself. *F. 1, F. 2, F. 3* read *least* instead of *lest*, which is the correction of *F. 4*. Steevens calls it "a kind of negative imperative." The meaning is: "In case you only repent as that (= because) the sin has brought you to this shame;" and then he points out that the sorrow is merely selfish sorrow. The only difficulty in the remainder of the passage is the expression "*spare* heaven," which may mean either, as Malone explains it, "*spare to offend* heaven," or "*spare* heaven (i.e. God) the pain that sin causes to Him." Juliet interrupts the Duke at this point without letting him finish his advice in the sense above.—*F. A. M.*

91. Lines 40-42:

*Must die to-morrow! O injurious love,  
That respects me a life, whose very comfort  
Is still a dying horror!*

This passage is certainly very difficult to explain; Hammer's emendation *law* for *love* is a very plausible one, and gets rid of the difficulty in the simplest manner. The meaning then would be plain enough, Juliet exclaiming on the *law* which spares her life, but takes that of her lover. Johnson supposes Juliet to refer to the fact that her execution was respited on account of her pregnancy; but it does not appear that the law, so greedily revived by the immaculate Angelo, inflicted any penalty upon the woman, further than the disgrace involved in exposure. If we refer to scene 2 of this act (lines 16, 17):

*Dispose of her  
To some more fitter place; and that with speed;*

and again, lines 23-25:

*See you the fornicatress be remov'd:  
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;  
There shall be order for't;*

we find that Angelo does no more than direct that Juliet shall be taken care of till she has given birth to her child; but, if we refer to the story, we find that the penalty for the woman was that she "should ever after be infamously noted by the wearing of some disguised apparel" (Hazlitt's *Shak. Lib.* vol. iii. pt. 1, p. 166). It is possible, however, that Juliet may, in this passage, refer to her unborn child; which *should* be her comfort, but who will now only remind her of the horrid death of her lover.—*F. A. M.*

## ACT II. SCENE 4.

92. Line 9: *Grown FEAR'D and tedious*.—So Ff. Many editors read *sear'd*, after Hammer, and Collier states that such is actually the reading in Lord Ellesmere's copy of the First Folio. *Fear'd* means, no doubt, just what it says on the surface, for, as Johnson says, "what we go to with reluctance may be said to be *fear'd*."

93. Line 11: *with boot*.—This expression occurs again in *Lear*, v. 3. 301, and *boot*, in the same sense, is used several times by Shakespeare. The meaning, according to Schmidt, is "something given over," a difference of sense from *boot*, meaning "profit, advantage."

94. Line 17: *'Tis not the devil's crest*.—This phrase is no doubt used ironically; and there is nothing in the expression so obscure as to give warrant for the two pages of annotation in the Variorum Shakespeare, and the conjectural emendations of Hammer and Johnson.

95. Line 27: *The general*.—This word, for "the people," occurs twice elsewhere in Shakespeare: *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 457: "caviare to the general;" and *Julius Caesar*, ii. 1. 10-12:

and, for my part,  
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,  
But for the general.

96. Line 53: *or*.—Ff. *and*, an obvious error, corrected by Davenant, whose correction is adopted into the text by Rowe.

97. Line 56: *I had rather give my body than my soul*.—This is perhaps (?intentionally) misunderstood by Angelo; Isabella means, I had rather die (*give my body to death*) than thus forfeit my soul.

98. Line 75: *Or seem so, CRAFTILY*.—Ff. *crafty*; corrected by Rowe, after Davenant.

99. Line 79: *Let ME be ignorant*.—*Me* was omitted in F. 1, added in F. 2.

100. Lines 79, 80:  
*as THESE black masks*  
*Proclaim an ENSHIELD beauty.*

Various conjectures have been made as to the precise meaning of *these black masks*; but I think we may reasonably take the word *these* to be equivalent to no more than an emphatic *the*—as indeed was its original significance. Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1. 236, 237:

*These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,*  
*Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair.*

*Enshield* is simply a contraction of *enshielded*. Similar contractions are not uncommon in Shakespeare. See, on the *masks*, *Romeo and Juliet*, note 22.

101. Line 90: *But in the loss of question*.—Schmidt understands this phrase to mean "as no better arguments present themselves to my mind, to make the point clear;" Stevens, however, seems nearer the mark in explaining it to mean "in idle supposition, or conversation that leads to nothing;" as we should say now, "for the sake of argument."

102. Line 94: *the ALL-BUILDING law*.—So Ff.; best explained in the Old-Spelling editors' alteration of Schmidt's definition: "being the foundation and bond of all." Rowe

displaces *all-building* by *all-holding*, and Johnson by *all-binding*.

103. Line 103: *That longing HAVE been sick for*.—So Ff. Many editors follow Rowe's emendation *I've*; but the ellipsis of *have* for *I have* is perhaps intentional. The Cambridge editors (note xi.) say: "The second person singular of the governing pronoun is frequently omitted by Shakespeare in familiar questions, but, as to the first and third persons, his usage rarely differs from the modern. If the text be genuine, we have an instance in this play of the omission of the third person singular, i. 4. 72: 'Has censured him.' See also the early Quarto of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, sc. xiv. l. 40, p. 285 of our reprint:

He cloath my daughter, and aduertise *Slender*  
To know her by that signe, and steale her thence,  
And unknowne to my wife, shall marrie her."

104. Lines 111-113:

*Ignomy in ransom and free pardon*  
*Are of two houses: lawful mercy*  
*Is nothing kin to foul redemption.*

This is the arrangement and reading of F. 1, which I have not felt justified in disturbing, though Stevens' rearrangement, as follows, is plausible:

lawful mercy is  
Nothing akin to foul redemption.

*Ignomy* is, of course, merely another form of *ignominy* (by which it is replaced in F. 2); but the spelling is preserved in many modern editions. It occurs also in *I. Henry IV.* v. 4. 100:

Thy *ignomy* sleep with three in the grave;  
and in *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 10. 33, 34:

*ignomy* and shame  
Pursue thy life;

as well as in the *Qq.* of *Titus Andronicus*, iv. 2. 115:

I blush to think upon this *ignomy*.

105. Line 122, 123:

If not a *FEDARY*, but only he,  
Owe and succeed thy weakness.

*Fedary* (or *fedary*, as the later Ff. have it) originally meant a vassal; in *Cymbeline*, iii. 2. 21, it is certainly used in the sense of *accomplice*: "Art thou a *fedary* for this act?" Mr. Stone writes me: "I incline to the view that F. *fedarie* (F. 2 *feodary*) means a vassal, not an *accomplice*. If *succeed* could be supposed to mean *follow*—in a moral sense—*feodary* is better understood as meaning *accomplice*. Accepting the other interpretation of *feodary*, Isabella may mean: If my brother be not an inheritor of frailty, but frailty begins and ends with him, let him die. As if a man could be heir to himself, and by this title hold his property. With either explanation we must take *thy* (line 123) to mean *you men*, since Angelo has not yet revealed himself."

106. Line 130: *credulous to false prints*.—Compare *Twelfth Night*, ii. 2. 31; and see my note on that passage (78).

107. Line 160: *And now I give my sensual RACE the rein*.—For the use of the word *race* in the sense here given to it—i.e. "natural disposition" (Schmidt)—compare the only other instance in Shakespeare, *The Tempest*, i. 2. 358-360:

thy vile race,  
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures  
Could not abide to be with.

As Mr. Aldis Wright observes (Clarendon Press ed. of the Tempest, p. 96), "the word is used in this secondary sense like 'strain' (A. S. *strynd*, a stock, from *strynan*, to beget) in Trollius and Cressida, ii. 2. 154:

Can it be  
That so degenerate a *strain* as this  
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?"

108. Line 162: *PROLIXIOUS blushes*.—Steevens cites examples of the use of *prolixious* by Drayton, Gabriel Harvey, and Nash, but the sense is not precisely that of the text. The word is here evidently used, by a certain license of language, for "tiresomely prudish."

## ACT III. SCENE I.

109. Line 5: *Be ABSOLUTE for death*; i.e. be certain you will die. Compare Shakespeare's use of *absolute* in Cymbeline, iv. 2. 108, 107:

I am absolute  
'T was very Cloten;

Pericles, ii. 5. 19: "How *absolute* she's in't;" &c.

110. Line 10: *That DOST*.—Changed by Hammer to *do*, leaving *skye influences* as the subject, instead of *breath*. The sense is quite clear, and would come to much the same in either case.

111. Lines 11-13:  
*merely, thou'rt DEATH'S FOOL;  
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun  
And yet run'st toward him still.*

This appears to be a reference to a figure in the Dance of Death, some edition of which may very well have been seen by Shakespeare. The subject is very thoroughly explored in a dissertation prefixed by Douce to Pickering's edition of The Dance of Death, 1833, to which the references given below are made. A reprint of it is included in Bohn's Illustrated Series.

"From a manuscript note by John Stowe, in his copy of Leland's Itinerary, it appears that there was a Dance of Death in the church of Stratford upon Avon: and the conjecture that Shakespeare, in a passage in Measure for Measure, might have remembered it, will not, perhaps, be deemed very extravagant. He there alludes to Death and the fool, a subject always introduced into the paintings in question" (p. 53). "Bishop Warburton and Mr. Malone have referred to old Moralities, in which the fool escaping from the pursuit of Death is introduced. Ritson has denied the existence of any such farces, and he is perhaps right with respect to printed ones; but vestiges of such a drama were observed several years ago at the fair of Bristol by the present writer" (pp. 176, 177). The Dance of Death, with 41 cuts, attributed to Holbein, was first published at Lyons in 1538. In 1547 an edition appeared containing 12 additional cuts, one of them (the 43rd of the series) having Death and the fool for its subject. In this the fool shocking Death, by putting his finger in his mouth, and at the same time endeavouring to strike him with his bladder-bauble. Death smiling, and amused at his efforts, leads him away in a dancing attitude, playing at the same time on a bagpipe. The following text

(Proverbs, ch. vii. v. 22) is beneath the cut: "Quasi agnus lascivien, et ignorans, nescit<sup>1</sup> quod ad vincula stultus trahatur" (see p. 261). Another illustration of the subject is in an alphabet ornamented with subjects from the Dance of Death, which was introduced into books printed at Baale by Bebelius and Cratander about 1530. In Bohn's edition of the Dance of Death there is a reprint of this alphabet. The design for the letter E has for its subject Death seizing the fool, who strikes at him with his bladder-bauble and seems to strive to escape. English readers would be familiarized with this, since in an edition of Coverdale's Bible printed by James Nicolson in Southwark, the same design is used for the letter A. It is found in other English books, and even as late as 1818 in an edition of Stowe's Survey of London. (See pp. 214-218.) Besides this, the so-called Queen Elizabeth's prayer-book, printed by J. Daye in 1569, of which there are other editions dated 1578, 1581, 1590, has at the end "a Dance of Death of singular interest, as exhibiting the costume of its time with respect to all ranks and conditions of life." Among the characters are both the Fool and the Female Fool (p. 147). Douce gives also (p. 163) from the Stationers' Registers, under date January 5th, 1597, the entry to the Purfootes of "The roll of the Daunce of Death, with pictures, and verses upon the same." See also Richard II. note 220.

112. Line 24: *For thy complexion shifts to strange EFFECTS*.—Johnson would read *affects*, i.e. "affections of mind;" but the word in the text, in its natural meaning of "natural manifestations, expressions," is very little in need of improvement.

113. Line 29: *sire*.—So F. 4. The reading of the earlier Ff. is *fire*.

114. Lines 34-36:  
*for all thy blessed youth  
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the atoms  
Of palsied old.*

This passage has given rise to a great deal of conjecture, and many unsatisfactory substitutions for *aged* have been brought forward. The meaning seems to me to be simply this. The Duke, with a pessimism worthy of Leopardi, is going over the catalogue of miseries, cunningly extracting poison from the fairest flowers of life, and finally he declares that neither in youth nor age is there anything enjoyable at least according to man's way of dealing with the seasons; for even in youth he is devoured with the ennui and care proper to age, and is as feeble and nerveless as a palsied beggar-man, with strength neither of body nor of will.

115. Line 40: *MOE thousand deaths*; i.e. a thousand more deaths. *Moe* is frequently used in Shakespeare for *more*. Compare Henry VIII. ii. 3. 97: "That promises *moe thousands*." Compare Julius Caesar, note 101.

116. Line 51: *Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be conceal'd*.—F. 1 reads *Bring them to hear me speak*, an obvious transposition, which, however, was not set right before the conjecture of Steevens, adopted by Malone.

<sup>1</sup> The word *nescit* is not in the Vulgate

## 117. Lines 57-59:

*Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,  
Intends you for his swift ambassador,  
Where you shall be an everlasting LEIGER.*

*Leiger, ligger, or ledger*, means "a resident ambassador." Compare Cymbeline, i. 5. 80: "*leigers* for her sweet." Steevens cites *Look About You*, a comedy, 1600: "as *leiger* to solicit for your absent love;" and Leicester's Commonwealth, "a special man of that hasty king, who was his *ledger*, or agent, in London." The word is used for "resident" in Shirley's *Lady of Pleasure*, iv. 2:

Fools are a family over all the world;  
We do affect one naturally; indeed  
The fool is *leiger* with us.

## 118. Lines 68-70:

*a restraint,  
THOUGH all the world's vastidity you had,  
To a determined scope.*

This magnificent conception of a life fettered and confined within the limits of its remorse may be compared with the feeble, more rhetorical, but still fine image of Byron in *The Giaour*:

The mind that broods o'er guilty woes  
Is like the scorpion girt by fire,  
In circle narrowing as it glows, &c.  
—Works, Tauchnitz ed., 1842, vol. ii. p. 166.

*Ff. print Through*, a misprint which was corrected by Pope.

## 119. Lines 82, 83:

*Think you I can a resolution fetch  
From FLOWERY TENDERNESS?*

The phrase *flowery tenderness* appears to be used by Claudio in mockery or resentment of his sister's stoic counsels, coming, as they do, from her, a mere woman, a creature tender as a flower, to him, a man, supposing himself valiant.

120. Line 88: *conserve*; i.e. preserve, a word used by Shakespeare only here and in *Othello*, iii. 4. 75: "*Conserve'd* of maidens' hearts." Chaucer employs the word in the *Knights Tale*, 1471:

Syn thou art mayde, and kepere of us alle,  
My maydenhode thou kepe and wel conserve,  
And whil I live a mayde I wil the serve.

121. Line 93: *His filth within being cast*.—"As a hawk is made to *cast out* her 'casting,' a pellet put down her throat to test the state of her digestion" (Furnivall and Stone, *Old-Spelling Shakspeare*, note).

122. Line 94: *The PRENZIE Angelo?*—Few words in Shakespeare have given rise to so much controversy as this word *prenzie*, repeated again in line 97 below. *F. 2* has *prince*, and various conjectural emendations have been adopted, of which *priestly* (Hammer's conjecture) is, justly, the most widely accepted. Accepting the word in the text as accurate, many attempts have been made to explain it. The Cambridge editors say: "It may be etymologically connected with *prin*, in old French, meaning demure; also with *prince*, a coxcomb, and with the word *prender*, which occurs more than once in Skelton, e.g.:

This pevysh proud, this *prender* gest,  
When he is well, yet can he not rest.

Mr. Bullock mentions, in support of his conjecture, that *pensie* is still used in some north-country districts. *Primie* is also found in Burns' poems (as '*primie* Mallie' in *Hallowe'en*) with the signification of 'demure, precise,' according to the glossary." Dr. Brinsley Nicholson suggests that the word *prenzie* may stand for the old Italian *Prenze*, a variant for *Principe*; and his suggestion is given in the note to the word in the *Old-Spelling Shakspeare*, from which I have adopted, at line 97, the reading *prenzie's guards*, for the *prenzie gardes* of *F. 1*; *prenzie's guards* in this case meaning a prince's guards—the lace on his robe. Compare *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 3. 58:

O, rhymes are *guards* on wanton Cupid's hose.

123. Line 115: *PERDURABLY fin'd*.—This is the only instance of the word *perdurably* in *Shakespear*, but we have *perdurable* in *Henry V.* iv. 5. 7: "O *perdurable* shame!" and in *Othello*, i. 3. 343: "cables of *perdurable* toughness."

## 124. Lines 122-128:

*To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;  
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,  
And blown with restless violence round about  
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst  
Of those that lawless and uncertain THOUGHT  
IMAGINE HOWLING.*

*Region*, the reading of the *Ff.* was altered by Rowe to *regions*, and Byce, who follows him, declares that the plural is "positively required" here, as also in *thought*, line 127. "We contend," says Mr. Ingleby, "that *Region* is used in the abstract, and in the radical sense; and that it means *restricted place*, or *confinement*; also that *thought* is used in the abstract, and that it is the objective governed by *imagine*" (*The Still Lion*, 1874, pp. 97, 98). With the latter statement I cannot agree. Perhaps we should read *thoughts Imagine* or *thoughts Imagines*. With regard to the possible sources of Shakespeare's conception of future punishment, see the numerous interesting quotations from mediæval visions of hell and purgatory, given in the notes to the play in the *Old-Spelling Shakspeare*, with special reference to "alternate torments of heat and cold," such as the *fiery floods* and *thick-ribbed ice* point to. An extract from Macrobius, whose commentary on Cicero's *Dream of Scipio* was well known in Shakespeare's time, affords a curious parallel to the sentence "blown with restless violence."

[Perhaps one of the descriptions that Shakespeare had in his mind was that contained in *The Revelation of the Monk of Evesham*, published in 1482. (See Arber's reprint of this curious work from the unique copy in the British Museum, and compare, especially, chapters 15, 17, 24, in which the Three Places of Pains and Torments of Purgatory are described.) As to the word *howling*, it is worth while, perhaps, to quote the well-known lines in *Hamlet*, addressed to the Priest by Laertes over his sister's grave, v. 1. 263-265:

I tell thee, churlish priest,  
A ministering angel shall my sister be  
When thou liest *howling*.

With the whole of the passage quoted above we may compare the following lines from Milton's *Paradise Lost*:

Thither by happy-footed furies hal'd,  
At certain revolutions, all the damn'd  
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change  
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,  
From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice  
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine  
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,  
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.

—Book ii, lines 596-603.

—F. A. M.]

125. Line 130: *penury*.—This is the correction by F. 2 of the misprint *perury* in F. 1.

126. Line 141: *Heaven SHIELD my mother play'd my father fair!*—For *shield* in the sense of *forbid*, compare All's Well, i. 3. 174: "God *shield*, you mean it not!" and Romeo and Juliet, iv. 1. 41:

God *shield* I should disturb devotion!

127. Line 142: *slip of wilderness*; i.e. wild slip. *Wilderness* is used for *wildness* in Old Fortunatus, 1600, iv. 1:

But I in *wilderness* totter'd out my youth,

And therefore must turn wild, must be a beast.

Steevens cites another line in which the word *wilderness* occurs, from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy*, v. 4; but the word may there be used in its modern sense.

128. Line 143: *Take my DEFIANCE*.—Explained by Schmidt as "rejection, declaration that one will have nothing to do with another." Compare I. Henry IV. i. 3. 228:

All studies here I solemnly *defy*.

I am not sure that this interpretation does not afford, after all, a tamer sense than if we take Isabella's indignant *defiance* to mean simply—*defiance*.

129. Line 170: *do not SATISFY your resolution with hopes that are fallible*.—Hammer conjectures *falsify*, not a bad conjecture as things go, but unnecessary. Steevens explains the passage: "Do not rest with satisfaction on *hopes* that are *fallible*."

130. Line 194: *I am now going to resolve him, I had rather*, &c.—So most editors; the Cambridge editors follow the pointing of the Ff.: "I am now going to resolve him: I had rather," &c.

131. Line 217: *Frederick the great soldier who MISCARIED at sea*; i.e. was lost. Compare Merchant of Venice, ii. 3. 29, 30:

there *miscarried*

A vessel of our country richly fraught.

132. Line 221: *She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her oath*.—*She* is of course used, by a grammatical license, for *her*. See Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, par. 111. Very likely the latter clause is merely a misprint for "was affianced to her by oath" (as F. 2 corrects it), and so most editors read; the Old-Spelling editors retain the reading of F. 1, and Mr. Stone suggests that here "Mariana's betrothal vow to Angelo may be regarded as a quasi-agent, instead of the person who took the oath."

133. Line 266: *the corrupt deputy SCALED*.—The meaning of this word is very doubtful. The verb is used by Shakespeare in its ordinary sense of "to climb" with a ladder in four passages, and in a peculiar sense in Coriolanus, i. 1. 92-96:

I shall tell you

A pretty tale: It may be you have heard it;  
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture  
To *scale* 't a little more,

where many modern editors read *scale*, an emendation which Halliwell in his *Archaic Dictionary*, under *Scale*, says is undoubtedly right, and is strongly supported also by Dyce. In another passage in the same play, ii. 3. 257, the word occurs,

*Scaling* his present bearing with his past,

where it is undoubtedly used in the sense of "to weigh;" a sense which seems to suit the passage in our text very well.

Johnson says: "To *scale* is certainly to *reach* as well as to *disperse* or *spread* abroad, and hence its application to a routed army which is *scattered over the field*." Ritson says: "The Duke's meaning appears to be, either that Angelo would be *over-reached*, as a town is by the *scalade*; or, that his true character would be *spread* or *lay'd open*, so that his villainous would become evident." This latter meaning suggested by Johnson has been adopted by many editors, and also makes very good sense. Richardson in his Dictionary, under *Scale*, says: "In *Meas. for Meas.*—'The corrupt deputy was *scaled*, by *separating* from him, or stripping off his covering of hypocrisy.' The tale of Menenius (in *Coriolanus*) was '*scaled* a little more,' by being *divided* more into particulars and degrees; more circumstantially or at length.—'*Scaling* his present bearing with his past,' (also in *Coriolanus*), looking *separately* at each, and, thence, comparing them."

In a passage in Hall, copied by Holinshed, we have this verb used in a very peculiar sense; he is referring to the dispersion of the army of Welshmen collected together at the beginning of Buckingham's insurrection: "the Welshmen lyngerynge ydely and without money, vitayle, or wages sodaynely *scaled* and departed" (Reprint, p. 394). The meaning there seems to be simply "separated." It is difficult to decide authoritatively between the various meanings assigned to the word in the text; but "over-reached" or "exposed" both would suit the context. Grant White gets out of the difficulty by reading *foiled*; an emendation for which, however, there seems no necessity.—F. A. M.

134. Line 277: *the moated grange*.—A *grange* is a solitary house, frequently a farm-house; "some one particular house," says Ritson, "immediately inferior in rank to a *hall*, situated at a small distance from the town or village from which it takes its name." Compare *Othello*, i. 1. 105, 106:

What tell'st thou me of robbing? This is Venice;  
My house is not a *grange*.

The word is used again in *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 300:

Or thou goest to the *grange* or mill.

The "lonely moated grange" of Mariana is equally familiar to the readers of the two most popular English poets. Tennyson as well as Shakespeare.

## ACT III. SCENE 2.

135. Line 4: *brown and white BASTARD*.—*Bastard* is a sweet Spanish wine. Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 30: "a pint of *bastard*;" line 82: "your brown *bastard* is your



only drink." Coles (Latin Dictionary) has "Bastard wine, *vinum possum*." Nares quotes Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Tamer Tamed*, ii. 1:

I was drunk with *bastard*,  
Whose nature is to form things like itself,  
Heady and monstrous.

136. Line 26: *I drink, I EAT, ARRAY MYSELF, and live. —Fl. eats away myself.* The reading in the text, an unexceptionable and universally followed emendation, was first adopted into the text by Theobald, after Bishop's conjecture.

137. Lines 40, 41:

*That we were all, as some would seem to be,*  
FROM OUR FAULTS, AS FAULTS FROM SEEMING, FREE!

This is the reading of F. 1, followed by the Cambridge and the Old-Spelling editors. F. 2 and F. 3 read "*Free from our faults*," and F. 4 "*Free from all faults*." The latter part of the line should be, according to Hamner, *as from faults seeming free*—a widely-accepted emendation which has this among other drawbacks, that it turns a line of blank verse into a regular dactylic canter. Furnivall and Stone give, I think, the plain meaning of the Folio text in their foot-note: "Would that we were as free from faults, as our faults are from seeming (hypocrisy)."

138. Line 48: *Pygmalion's images, newly made woman.*—A double allusion to the story of Pygmalion's image coming to life, and to a meaning sometimes given to the word *woman*, like the primary meaning of the Latin *mulier*. See Cotgrave under *Dame du milieu*.

139. Line 53: *What say'st thou, Trot?*—Needlessly altered by some editors to "What say'st thou to't?" *Trot* (a contemptuous term for an old woman, used in Taming of Shrew, i. 2. 80) is no unlikely epithet for the irreverent Lucio to use to his patron. Boyer (French Dictionary) has "an old Trot (or decrepit Woman) *Un vieille*."

140. Line 60: *in the tub.*—Compare Henry V. ii. 1. 79: "the powdering tub of infamy"—an allusion to the treatment for the French disease; referred to again in Timon, iv. 3. 86.

141. Line 107: *extirp.*—Used only here and in I. Henry VI. iii. 3. 24: "*extirped from our provinces*." *Extirpate* is only used in The Tempest, i. 2. 125, 126:

*extirpate me and mine*  
Out of the dukedom.

142. Line 119: *a MOTION generative.*—Compare Two Gent. of Verona, ii. 1. 100: "O excellent *motion*! O exceeding puppet!"—which explains the word by giving a synonym for it. Theobald reads "a motion *ungenerative*," but the change seems unnecessary—indeed, I think the force of the expression is weakened rather than heightened by the alteration.

143. Line 128: *I never heard the absent duke much DETECTED for women.*—*Detected* is usually explained as meaning "suspected;" but Verplanck (quoted by Rolfe) remarks: "The use of this word, in the various extracts from old authors, collected by the commentators, shows that its old meaning was (not *suspected*, as some of them say, but) *charged, arraigned, accused*. Thus, in Greenway's Tacitus (1022), the Roman senators, who informed

against their kindred, are said 'to have *detected* the dearest of their kindred.'

144. Line 135: *clack-dish.*—A dish with a cover, *clacked* to call attention to the beggars who carried it.

145. Line 138: *A SHY fellow was the duke.*—Compare v. 1. 53, 54:

the wicked'st caltiff on the ground,  
May seem as *shy*, as grave, as just, as absolute.

This closely parallel passage (the only other instance of the word in Shakespeare) quite disallows, I think, the emendation *sty*, adopted in the present passage by Hamner.

146. Line 160: *dearer.*—This is Hamner's correction of the reading of F. 1, *deare*. F. 2 follows F. 1; F. 3 and F. 4 read *dear*.

147. Lines 191, 192: *The duke, I say to thee again, would eat MUTTON on Fridays.*—The double entendre (*mutton*, or *laced mutton*, being slang for a courtesan) is a common one in plays of the period. It occurs in Shakespeare's original, Promos and Cassandra, pt. 1. i. 3:

I heard of one Phallax,  
A man esteem'd, of Promos verie much:  
Of whose Nature, I was so bolde to axe,  
And I senech, he loved *laced mutton* well.

—W. C. Hazlitt, Shakespeare's Library, vol. iii. p. 214.

148. Line 193: *He's now past it; yet (and I say to thee) he would, &c.*—This is the reading of the Ff., preserved by the Old Spelling editors, but almost universally abandoned in favour of Hamner's plausible emendation: "He's not past it yet, and I say to thee, *he would*," &c.—plausible, but surely less characteristic of Lucio and his reckless scandal-mongering than the expression in the Folio; an expression explained well enough by Poin's remark concerning Falstaff (II. Henry IV. ii. 4. 253, 254): "Is it not strange that desire should so many years *outlive performance*?" The parenthetic "*and I say to thee*" is merely an emphatic pressing home of the point.

149. Line 232: *the Sea.*—Ff. read *Sea*, a spelling not uncommon at the time. Furnivall and Stone quote Hall's Chronicles, 1548, ed. 1809, p. 789, l. 3: "the *Sea* Apostolick;" and Stow's Annals, 1605, p. 1058, l. 14: "the *sea* of Rome."

150. Line 237: *and it is as dangerous . . . as.*—This is the correction of F. 3 and F. 4 of the reading of F. 1 and F. 2: *and as it is as dangerous.*

151. Line 278: *Grace to stand, and virtue GO; i.e. "to go."* "He should have grace to withstand temptation, and virtue to go (walk) uprightly" (Furnivall and Stone, note).

152. Line 287: *How may likeness, made in crimes, &c.*—Many attempts have been made to amend this passage or to explain it. Mr. W. G. Stone attempts a paraphrase in his notes on Measure for Measure (New Shakespeare Society's Transactions, part iii. p. 115<sup>b</sup>): "How may a real affinity of guilt (like that which attaches to Angelo, who meditates the same crime for which he has condemned Claudio), practising upon the world, draw with such gossamer threads as hypocritical pretences the solid advantages of honour, power," &c. The addition of *to* in line

289 is not without confirmation in the usage of Shakespeare's time.

## ACT IV. SCENE 1.

153. Line 1: *Take, O, take these lips away.*—This song appears again in Fletcher's *Bloody Brother*, v. 2, with the addition of the following stanza:

Hide, O hide those hills of snow  
Which thy frozen bosom bears,  
On whose tops the pinks that grow  
Are of those that April wears;  
But first set my poor heart free,  
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

The two stanzas are also found in the spurious edition of Shakespeare's *Poems*, 1640; and it has been supposed by some that the same hand wrote the whole poem. It seems equally certain that Shakespeare did write the first stanza, and that he did not write the second. In the first place, the added stanza is of obviously poorer stuff than the original one—as inferior as Fletcher is to Shakespeare. In the second place, the original stanza is so written as to afford a very beautiful refrain in the last two lines:

But my kisses bring again,  
Bring again;  
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,  
Seal'd in vain.

The added stanza is written with no such intention: and a refrain is impossible, without a perfect dislocation of sense, thus: "poor heart free, and "chains by thee." I do not think there is anything very surprising in Fletcher's using and continuing a song of Shakespeare's. Literary property was not then very strictly guarded; and both before and since there have been instances of apparently unfinished poems completed by other hands.

154. Line 18: *much upon this time have I promised here to MEET.*—*Meet* is used intransitively in *Merry Wives*, ii. 3. 5: "Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet;" and in *As You Like It*, v. 2. 129: "as you love Phebe, meet; and as I love no woman, I'll meet."

155. Line 21: *I do CONSTANTLY believe you.*—*Constantly* here means firmly; the word is used in the same sense in *Troilus and Cressida*, iv. 1. 40-42:

I constantly do think—  
Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge—  
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night.

In the other sense of *firmly*, i.e. with firmness of mind, it is used in *Julius Caesar*, v. 1. 92:

To meet all perils very constantly.

156. Line 30: *a PLANCHED gate.*—Steevens cites Sir Arthur Gorges' translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia*, 1614, p. 18 (bk. i.):

Like a proud Courser bred in Thrace,  
Accustom'd to the running race,  
Who when he heares the Trumpets noyse,  
The shouts and cries of men and boyes,  
(Though in the stable close vp-pent)  
Yet, with his hooves, doth beat and rent  
The *planch'd* floore, the barres and chaines,  
Vntill he have got loose the raines.

157. Lines 34-36:

*There have I made my promise  
Upon the heavy middle of the night  
To call upon him.*

The Fl. arrange these lines thus:

There have I made my promise, vpon the  
Heavy midle of the night, to call vpon him.

The arrangement adopted in the text was proposed to Dyce by Lord Tennyson in 1844. It is adopted by Dyce, the Cambridge, and the Old-Spelling editors, &c., and seems unquestionably right.

158. Line 40: *In action all of precept.*—"Showing the several turnings of the way with his hand" (Warburton).

159. Line 62: *contrarious.*—Used only here and in *I. Henry IV.* v. 1. 52:

And the *contrarious* winds that held the king.

*Questa* is F. 2's correction of the *quest* of F. 1.

160. Line 64: *make thee the father of their idle DREAM.*—So Fl. and Old-Spelling editors; Pope's emendation *dreams* is almost universally followed. It seems to me more probable than not, but not certain, and I have allowed the original reading to stand.

161. Lines 74, 75:

*Sith that the justice of your title to him  
Doth FLOURISH the deceit.*

This is the only instance of *flourish* used as a verb in the sense obviously intended here. But *flourish* is often used as a noun with somewhat the same signification; e.g. *Sonnet* ix. 9:

Time doth transfix the *flourish* set on youth;

i.e. the "varnish, gloss, ostentatious embellishment" (Schmidt).

162. Line 76: *Our corn's to reap, for yet our TILTH's to sow.*—F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 print *tythes*; F. 4 *tythes*, which Knight, the Cambridge editors, &c., retain. Johnson takes the word by metonymy for *harvest*, and Knight suggests that *tilth* may be understood as meaning "the proportion that the seed which is sown bears to the harvest." The reading adopted in the text is Warburton's very probable conjecture, to which great support is given by the passage in Markham's *English Husbandman*, 1635 (quoted in the *Varietorium* 8h. ix. 145): "After the beginning of March you shall begin to sowe your barley upon that ground which the year before did lie fallow, and is commonly called your *tilth* or fallowfield."

[I cannot find *tilth* in any of the numerous provincial glossaries that I have searched; but Halliwell in his *Archaic and Provincial Dictionary* gives a quotation from Gower:

So that the *tilthe* is nyge forlorne,  
Whiche Criste sewe with his owen honde.

—MS. Soc. Antiq. 134 f. 138,

which seems very appropriate, for there he speaks of sowing *tilth*; and Richardson, *sub voce*, gives a quotation from Appollonius Rhodius, *Argon.* b. iv.:

O'er the rough *tilth* he cast his eyes around,  
And soon the plough of adamant he found,  
And yokes of brass,

where it seems to mean "ground to be tilled." Fawkes appears to have published his translation in 1761.—F. A. M.]

## ACT IV. SCENE 2.

163. Line 30: *mystery*.—The word *mystery* is used by Shakespeare several times for trade or profession; three times in the present scene; once in *Othello*, iv. 2. 30; and twice in *Timon*, iv. 1. 18; iv. 3. 458. [It is well to remember that the word *mystery* in the sense of a trade, occupation, or art, is quite a different word from *mystery* in its ordinary sense—"anything kept concealed, a secret rite;" the latter being derived through the Latin *mysterium*, from the Greek *μυστήριον*; while *mystery*, or *mistery*, as it should be spelt, is from the Middle English *mistere*, a word used by Chaucer, and is no doubt adapted from the old French *mestier*, which Cotgrave translates "a trade, occupation, *mistery*." As Skent says, the two words have been sadly confused. Spenser uses *mysteric*—"the soldier's occupation" in *Protopopoeia* or *Mother Hubberds Tale*:

Shame light on him that through so false illusion,  
Doth turne the name of Souldiers to abusion,  
And that which is the noblest *mysteric*,  
Brings to reproach and common infamie,

—Pp. 6, 7, ed. 1617.

—F. A. M.]

## 164. Lines 46-50:

Abhor Every true man's apparel fits your thief.  
Prov. If it be too little, &c

The distribution of speakers in the text is that of the Ff. Almost all the editors since Capell, including even the Old-Spelling editors, have given the whole passage, from *Every true man's apparel to so every true man's apparel fits your thief*, to Abhorson. But I consider the admissibility of the original reading to have been quite proved by Cowden Clarke in the following passage, quoted by Rolfe: "Abhorson states his proof that hanging is a mystery by saying, 'Every true man's apparel fits your thief,' and the Clown, taking the words out of his mouth, explains them after his own fashion, and ends by saying, so (in this way, or thus) *every true man's apparel fits your thief*." Moreover, the speech is much more in character with the Clown's snip-snap style of chop-logic than with Abhorson's manner, which is remarkably curt and bluff."

165. Line 54: *he doth oftener ask forgiveness*.—This is an allusion to the practice, common among executioners, of asking the pardon of those whom they were about to send out of the world. Compare *As You Like It*, iii. 5. 3-6:

The common executioner,

Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,  
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck  
But first begs pardon.

166. Line 59: *and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me YARE*.—The word, which occurs several times in Shakespeare, is from A. S. *gædro*, ready. There is a curious parallel to the use of this word in its present connection, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. 13. 129, 130:

A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank  
For being yare about him.

167. Line 86: *meal'd*.—Johnson's explanation, "sprinkled, defiled," seems preferable to Blackstone's derivation from Fr. *mesler*, mingled, compounded.

168. Line 89: *seldom when*; i.e. 'tis seldom when. Compare II. Henry IV. iv. 4. 79, 80:

'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb  
In the dead carrion.

169. Line 92: *the UNSISTING pontern*.—This is an expression never satisfactorily explained, unless the guess of the Old-Spelling editors can be said to solve the difficulty. They suggest that the word may be derived from *sisto*, which is sometimes intransitive, and that *unsisting* may thus mean "shaking."

170. Line 103: *This is his LORDSHIP's man*.—Ff. *Lords*. The correction was made by Pope. "In the MS. plays of our author's time they often wrote *Lo.* for *Lord*, and *Lord.* for *Lordship*; and these corrections were sometimes improperly followed in the printed copies" (Malone).

## 171. Lines 104, 104:

Duke. This is his lordship's man.  
Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

This is the reading of the Ff., and I do not see any certain reason why it should be altered, as most editors, following Tyrwhitt's conjecture, have altered it, by the transposition of the speakers' names. Tyrwhitt bases his change on the seeming inconsistency of the Provost's words. "He has just declared a fixed opinion that the execution will not be countermanded and yet, upon the first entrance of the messenger, he immediately guesses that his errand is to bring Claudio's pardon." I cannot see any real inconsistency in this. The Provost, judging from what he knows of Angelo's character, has said that he has no expectation of a remand. At that moment Angelo's servant enters. "This is his lordship's man," says the Duke significantly. "And here comes Claudio's pardon!" cries the Provost, now at last convinced. Is not all this very natural? The Provost, despite the opinion he holds to the contrary, has just confessed that "haply" the pretended friar may be in the secret, and "something know." Would not the unexpected entrance of Angelo's servant—at so very unusual an hour ("almost day," as he says in leaving)—force a strong probability on the Provost's mind that after all the friar is right? Another imaginary inconsistency is brought forward by Knight in support of the charge: that of the Provost's first saying, "Here comes Claudio's pardon," and then, "I told you [that he had no chance of a pardon]." Here again the process of mind is quite natural. Having read the letter, and found out what it really is, the provost is of course in the same mind as before as to Angelo's character, and the improbability of his pardoning Claudio. Thus, when the Duke questions him, "What news?" he replies (ignoring his momentary change of front), "I told you;" that is, "I told you before that Claudio must die."

172. Line 135: *one that is a prisoner nine years old*.—Compare *Hamlet*, iv. 6. 15: "Ere we were two days old at sea."

173. Lines 187-189: *Shave the head, and TIR the beard; and*

say it was the desire of the penitent to be so BAR'D.—So FF., and there seems no reason to suppose there is any error, though Dyce reads *trin*, and Simpson conjectures *dye*. *Bared*, immediately following, has reference chiefly, no doubt, to the shaving of the head (probably receiving the tonsure, in order to die in the odour of sanctity); but it may also refer to the tying back of the beard; for, as Dyce notes, we have in *All's Well*, iv. 1. 54, the expression, "the baring of my beard."

174. Line 205: *attempt*; i.e. tempt, as in *Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1. 421:

Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further.

## ACT IV. SCENE 3.

175. Line 5: *he's in for a commodity of* BROWN PAPER.—Steevens cites Middleton, *Michaelmas Term*, 1607, ii. 3: "I know some gentlemen in town has been glad, and are glad at this time, to take up commodities in hawks hoods and brown paper" (*Works*, vol. i. p. 451); and R. Davenport, *A New Tricke to Cheat the Divell*, 1630, i. 2, fol. B: *Vener*. . . . What newes in Holborne, Fleet-street, and the Strand?  
In th' Ordinaries among Gallants, no young Heires  
There to be snapp'd?  
*Servener*. Th' have bin so bit already  
With taking up *Commodities of brague paper*,  
Buttons past fashion, silkes, and Sattins,  
Babies and childrens Fiddles, and the trash  
Tooke up at a deare rate, and sold for trifles.

Malone quotes the following passage relating to the practices of the money-lenders from Nash, *Christ's Teares over Jerusalem*, 1593, fol. 40: "He falls acquainted with Gentlemen, frequents Ordinaries and Dicing-houses dayly, where when some of them (in play) have lost all their money, he is very diligent at hand, on their Claynes, or Bracelets, or Jewels, to lend them halfe the value: Now this is the nature of young Gentlemen that where they have broke the lse, and borrowd once, they will come againe the seconde time; and that these young foxes knowe, as well as the Begger knows his dish. But at the second time of their comming, it is doubtful whether they shall have money or no. The worlde growes harde, and wee all are mortal, let them make him any assurance before a Judge, and they shall have some hundred poundes (*per consequence*) in Silks & Veluets. The third time if they come, they shall have baser commodities: the fourth time Lute strings and gray Paper."

176. Line 21: "for the Lord's sake."—Malone compares Nash (*Apologie for Pierre Penniless*, 1593): "At that time that thy joys were in the *fleeeting*, and thus crying for the Lord's sake out at an iron window;" and *Papers Complaint*, in *The Scourge of Folly*, 1611, p. 241, by John Davies (of Hereford):

Good gentle Writers, for the Lord sake, for the Lord sake,  
Like Loue-gate Pris'ner, lo, I (begging) make my mone to you.

Compare Heywood, *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, iii. 1:

Agon to prison? Malby, hast thou seene  
A poore slave better tortur'd? Shall we heare  
The musicks of his voice cry from the grate,  
"Meate for the Lord's sake."

—Works, vol. ii. p. 116.

177. Line 43: *I would desire you to CLAP INTO your prayers*.—The phrase to *clap into* is used again by Shakespeare in *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 44: "*Clap's into Light o' Love*;" and *As You Like It*, v. 3. 11: "Shall we *clap into 't roundly*?"

178. Lines 92, 98:

Ere twice the sun hath made his JOURNAL greeting  
To THE UNDER GENERATION.

The word *journal* for *diurnal* is used again in *Cymbeline*, iv. 2. 10: "Stick to your *journal* course." The FF. read, in the next line, *To yond generation*. The emendation adopted in the text is that of Hamner, who suggested that the *yond* of the FF. was due to a misreading of *ye ond*, a contraction for *the under*. Pope reads *yonder*. Steevens takes the *under generation* to mean the Antipodes, and cites Richard II. iii. 2. 38. Dyce, understanding by the term "the generation who live on the earth beneath,—mankind in general," cites *Lear*, ii. 2. 170:

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe;

and *Tempest*, iii. 3. 53-55:

You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,  
That hath to instrument this lower world  
And what is in 't, &c.

179. Line 104: *By cold gradation and WELL-BALANCED form*.—F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 read *weale-balanced*; F. 4 *weal balanced*, probably by a mere misprint; though some editors take *weal-balanced* to mean "adhered to for the public weal." The correction was made by Rowe.

180. Line 133: *convnt*.—An alternative form of *convent*, used again in *Henry VIII*, iv. 2. 19. Some editors read *convent*, but as the Cambridge editors remark, "Shakespeare's ear would hardly have tolerated the harsh-sounding line:

One of our cónvent and his cónfessor."

Coles (*Latin Dictionary*) has:

*Convnt canobrium*, conventus monachorum.

181. Lines 137, 138:

If you can, pace your wisdom  
In that good path that I would wish it go.

The comma after *can* was inserted by Rowe: the FF. read: "If you can pace your wisdom." The reading in the text is that usually followed. Rolfe adopts the conjecture of the Cambridge editors (not adopted by them):

If you can pace your wisdom  
In that good path that I would have it, go.

182. Line 139: *And you shall have your BOSOM on this wretch*.—A somewhat similar example of this use of the word *bosom* is found in *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 573-575:

he shall not perceive  
But that you have your father's bosom there  
And speak his very heart.

183. Line 171: *he's a better WOODMAN than thou tak'st him for*.—Read compares Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Chances*, i. 8:

Well, well, son John,  
I see you are a woodman, and can choose  
Your deer tho' it be i' the dark.

—Works, vol. i. p. 498.

184. Line 184: *the rotten medlar*.—Compare *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 128: "you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar."

## ACT IV. SCENE 4.

185. Line 6: *RELIVER* our authorities there!—So F. 1; the later Ff. *deliver*; modern editors read *redeliver*, which is, in any case, the meaning of the word. Mr. Stone, in his notes on *Measure for Measure* (New Sh. Soc. Trans. part iii. p. 116), observes that Cotgrave has "*Relierer*, to redeliver;" and that *Reliever*, to redeliver, appears in Kelham's Old French Dictionary. Ducange gives *Rede-liberare*, explaining it as "*Iterum liberare, seu tradere*," which he confirms by a quotation from a charter of 1502 (apud Rymer, tom. 13, pag. 53, col. 1). The uncompounded Low Latin verbs *liberare*, *librare*, and *livrare*, were all used in the sense of the French *livrer*.

186. Lines 19, 20:

*Give notice to such men of SORT AND SUIT  
As are to meet him.*

This means men of rank (*sort*: compare *Much Ado*, i. 1. 7, and note 3), and such as owed attendance to the prince as their liege lord (compare the term of feudal law: *suit* and *service*).

187. Line 28: *How might she TONGUE me!*—Compare *Cymbeline*, v. 4. 146, 147:

'T is still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen  
*Tongue* and brain not.

188. Line 29: *For my authority bears of a credent bulk.*—So the first three Ff.; F. 4. changes *of* to *off*. Schmidt explains the phrase of a *credent bulk*, as "weight of credit."

## ACT IV. SCENE 5.

189. Line 5: *Though sometimes you do BLEND from this to that.*—Compare *Winter's Tale*, i. 2. 323: "Could man so *blend*?" and *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 2. 67, 68:

there can be no evasion  
To *blend* from this, and to stand firm by honour.

190. Line 6: *Flavius' house*.—Ff. have *Flavia's*. The emendation is Rowe's.

191. Line 8: *To VALENTIUS, Rowland, and to Crassus.*—Ff. *Valencius*. The reading in the text is adopted by the Cambridge editors, though in the Globe edition they read, with Capell, *Valentinus*.

192. Line 9: *the trumpets*; i.e. the trumpeters, as in *Henry V.* iv. 2. 61:

I will the banner from a *trumpet* take.

Shakespeare uses the form *trumpeter* as well, but four times only against five.

## ACT IV. SCENE 6.

193. Line 13: *The generous and gravest citizens.*—The ellipsis here is a common one in Elizabethan English. Ben Jonson has "The *swift* and *sweetest* music;" and see the other quotations in Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, par. 398.

194. Line 14: *hent*.—This word is used again in *Winter's Tale*, iv. 3. 133:

And merrily *hent* the stile-a;

and, as a noun, in *Hamlet*, iii. 3. 88:

Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid *hent*.

See note on the latter passage.

## ACT V. SCENE 1.

195. Line 20: *VAIL your regard.*—Compare *Venus and Adonis*, 956: "She *vail'd* her eyelids." Boyer (*French Dictionary*) has "To *vall* one's Bonnet, (to pull off one's Hat) *Se decouvrir, lever son Chapeau à quelqu'un.*"

196. Lines 73, 74:

*One Lucio  
As THEN the messenger.*

*As* is frequently joined to expressions of time in Shakespeare. Compare *Tempest*, i. 2. 70: "*as* at that time;" and *Romeo and Juliet*, v. 3. 247:

That he should hither come *as* this dark night.

197. Line 158: *Whensoever he's CONVENTED.*—*Convent*, for summon, is used also in *Coriolanus*, ii. 2. 58, 60:

We are *convented*  
Upon a pleasing treaty;

and in *Henry VIII.* v. 1. 50-52:

hath commanded . . .  
He be *convented*.

It is used in a somewhat different sense in *Twelfth Night*, v. 1. 391.

198. Line 168: *First, let her show HER face.*—This is the correction found in F. 2 of the evident error in F. 1. "*your* face."

199. Line 205: *This is a strange ABUSE.*—*Abuse* here means *deception*.—*Malone*, iv. 7. 51:

(Or is it some *abuse*, and no such thing?)

and *Macbeth*, iii. 4. 142, 143:

My strange and selfe-saine  
Is the initiate fear that waits hard use.

200. Line 212: *garden-house.*—Malone compares *The London Prodigal*, 1605, v. 1: "If you have any friend, or *garden-house* where you may employ a poor gentleman as your friend, I am yours to command in all secret service" (*Tauchnitz* ed. p. 268). Reed refers to, but does not quote the following passage from *Stubbes, Anatomy of Abuses*, 1597: "In the Feeldes and Suburbes of the Cities thei have gardens, either pailed, or walled round about very high, with their Harbers and Bowers fit for the purpose" [i.e. for assassinations].—New Shak. Soc. Reprint, p. 88.

201. Line 219: *her promised PROPORTIONS.*—Compare *Two Gent. of Verona*, ii. 3. 3: "I have receiv'd my *proportion*," i.e. my portion or allotment. The word is also used in the same sense in the prose part of *Pericles*, iv. 2. 29.

202. Line 236: *These poor INFORMAL women.*—This is Shakespeare's only use of the word *informal*; but he uses *formal* in the sense of *sane*, in *Comedy of Errors*, v. 1. 105:

To make of him a *formal* man again,  
i.e. to bring him back to his senses; and in much the same sense in *Twelfth Night*, ii. 5. 128: "this is evident to any *formal* capacity."

203. Line 242: *COMPACT with her that's gone;* i.e. leagued in conspiracy. The only other instance of this sense of the word in Shakespeare is in a doubtful passage in *Lear*, ii. 2. 125, 126, where the Ff. read:

When he *compact*, and flattering his displeasure,  
Tript me behind.

The Qq. reading is *conjunct*, which is perhaps preferable.

204. Line 283: *Cucullus non facit monachum*.—This proverb seems to have been a favourite with Shakespeare. He has quoted it in the Latin twice (here and in Twelfth Night, i. 5. 62), and given three translations of it; literally, in Henry VIII. iii. 1. 23: "All hoods make not monks;" and freely here ("honest in nothing but in his clothes") and in Twelfth Night ("that's as much to say as, I wear not motley in my brain"). The proverb is quoted in *Promos* and *Cassandra*, pt. I. iii. 6:

A holie Hoode makes not a Frier devoute.

205. Line 281: *women are LIGHT at midnight*.—The obvious quibble on *light* is one of Shakespeare's favourite puns. Compare Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 129, 130:

Le. me give *light*, but let me not be *light*:  
For a *light* wife doth make a heavy husband.

206. Lines 320, 321:

Where I have seen corruption BOIL AND BUBBLE  
Till it o'er-run the STEW.

Stevens compares Macbeth, iv. 1. 19:

Like a hell-broth *boil and bubble*.

*Stew* may mean here a *stew-pan*, or its contents. The metaphor is taken of course from the kitchen, with an afterthought perhaps of the *steues*.

207. Lines 322-324:

Stand like THE FORFEITS IN A BARBER'S SHOP,  
As much in *muck* as *mark*.

"These shops," says Nares, "were places of great resort, for passing away time in an idle manner. By way of enforcing some kind of regularity, and perhaps at least as much to promote drinking, certain laws were usually hung up, the transgression of which was to be punished by specific *forfeitures*. It is not to be wondered, that laws of that nature were as often laughed at as obeyed."

[In my copy of F. 4, which has some annotations in MS., I find the following note on this passage: "It is a custom in the shops of all mechanicks to make it a forfeiture for any stranger to use or take up the tools of their trade. In a Barber's shop especially, when heretofore Barbers practis'd the under parts of surgery their instruments being of a nice kind, and their shops generally full of idle people" [a written list was displayed?] "shewing what particular forfeiture was required for meddling." This note is much to the same purpose as Warburton's in the Var. Ed. *ad locum*.—F. A. M.]

208. Line 346: *Hark, how the villain would CLOSE now*.—Compare Two Gent. of Verona, ii. 5. 13: "after they *close'd* in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest;" and *Rollus* and *Cressida*, iii. 2. 51: "an 't were dark, you'd *close* sooner;" where *close* is used, as here, in the sense of coming to an agreement. It is oftener followed by *with*, e.g. Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 830: "*close with him*, give him gold."

209. Line 353: *Away with those GIGLOTS too*.—*Giglot*

1 There is a hiatus here in the MS.

(spelt *giglet* in Fr.) is used as an adjective (meaning, as here, *wanton*) in I. Henry VI. iv. 7. 41: "a *giglot* wench;" and Cymbeline, iii. i. 31: "O *giglot* fortune!"

210. Line 358: *Show your SHEEP-BITING face, and be hanged AN HOUR!*—On *sheep-biting*, see note on *sheep-biter* in Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 6 (note 133). "Be hanged an hour" seems to have been something of a colloquialism. An *hour* appears to mean nothing in particular, but to be intended to emphasize the expression in which it occurs. Gifford has a long note on the subject in his edition of Ben Jonson (vol. iv. pp. 421, 422), suggested by a passage in The Alchemist, v. 1:

like unto a man  
That had been strangled *an hour* and could not speak.  
—Works, vol. iv. p. 162.

"... Strangled an hour, &c. (though Lovewit perversely catches at the literal sense to perplex his informant) has no reference to duration of time, but means simply suffocated, and therefore, unable to utter articulate sounds. A similar mode of expression occurs in Measure for Measure: 'Shew your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour!'"

Gifford then refers to the following passage in Bartholomew Fair, ii. 1:—

Leave the bottle behind you, and be *curst awhile!*

In his note on that passage he refers to the passage in As You Like It, i. 1. 38:

Marry, sir, be better employ'd, and be *naught awhile!*

and then continues as follows:

"It is not easy to ascertain the origin of this colloquial vulgarism; but that the explanation of Warburton (which Stevens is pleased to call 'far-fetched') is as correct as it is obvious, may be proved 'by witnesses more than my pack will hold.' It will be sufficient to call two or three:

"The first shall be our poet:

Peece and be *naught!* I think the woman's frantic.

—Tale of a Tub.

—plain boy's play

More manly would become him.

Lady. You would have him

Do worse then, would you, and be *naught*, you owlet!

—New Academy.

"Again:

Come away, and be *naught a while!*

—Storie of Kyng Darius.

"Again:

Nay, sister, if I stir a foot, hang me; you shall come together of yourselves, and be *naught!*

—Green's Tu Quoque.

"Again:

What, piper, ho! be *hanged awhile!*

—Old Madrigal.

"And, lastly:

Get you both in, and be *naught awhile!*

—Sweetnam.

"It is too much, perhaps, to say that the words 'an hour,' 'a while,' are pure expletives; but it is sufficiently apparent that they have no perceptible influence on the exclamations to which they are subjoined. To conclude, 'be *naught*, *hanged*, *curst*, &c. with or without an hour, a while, wherever found, bear invariably one and the same meaning; they are, in short, pithy and familiar maledictions, and cannot be better rendered than in the

words of Warburton—a plague, or a mischief on you!” (Johnson's Works, vol. iv. pp. 421, 422).

211. Line 333: *which consummate*.—*Consummate* is used again as a participle (= being consummated) in Much Ado, iii. 2. 2.

212. Line 337: *ADVERTISING and holy to your business*.—Compare i. 1. 42 above:

To one that can my part in him *advertise*.

213. Lines 390–392:

*O, give me pardon,  
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and PAIN'D  
Your unknown sovereignty!*

This is the only instance in Shakespeare of the verb to *pain* being used in the sense of putting to trouble or labour; but *painful* is not infrequently used with the meaning of laborious, as in Tempest, iii. 1. 1: “some sports are *painful*,” and *painfully* is twice used in the sense of laboriously: in Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1. 74: “*painfully* to pore upon a book;” and in King John, ii. 1. 223, 224:

Who *painfully* with much expedient march  
Have brought a countercheck.

214. Line 397: *Make rash REMONSTRANCE of my hidden power*.—This is the only example of the word *remonstrance* in Shakespeare; here it evidently means demonstration, manifestation. Dyce cites from Arrowsmith's Shakespeare's Editors and Commentators, p. 28, the following quotations: Barnabe Barnes, The Devil's Charter, 1607, i. 4, sig. B, 3:

Your sonne shall make *remonstrance* of his valour;

W. Barclay, The Lost Lady, 1639, p. 4:

with all *remonstrances*  
Of love, &c.;

Taylor, Sermons, 1653, iv. p. 162, serm. 13, part 2: “manifested in such visible *remonstrances*,” Smith, Posthumous Sermons, 1744: “to make *remonstrance* and declaration of what he thinks” (vol. ix. p. 73, serm. 3).

215. Line 406: *Whose SALT imagination*.—Compare Othello, ii. 1. 244: “the better compassing of his *salt* and most hidden loose affection.”

216. Line 410: *MEASURE still FOR MEASURE*.—*Measure for measure*, in the sense of “like for like,” seems to have been a common phrase. It is used in III. Henry VI. ii. 6. 54:

*Measure for measure* must be answered;

and Steevens cites the same phrase from A Warning for Fair Women, 1599 (lines 898, 899):

Then triall now remains, as shall conclude,  
*Measure for measure*, and lost blood for blood.

—School of Shakspeare, vol. ii. p. 304.

217. Line 423: *Although by CONFUTATION they are ours*.—So F. 1; F. 2 reads *confutatum*, which has been followed by all the editors. The editors of the Old-Spelling Shakespeare have been the first to explain the meaning of the word *confutation*, and to restore it to its place in the text. I give the substance of their note, as it appears, in a slightly condensed form, in the New Shakespeare Society's Transactions, 1880–86, part iii. pp. 116–117: “Although the sb. *confutatio*, conviction, was unknown, there were examples of the post-classical use of the vb. *con-*

*future*, to convict. In Ammianus Marcellinus, lib. xxvi. cap. 3, and the Theodosian Code, lib. xi. tit. viii. respectively, the past participles *confutatos* and *confutatus* occur, the context showing that in both cases they bear the meaning of convicted.

“Moreover, as Angelo's crime was murder, not treason, conviction would be the proper English term for expressing the antecedent cause of his forfeiture. ‘Lands are forfeited upon *attainder*, and not before; goods and chattels are forfeited by *conviction*’ (Blackstone's Commentaries, iv. 387, ed. 1873).

“There was another possible meaning for *confutation*. The Catholicon Anglicum, p. 263, has: ‘to Ouer come; confundere, fundere, *confutare*, debellare,’ &c. Now apply this definition metaphorically to Angelo's circumstances, and it might be said that he had been vanquished in single combat with his accuser Isabel. We, having no trial by battle, by duel of accuser and accused, which was frequent in early days, forget that *overcoming* your adversary was in fact *convicting* him of the crime of which you accused him, or he you. The addition of the meaning ‘convict’ to *confutare*, overcome, would follow as a matter of course.”

218. Line 456: *His act did not o'ertake his bad intent*.—Malone compares the very closely parallel passage in Macbeth, iv. 1. 145, 146:

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook  
The act that follows it.

219. Lines 496–498:

*If he be like your brother, for his sake  
Is HE pardon'd.*—[Claudio discovers himself to Isabella—she rushes into his arms, and then kneels to Angelo,—and, for your lovely sake;  
*Give me your hand, (raising her) and say you will be mine,  
He is my brother too: (taking Claudio's hand) but fitter time for that.*

In F. 1 the last three lines stand thus (without any stage-direction):

Is he pardon'd and for your louelic sake  
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,  
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that.

F. 4 has a comma after *pardon'd* and a semicolon after *mine*.

The awkwardness of the rhythm of line 496 is very manifest; and various emendations have been attempted. Hammer reads *He's pardon'd* and rearranges the next two lines thus:

Give me your hand, say you'll be mine, and he's  
My brother too.

All the difficulty as to rhythm would be got over if we could accentuate *pardon'd* on the second syllable; but I can find no instance of *pardon*, either verb or substantive, being so accentuated. There is, however, no reason why it should not be,—for it was originally spelt *pardon*; and *condone*, the only other similar verb derived from the Latin *dono*, is always accentuated on the last syllable; the reason being because, in that case, the *e* mute is retained at the end of the word. Capell proposed: “Is he too pardon'd?” to which Dyce very justly objects because

of the *too* in the next line; and prints, apparently on his own responsibility, "*Then is he pardon'd.*" It is easy to supply an extra syllable to make the line more rhythmical; I would suggest *So* rather than *Then*, but I should prefer to read "*He is pardon'd.*" letting the pause supply the place of the next syllable, but that the author seems to have wished to avoid the recurrence of *He is* at the beginning of two lines so close together. The dramatic force of the passage requires that the *his* in line 495 and the *your* in line 496 should be slightly accentuated.

The first important point to be considered is when does Isabella recognize Claudio? As the text stands, without any stage-direction, it would appear that Isabella took no notice whatever of her brother when she finds he is alive; but, as has been pointed out by other commentators, Shakespeare wrote for the stage, and this recognition of Claudio could easily take place in action without any spoken words. In the acting version it takes place after the words *Is he pardon'd*, and Isabella is made to say *O, my dear brother!* The next two and a half lines of the Duke's speech are omitted, and he resumes

By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe.

This, of course, gets rid of all difficulty, but to take such liberties with the text here is scarcely necessary. As the passage is arranged in our text, we imagine that Claudio—who is on the right side of the stage by the side of the Provost—having thrown off his disguise, turns round to Isabella at the word *pardon'd*; she interrupts the Duke by rushing across him to embrace her brother, and then, remembering herself, kneels to express her respectful gratitude. The Duke continues his interrupted sentence, and raises her from her knees, placing her on the left side of him. He then speaks the next line (497) holding her hand in his; and, at the words *He is my brother too*, turns to Claudio, giving him his hand as a confirmation of his pardon. The arrangement of the punctuation, adopted in our text, slightly alters the sense of the passage as printed by most modern editors; the words *and for your lovely sake* meaning that Claudio has been pardoned—as undoubtedly he was chiefly for Isabella's sake. But, as the passage is usually punctuated, these words would mean that for Isabella's *lovely sake*, if she gave the Duke her hand, then he would consider Claudio his brother; but surely, in that case, the words *for your lovely sake* are redundant; for what the Duke means to say is that, if Isabella will marry him, he will look upon Claudio as his brother. In any case the last sentence must be elliptical in its construction, being equivalent to "*If you will give me your hand [in marriage], then he is my brother too.*"—F. A. M.

220. Line 507: *Wherein have I so deserv'd of you!*—So the Ff., which Pope took upon himself to "correct" as follows:

*Wherein have I deserv'd so of you;*

a reading which Dyce says "at least restores the metre." I cannot conceive how any one (except Pope) could think the change an improvement metrically.

221. Line 510: *I spoke it but* ACCORDING TO THE TRICK. —Compare Lucio's jaunty words to Pompey, iii. 2. 53: "*Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? or how? The trick of it?*"

222. Line 515: *If any WOMAN's wrong'd by this lawd fellow.*—Ff. read *woman*. The correction is due to Hammer, and is generally adopted. The Cambridge editors read *Is any woman*.

223. Line 528: *Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping and hanging.*—There is a reference here to that extraordinary freak of British law, the *peine forte et dure*, alluded to in *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 75, 76: "*she would . . . press me to death with wit;*" Richard II. iii. 4. 72:

*O, I am press'd to death through want of speaking!*

and Troilus, iii. 2. 218: "*press it to death.*" On this punishment see note 178 on *Much Ado*. It is suggested in a letter in the *Athenæum* of Feb. 23, 1884, signed H. C. Coote, that Shakespeare had also in mind an Italian law, in force during his lifetime in the States of the Church, by which a criminal could be released from the penalty of his crime on marrying a courtesan. In Prof. Fabio Gori's *Archivio Storico, Artistico, Archeologico, e Letterario* (Spoleto, Tip. Bassani), vol. iii. pp. 220, 221, is given, says Mr. Coote, "the petition of a Senese courtesan named Caterina de Geronimo, living at Rome, to the governor of the city. It has been extracted from the public records of Rome, and may therefore be fully relied upon for truth and authenticity. This petition (*supplica*), which is dated the 9th of February, 1611, sets forth that the lady has followed her profession for these twenty years ('sono 20 anni che sta in peccato') and now wishes to reform ('Hora si trova in volontà et [*sic*] fermo proposito di levarsi di peccato, et [*sic*] viver da donna dabene et [*sic*] christianamente'). She then goes on to state that Nicolò de Kabeis (i.e. de Rossi) di Assisi, alias Gattarello, who has been accused, though quite unjustly, of being a cheat at cards ('falso gioiatore'), he never having had such things as cards or dice in his possession, has been, through the persecution of his enemies, condemned to exile from Rome and the States of the Church. The poor petitioner ('povera oratrice') has put up the banners between herself and the said Nicolò in the church of S. Lorenzo in Lucina, and she implores his excellency the governor to remit to Nicolò his said exile, inasmuch as he wishes to relieve her from sin, which besides, she adds, will be a pious work. The governor has noted upon the memorial 'Concedatur.' Whatever may have been the value of the poor woman's opinion of her friend Nicolò, there can be no doubt that she has represented the criminal law of the States of the Church with perfect accuracy, and that law was probably not confined to the Papal dominions. Somewandering Englishman had doubtless heard of it, and told the poet, who, as we know, thirsted after all sorts of knowledge, and he afterwards applied it, as we have seen, to heighten the local colour of his play."

224. Line 545: *What's yet behind, THAT's meet you all should know.*—F. 1 reads that, by an obvious misprint, corrected in F. 2.

225. Line 538.—In the acting edition the following passage (marked as a quotation) is substituted for the remaining eight lines of the Duke's speech, and the play concludes:

For thee, sweet saint—if for a brother sav'd,  
From that most holy shrine thou wert devote to,



Thou deign to spare some portion toh, ev y I fo

Thy Duke, thy friar, tempts thee from thy vow:

*Isabel is falling on her knees, the Duke prevents her—kisses her hand, and proceeds with his speech.*

In its right orb let thy true spirit shine,

Blessing both prince and people—thus we'll reign,

Rich in the possession of their hearts, and, warn'd

By the abuse of delegated trust,

Engrave this royal maxim on the mind,

To rule ourselves before we rule mankind.

Whence these lines come from I cannot discover. They certainly do not come from Gildon's version, which ends with a speech after "The last Musick," the concluding couplet of the Duke being:

Impartial Justice, Kings should mind alone

For that 'tis still perpetuates a throne.

On referring to Bell's edition, 1774, which is printed from

the Prompt Books, I find the speech concludes with the following lines:

*Dear Isabel, I have a motion much imports your good;*

Shade not, sweet saint, those graces with a veil,

Nor in a Nunnery hide thee; say thou'rt mine;

Thy Duke, thy Friar, tempts thee from thy vows

Let thy clear spirit shine in public life;

No cloister'd sister, but thy Prince's Wife.

The last five are printed in italics by Bell; and, in a note, the editor adds "the five distinguished lines which conclude, are an addition, by whom we know not; however, they afford a better finishing than that supplied by Shakespeare." Certainly none of the lines in either acting version are taken from Davenant's play, which indeed does not contain anything original so nearly approaching to poetry.—F. A. M.

## WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (\*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

	Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line
According <sup>1</sup> .....	v. 1 487	Belocked.....	v. 1 210	Definitive.....	v. 1 432	Fornicatress.....	ii 2 23
Adoptedly.....	i. 4 47	Belongings.....	i. 1 30	Denunciation.....	v. 1 432	Forted.....	v. 1 12
Advising (sub.).....	iii. 1 203	Billets.....	iv. 3 58	Dependency <sup>18</sup> .....	v. 1 62	Fruit-dish.....	ii. 1 95
Affianced.....	iii. 1 222	Birch.....	i. 3 24	Dependent <sup>19</sup> (adj.).....	v. 1 411	Green-house.....	v. 1 212, 220
Affianced.....	v. 1 227	Breather <sup>10</sup> .....	iv. 4 31	Disguiser.....	iv. 2 186	Generative.....	iii. 2 118
All-building.....	ii. 4 94	*Bringsings-forth.....	iii. 2 152	Dismissed <sup>20</sup> .....	ii. 2 102	Giglots.....	v. 1 351
All-hallond.....	ii. 1 130	Cardinally <sup>11</sup> .....	ii. 1 81	Disvalued.....	v. 1 221	Guarled.....	ii. 2 116
Approval <sup>2</sup> .....	i. 2 153	Carnally.....	v. 1 214	Disvouched.....	iv. 4 1	Gratulate (adj.).....	v. 1 535
Attempt <sup>3</sup> .....	i. 4 79	Characts.....	v. 1 56	Doubleness.....	iii. 1 207		
Attorneyed <sup>4</sup> .....	v. 1 390	China <sup>12</sup> .....	ii. 1 97	Dribbling.....	i. 3 2	Head <sup>24</sup> .....	iii. 1 91
Audible <sup>5</sup> .....	v. 1 413	Circummuired.....	iv. 1 28	Dukes (verb).....	iii. 2 100	Head <sup>25</sup> (verb).....	ii. 1 250, 251
Austerity.....	ii. 4 155	Clack-dish.....	iii. 2 135	Emmew.....	iii. 1 91	Helmed.....	iii. 2 150
Aves.....	i. 1 71	Comblinate.....	iii. 1 231	Enshield.....	ii. 4 50	Hot-house.....	ii. 1 66
Backed <sup>6</sup> .....	iv. 1 29	Commandments <sup>13</sup> .....	i. 2 7, 12	Enskied.....	i. 4 34	House-caves.....	iii. 2 186
Back-wounding.....	iii. 2 198	Concupiscible.....	v. 1 98	Escapes <sup>21</sup> .....	iv. 2 63	Husband <sup>26</sup> .....	iii. 2 75
Baldpate.....	v. 1 329	Confessed <sup>14</sup> .....	v. 1 533	Eve <sup>22</sup> .....	ii. 1 130		
Bald-pated.....	v. 1 356	Confixed.....	v. 1 232	Facing.....	iii. 2 11	Immoderate.....	i. 2 131
Bane <sup>7</sup> .....	i. 2 133	Confutation <sup>15</sup> .....	v. 1 428	Fewness.....	i. 4 39	Inequality.....	v. 1 65
*Bawd-born.....	iii. 2 73	Conserve <sup>16</sup> .....	iii. 1 88	Fleshmonger.....	v. 1 337	Infliction.....	i. 3 28
Bay <sup>8</sup> .....	ii. 1 250	Contracting (sub.).....	iii. 2 206	Flourish <sup>23</sup> .....	v. 1 75	Informal.....	v. 1 236
Bear <sup>9</sup> .....	i. 3 47	Counsellers <sup>17</sup> .....	i. 2 111	Forenamed.....	iii. 1 245	Ingots.....	iii. 1 26
		Custom-shrunk.....	i. 2 85			Instate.....	v. 1 429
						Institutions.....	i. 1 111
						Inward <sup>27</sup> (sub.).....	iii. 2 133

<sup>1</sup> Used adverbially = according to; as adj. used very frequently.

<sup>2</sup> = probation of a novice; used frequently elsewhere in other editions.

<sup>3</sup> Verb, used absolutely; used transitively frequently elsewhere.

<sup>4</sup> = employed as an attorney.

<sup>5</sup> Used adverbially; as adj. = attentive, in *Coriolanus*, iv. 5. 238.

<sup>6</sup> = having as a back or limit; used frequently elsewhere in other senses.

<sup>7</sup> Figuratively = poison; used frequently elsewhere = destruction, ruin.

<sup>8</sup> See note 67. <sup>9</sup> = to behave.

<sup>10</sup> = a speaker; = a human being, in three other passages.

<sup>11</sup> Elbow's blunder for *carnally*.

<sup>12</sup> = porcelain.

<sup>13</sup> = the Ten Commandments.

<sup>14</sup> Used transitively in its ecclesiastical sense; in same sense in *trans. Rom.* and *Jul.* iv. 1. 23; used very frequently in its ordinary sense elsewhere.

<sup>15</sup> = conviction. See note 217.

<sup>16</sup> = to preserve; in culinary sense in *Othello*, iii. 4. 75.

<sup>17</sup> = lawyers; used frequently elsewhere = advisers.

<sup>18</sup> = consistency; occurs in slightly different sense in *Cymbeline*, ii. 3. 123; *Ant.* and *Cleo.* v. 2. 26.

<sup>19</sup> = occasioned by something previous.

<sup>20</sup> = paroled; used in various other senses elsewhere.

<sup>21</sup> = sallies; used elsewhere in other senses.

<sup>22</sup> i.e. All-hallond eve.

<sup>23</sup> Used transitively = to colour; also transitively = to brandish, *Rom.* and *Jul.* i. 1. 85; used intransitively frequently elsewhere.

Lamb-skins..... iii. 2 9 |

Leavened..... i. 1 52 |

Manifested<sup>28</sup>..... iv. 2 170 |

<sup>24</sup> = a bud.

<sup>25</sup> = to decapitate.

<sup>26</sup> = one who keeps house; used frequently elsewhere in other senses.

<sup>27</sup> = a confidant; as adj. with similar meaning in *Rich.* III. iii. 4. 8; used both as sub. and adj. in other passages.

<sup>28</sup> Used adjectively.

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# WORDS PECULIAR TO MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

	Act So. Line		Act So. Line		Act So. Line		Act So. Line
Mealed.....	iv. 2 86	Priores.....	i. 4 11	Shekels.....	ii. 2 149	Touse.....	v. 1 313
Mercer.....	iv. 3 11	Procures <sup>5</sup> .....	iii. 2 58	Shy...iii. 2 138;	v. 1 54	Treasonable...	v. 1 345
Misreport.....	v. 1 148	Prolixious.....	ii. 4 162	Siege <sup>10</sup> .....	iv. 2 101	*True-meant...	i. 4 58
Moated.....	iii. 1 277	Promise-breach	v. 1 410	Sisterly.....	v. 1 100	Tun-dish.....	iii. 2 182
Morality.....	i. 2 138	*Promise-keeping	i. 2 77	Skeyey.....	iii. 1 9	Unbelieved.....	v. 1 119
Mother <sup>1</sup> .....	i. 4 86	Prompture....	ii. 4 178	Sliding (sub.)..	ii. 4 115	Uncleanliness..	ii. 1 83
Mouth <sup>2</sup> (verb).	iii. 2 194	Propagation....	i. 2 154	Snow-broth....	i. 4 58	Uncleanne <sup>17</sup> ...	ii. 4 54
*New-conceived	ii. 2 96	Provincial <sup>6</sup> ...	v. 1 318	Spawned.....	iii. 2 114	Undiacernible..	v. 1 378
Nicety.....	ii. 4 162	Provost.....	i. 2 117, etc.	Splay.....	ii. 1 243	Undoubtful....	iv. 2 143
Notedly.....	v. 1 335	Razure.....	v. 1 13	Starkly.....	iv. 2 70	Ungentured....	iii. 2 184
Offenceful....	ii. 3 26	Ready (money) iv.	3 8	Stead <sup>11</sup> (up)...	iii. 1 260	Ungot.....	v. 1 142
*Outward-sainted	iii. 1 89	Rebate.....	i. 4 60	Stew <sup>12</sup> .....	v. 1 321	Unhurtful.....	iii. 2 175
Over-read.....	iv. 2 212	Refelled.....	v. 1 94	Stifle <sup>13</sup> .....	ii. 4 158	Unmask (intr.)	v. 1 206
Overweigh.....	ii. 4 157	Rapiness.....	ii. 2 96	Stinkingly....	iii. 2 28	Unscoured....	i. 2 171
*Parcel-bawd..	ii. 1 63	Remonstrance.	v. 1 397	Stones <sup>14</sup> .....	ii. 1 110	Unshaped.....	iv. 4 23
Pardoner.....	iv. 2 112	Renouncement	i. 4 35	Straitness.....	iii. 2 268	Unshunned....	iii. 2 63
Pans <sup>3</sup> .....	i. 3 38	Rent <sup>7</sup> .....	ii. 1 254	Stricture.....	i. 3 12	Unsisting.....	iv. 2 92
Passes <sup>4</sup> .....	v. 1 375	Reproach <sup>8</sup> (verb)	v. 1 423	Stroke <sup>15</sup> .....	iv. 2 88	Unskilfully....	iii. 2 155
Penitently....	iv. 2 147	Reprobate (sub.)	iv. 3 78	Sun-rise.....	ii. 2 153	Unsoiled.....	ii. 4 155
Perdurably....	iii. 1 115	Resemblance <sup>9</sup>	iv. 2 203	Taphouse.....	ii. 1 220	Unsworn.....	i. 4 9
Permissive....	i. 3 33	School-maids..	i. 4 47	Temporary....	v. 1 145	Untrussing....	iii. 2 190
Pick-lock.....	iii. 2 18	Seedness.....	i. 4 42	Tested.....	ii. 2 149	Unwedgeable..	ii. 2 116
Piled.....	i. 2 35	Seemers.....	i. 3 54	Testimonied..	iii. 2 152	Unweighing...	iii. 2 147
Planché.....	iv. 1 30	Self-offences..	iii. 2 280	Thick-ribbed..	iii. 1 123	Uprighteously	iii. 1 206
Plansible.....	iii. 1 254	Sheep-biting..	v. 1 358	Tick-tack.....	i. 2 196	Vastidity.....	iii. 1 69
Pose (verb)...	ii. 4 51			Tongue <sup>16</sup> (verb)	iv. 4 28	Viewless.....	iii. 1 124
Pre-contract..	iv. 1 72					*Virgin-violator	v. 1 41
Prenzie.....	iii. 1 94, 97					Vulgarly.....	v. 1 160

<sup>1</sup> Applied to an abbess or prioress.

<sup>2</sup> Mouth with, i.e. exchange kisses on the mouth with; the verb is used in other senses elsewhere.

<sup>3</sup> = permission.

<sup>4</sup> = proceedings. Used in Sonn. ciii. ii in singular, perhaps in same sense.

<sup>5</sup> In the sense of to pimp; used frequently elsewhere in other works.

<sup>6</sup> Belonging to an ecclesiastical province; as epithet, derived from Provins in France, in Hamlet, iii. 2. 288.

<sup>7</sup> = to hold by lease; = to rend, used frequently elsewhere.

<sup>8</sup> The sub. is repeatedly used throughout Shakespeare's plays.

<sup>9</sup> = probability; = likeness, occurs in Winter's Tale, v. 2. 39; Rich. III. iii. 7. 11.

<sup>10</sup> = a seat; used in other senses elsewhere.

<sup>11</sup> = to supply; = to benefit, used frequently elsewhere.

<sup>12</sup> See note 206. Used three times = a brothel.

<sup>13</sup> Used intransitively; used transitively elsewhere.

<sup>14</sup> Of fruit.

<sup>15</sup> Of a pen; used elsewhere in many senses.

<sup>16</sup> = to speak of; in Cymb. v. 4. 148 = to speak.

Warranted (adj.) iii. 2 150

Waste<sup>18</sup> (adj.) ii. 2 170

Well-balanced. iv. 3 104

\*Well-defended v. 1 407

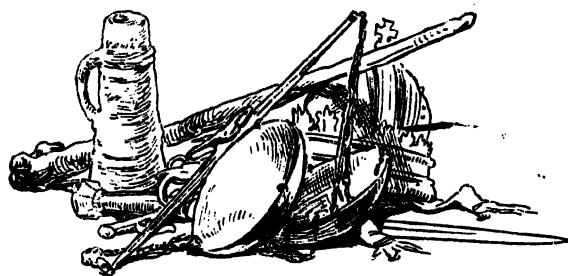
Well-warranted v. 1 254

Well-wished ii. 4 27

Whoremonger. iii. 2 87

17 Lucrece, 193.

18 Sonn. lxxvii. 10.



KING LEAR.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEAR, king of Britain.  
King of France.  
Duke of Burgundy.  
Duke of Cornwall.  
Duke of Albany.  
Earl of Kent.  
Earl of Gloster.  
EDGAR, son to Gloster.  
EDMUND, bastard son to Gloster.  
CURAN, a courtier.  
Old Man, tenant to Gloster.  
Doctor.  
Fool.  
OSWALD, steward to Goneril.  
An Officer employed by Edmund.  
Gentleman attendant on Cordelia.  
A Herald.  
Servants to Cornwall.  
GONERIL, }  
REGAN,    } daughters to Lear.  
CORDELIA, }

Knights attending on Lear, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

### SCENE---BRITAIN.

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HISTORIC PERIOD: Mythical, 841-791 B.C. (3105 A.M. Holinshed).

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### TIME OF ACTION.

Mr. Daniel gives the following time analysis.

Day 1: Act I. Scene 1.	Day 6: Act III. Scene 7; Act IV. Scene 1.
Day 2: Act I. Scene 2.—An interval of something less than a fortnight.	Day 7: Act IV. Scene 2.—Perhaps an interval of a day or two.
Day 3: Act I. Scenes 3, 4, 5.	Day 8: Act IV. Scene 3.
Day 4: Act II. Scenes 1, 2.	Day 9: Act IV. Scenes 4, 5, 6.
Day 5: Act II. Scenes 3, 4; Act III. Scenes 1-6.	Day 10: Act IV. Scene 7; Act V. Scenes 1-6.

# KING LEAR.

## INTRODUCTION.

### LITERARY HISTORY.

The earliest known edition of King Lear is a quarto published in 1608, with the title-page as follows:

M. William Shak-speare: | *HIS* | True  
Chronicle Historie of the life and | death of  
King LEAR and his three | Daughters. | *With*  
*the vnfortunate life of Edgar, sonne* | and heire  
to the Earle of Gloster, and his | sullen and  
assumed humor of | TOM of Bedlam: | *As it*  
*was played before the Kings Maiestie at White-*  
*hall vpon* | *S. Stephans night in Christmas*  
*Hollidayes.* | By his Maiesties seruants play-  
ing vsually at the Gloabe | on the Bancke-side.  
| *LONDON,* | Printed for *Nathaniel Butter*,  
and are to be sold at his shop in *Pauls* |  
Church-yard at the signe of the Pide Bull  
neere | *S. Austins Gate.* 1608.

A second quarto was issued by Butter in the same year, the title-page of which is similar, except that instead of the imprint "*LONDON,*" &c., it has "Printed for *Nathaniel Butter.* | 1608."

It has been stated by several editors that a third quarto was brought out in 1608; but this is an error, due to the fact that of the existing copies of the first quarto no two are exactly alike. As the Cambridge editors remark, the text was apparently corrected when the book was on the press, and the corrected and uncorrected sheets were bound up indiscriminately. This is also the view taken by Dr. Furness in his "New Variorum" edition of the play. He says: "For some reason or other 'Master N. Butter' was in a hurry to publish his 'booke,' and he therefore sent out the 'copy' divided into several parts, to several compositors, and these different parts, when printed, were dispatched to a binder to be stitched (it is not probable that any of the Shakespearian quartos were more than merely

stitched, or had other than paper covers). We learn from Arber's invaluable *Transcript of the Stationers' Registers*, ii. 881-2, that the binding was not done by the printers, and as there were nearly fifty freemen binders at that time in London, there must have been among them various degrees of excellence. As ill-luck would have it, the several portions of this tragedy of *Lear* fell to the charge of a careless binder, and the signatures, corrected and uncorrected, from the different printers, were mixed up, to the confusing extent in which the few copies that survive have come down to us."

Critics are not entirely agreed as to which of the two quartos was the earlier, but Furness and Rolfe are probably correct in assuming that the priority is to be assigned to the "Pide Bull" edition, though the evidence in favour of this view is purely circumstantial. The Cambridge editors, in their collation of the texts, call the other edition Q. 1; but in their preface they say that, after all, they are inclined to regard it as the later edition.

In the Folio of 1623 the play is evidently printed from a different manuscript, and a better one than was used for the Quartos. According to Furness the quartos contain 220 lines that are not found in the Folio, which, on the other hand, has 50 lines that do not appear in the Quartos. The 3rd scene of the 4th act is entirely wanting in the Folio.

How the difference in the texts is to be explained has been much discussed by the critics and commentators. No two of them come to precisely the same conclusion, and it is not likely that the question can ever be settled. The weight of authority is in favour of the view that the Folio gives us a later and revised form of the play, and that the omissions in that edition were probably made in the theatre for stage purposes.

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The play could not have been written earlier than 1603 — the date of the publication of Harsnet's Declaration of Popish Impostures, to which Shakespeare was indebted for the names of some of the devils mentioned by Edgar in the 4th scene of act iii. — nor later than 1606, on the 26th of December in which year it was performed before King James. We get this latter information from the entry in the Stationers' Registers, November 26th, 1607, which states that the play was acted "before the kinges maiestie at Whitehall vppon Sainct Stephens night at Christmas Last." Malone, Dyce, and Fleay believe that the date of composition is to be placed early in 1605; Dowden, Furnivall, and Moberly put it 1605-6. Aldis Wright, we may add, finds in Gloucester's speech, "These late eclipses," &c., i. 2. 112, a reference to the great eclipse of the sun which took place in October, 1605, and excited much dismay and alarm. He also thinks that Gloucester's words in the same speech, "machinations, hollownesse, treachery, and all ruinous disorders," may allude to the Gunpowder Plot of Nov. 5, 1605, his general conclusion being that "Shakespeare did not begin to write King Lear till towards the end of the year 1605."

The story of Lear and his three daughters is old and oft repeated. "It is told by Geoffrey of Monmouth in his *Historia Britonum*, by Layamon in his *Brut*, by Robert of Gloucester, by Fabyan in his *Chronicle*, by Spenser in the *Faerie Queene*, by Holinshed in his *Chronicle*, by Camden in his *Remaines*, in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, in Warner's *Albions England*, and elsewhere in prose and verse. It had also been dramatized in the *Chronicle History of King Leir*, which, according to Malone and Halliwell, was written in 1593 or 1594" (Rolfé).<sup>1</sup> This old play was reprinted in 1605,

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Furnivall has a useful summary covering much the same ground; he says: "The source of the Lear story is Holinshed's Chronicle; of the Gloster, Edmund and Edgar story, Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia. Mr. Hazlitt has reprinted in his *Shakespeare's Library*: 1. The History of Lear, from Holinshed. 2. The same, from the English Gesta Romanorum (ab. 1440, A.D.), Edit Madden, pp. 50-3. 3. The History of Leir and his Three Daughters, 1605, a play. It was not used by Shakespeare. 4. Queen Cordelia, an historical poem, by John Higgins, from the Mirror for Magistrates. 5. The Story of the Paphlagonian Unkind King, from Sidney's Arcadia. 6. The Ballad of Lear and

not improbably on account of the success of Shakespeare's King Lear, which had just appeared on the stage. The materials of this earlier drama were probably taken from Holinshed; but whether Shakespeare took his incidents from the chronicle or the old play it is impossible to determine. In either case the obligation was of the most trivial nature. In the words of Furness, "The distance is always immeasurable between the hint and the fulfilment; what to our purblind eyes is a bare, naked rock, becomes, when gilded by Shakespeare's heavenly alchemy, encrusted thick all over with jewels. When, after reading one of his tragedies, we turn to what we are pleased to call the 'original of his plot,' I am reminded of those glittering gems, of which Heine speaks, that we see at night in lovely gardens, and think must have been left there by king's children at play; but when we look for these jewels by day we see only wretched little worms which crawl painfully away, and which the foot forbears to crush only out of strange pity."

The story of Gloster and his sons is not found either in Holinshed or the old play of King Leir. For this the dramatist was indebted to Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia; and the skill with which he has interwoven it with the main plot is as noteworthy as in the blending of two independent tales in the Merchant of Venice and other plays.

The following extracts from Holinshed and Sidney will add to the value of this introduction:—

"Leir the soune of Baldud, was admitted ruler ouer the Brittaines, in the yeeere of the world 3105, at what time Iosab rigned as yet in Iuda. This Leir was a prince of right noble demeanor, gouerning his land and subiects in great wealth. He made the towne of Caerlier nowe called Leicester, which standeth vpon the riuer of Sore. It is written that he had by his wife three daughters without other issue, whose names were Gonorilla, Regan, and Cordeilla, which daughters he greatly loued, but specially Cordeilla the yongest farre aboue the two elder."

his Three Daughters. The Latin original of the Lear story is Geoffrey of Monmouth (Hist. Britonum, bk. ii. ch. 11-15). And it was first told, and well told, in English, by Layamon in his Brut ab. 1205. That it came originally from Wales there is little doubt" (Leopold Shakespeare, Introduction, p. lxxx.).

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When this Leir therefore was come to great yeeres, & began to waxe vnweldie through age, he thought to vnderstand the affections of his daughters towards him, and prefferre hir whome he best loued, to the succession ouer the kingdome. Whervpon he first asked Gonorilla the eldest, how well shée loued him: who calling hir gods to record, protested, that she loued him more than hir owne life, which by right and reason shoulde be most deere vnto hir. With which answer the father being well pleased, turned to the second, and demanded of hir how well she loued him: who answered (confirming hir saiens with great othes) that she loued him more than tounge could expresse, and farre aboue all other creatures of the world.

"Then called he his youngest daughter Cordeilla before him, and asked of hir what account she made of him: vnto whom she made this answer as followeth: Knowing the great loue and fatherlie zeale that you haue alwayes borne towards me, (for the which I maie not answere you otherwise than I thinke, and as my conscience leadeth me) I protest vnto you, that I haue loued you euer, and will continuallie (while I liue) loue you as my naturall father. And if you would more vnderstand of the loue that I beare you, asser-taine your selfe, that so much as you haue, so much you are worth, and so much I loue you, and no more. The father being nothing content with this answer, married his two eldest daughters, the one vnto Henninus, the Duke of Cornewal, and the other vnto Maglanus, the Duke of Albania, betwixt whome he willed and ordeined that his land should be deuided after his death, and the one halfe thereof immediate-lie should be assigned to them in hand: but for the third daughter Cordeilla he reserued nothing.

"Neuertheles it fortuneth that one of the princes of Gallia (which now is called France) whose name was Aganippus, hearing of the beautie, womanhood, and good conditions of the said Cordeilla, desired to haue hir in mariage, and sent ouer to hir father, requiring that he might haue hir to wife: to whome answere was made, that he might haue his daughter, but as for anie dower he could haue none, for all was promised and assured to hir other sisters alreadye. Aganippus notwithstanding this answer of deniall to receiue anie thing by way of dower with Cordeilla, took hir to wife, onlie moued thereto (I saie) for respect of hir person and amiable vertues. This Aganippus was one of the twelue kings that ruled Gallia in those daies, as in the British historie it is recorded. But to proceed.

"After that Leir was fallen into age, the two dukes that had married his two eldest daughters, thinking long-er the gouernment of the land did come to their hands, arose against him in armour, and reft from him the gouernance of the land, vpon conditions to be continued for terme of life: by the which he was put to his portion, that is, to liue after a rate

assigned to him for the maintenance of his estate, which in processe of time was diminished as well by Maglanus as by Henninus. But the greatest griefe that Leir tooke, was to see the vnkindnesse of his daughters, which seemed to thinke that all was too much which their father had, the same being neuer so little: in so much, that going from the one to the other, he was brought to that miserie, that scarcely they would allow him one seruauant to waite vpon him.

"In the end, such was the vnkindnesse, or (as I maie saie) the vnnaturalnesse which he found in his two daughters, notwithstanding their faire and pleasant words vttered in time past, that being constrained of necessitie, he fled the land, and sailed into Gallia, there to seeke some comfort of his youngest daughter Cordeilla whom before time he hated. The ladie Cordeilla hearing that he was arriued in poore estate, she first sent to him priuile a certeine summe of monie to apparell himselfe withall, and to reteine a certain number of seruants that might attende vpon him in honorable wise, as appertained to the estate which he had borne: and then so accompanied, she appointed him to come to the court, which he did, and was so ioifullie, honorable, and louinglie receiued, both by his sonne in law Aganippus, and also by his daughter Cordeilla, that his hart was greatlie comforted: for he was no lesse honored, than if he had bene king of the whole countrie himselfe.

"Now when he had informed his son in law and his daughter in what sort he had bene vsed by his other daughters, Aganippus caused a mightie armie to be put in readinesse, and likewise a great naue of ships to be rigged, to passe ouer into Britaine with Leir his father in law, to see him againe restored to his kingdome. It was accorded, that Cordeilla should also go with him to take possession of the land, the which he promised to leaue vnto hir, as the rightfull inheritour after his deceasse, notwithstanding any former grant made to hir sisters or to their husbands in anie maner of wise.

"Herevpon, when this armie and naue of ships were readie, Leir and his daughter Cordeilla with hir husband tooke the sea, and arriuing in Britaine, fought with their enimies, and discomfited them in battell, in which Maglanus and Henninus were slaine: and then was Leir restored to his kingdome, which he ruled after this by the space of two yeeres, and then died, fortie yeeres after he first began to reigne. His bodie was buried at Leicester in a vault vnder the channell of the riuier of Sore beneath the towne.

"Cordeilla the youngest daughter of Leir was admitted Q. and supreme gouernesse of Britaine, in the yeere of the world 3155, before the bylding of Rome 54, Uzia was then reigning in Iuda, and Jero-boam ouer Israell. This Cordeilla after hir father's deceasse ruled the land of Britaine right worthilie during the space of fife yeeres, in which meane time her husband died, and then about the end of those



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five yeeres, hir two nephewes Margan and Cunedag, sonnes to hir aforesaid sisters, disdaining to be vnder the gouernment of a woman, leuied warre against hir, and destroyed a great part of the land, and finally tooke hir prisoner, and laid hir fast in ward, wherewith she tooke suche grieffe, being a woman of a manlike courage, and despairing to recouer libertie, there she slue herselfe."

The following extract is from Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* (lib. ii. pp. 133-138, ed. 1598):

"It was in the kingdome of *Galacia*, the season being (as in the depth of winter) verie cold, and as then sodainlie growne to so extreame and foule a storme, that neuer any winter (I thinke) brought forth a fowler child: so that the Princes were euen cōpelled by the haile, that the pride of the winde blew into their faces, to seeke some shrowding place which a certain hollow rocke offering vnto them, they made it their shield against the tempests furie. And so staying there, till the violence thereof was passed, they heard the speach of a couple, who not perceiuing them, being hid within that rude canapie, held a straunge and pitifull disputation, which made them step out, yet in such sort, as they might see vnsceene. There they perceiued an aged man, and a young, scarcely come to the age of a man, both poorly arrayed, extreame weather-beaten; the olde man blind, the young man lending him: and yet through all those miseries, in both there seemed to appeare a kind of noblenesse, not sutable to that affliction. But the first words they heard, were these of the olde man. 'Well *Leonatus* (said he) since I cannot perswade thee to leade me to that which should end my grieffe, and thy trouble, let me now intreat thee to leaue me: feare not, my miserie cannot be greater then it is, and nothing doth become me but miserie: feare not the daunger of my blind steps, I cannot fall worse then I am: and do not I pray thee, do not obstinately continue to infect thee with my wretchednesse: but flie, flie from this region only worthis of me. Deare father (answered he) do not take away from me the only remnant of my happinesse: while I haue power to do you seruice, I am not whollie miserable. Ah my sonne (said he, and with that he groned, as if sorrow straued to breake his heart) how euill fits it me to haue such a sonne, and how much doth thy kindnesse vpbraid my wickednesse? These dolefull speeches, and some others to like purpose (well shewing they had not bene borne to the fortune they were in,) moued the Princes to go out vnto them, and aske the younger what they were? Sirs (answered he with a good grace, and made the more agreeable by a certaine noble kind of pitousnesse) I see well you are straungers, that know not our miserie, so well here knowne, that no man dare know, but that we must be miserable. Indeed our state is such, as though nothing is so needfull vnto vs as pitie,

yet nothing is more dangerous vnto us, then to make our selues so knowne as may stirre pitie; but your presence promiseth that crueltie shall not ouercome hate: and if it did, in truth our state is sunke below the degree of feare.

"This old man (whom I leade) was lately rightfull Prince of this countrie of *Paphlagonia*, by the hard-hearted vngratefulness of a sonne of his, deprived, not onely of his kingdome (whereof no forraigne forces were ouer able to spoyle him) but of his sight, the riches which Nature graunts to the poorest creatures. Wheroby, and by other his vnnaturall dealings, he hath bene drinen to such grieffe, as euell now he would haue had me to haue led him to the top of this rocke, thence to cast himselfe headlong to death: and so would haue made me, who receiued my life of him, to be the worker of his destruction. But noble Gentlemen, said he, if either of you haue a father, and feele what dutifull affection is engrafted in a sonnes heart, let me intreat you to conneigh this afflicted Priuce to some place of rest and securitie: amongst your worthie acts it shall be none of the least, that a king of such might and fame, & so vniustlie oppressed, is in any sort by you relieved.

"But before they could make him answer, his father beganne to speake. Ah my sonne, said he, how euill an Historian are you, that leaue out the chiefe knot of all the discourse? my wickednesse, my wickednesse: and if thou doest it to spare my eares, (the only sense now left me proper for knowledge) assure thy selfe thou doest mistake me: and I take witness of that Sonne which you see (with that he cast vp his blind eyes, as if he would hunt for light) and wish my selfe in worse case then I do wish my selfe, which is as euill as may be, if I speake vnrulie, that nothing is so welcome to my thoughts, as the publishing of my shame. Therefore know you Gentlemen (to whom from my heart I wish that it may not proue some ominous foretoken of misfortune to haue met with such a miser as I am) that whatsoever my son (O God, that truth binds me to reproch him with the name of my son) hath said is true. But besides those truthe, this also is true, that hauing had in lawfull marriage, of a mother fit to beare royall children, this sonne (such a one as partly you see, and better shall know by my short declaration) and so enioyed the expectations in the world of him, till he was growne to iustifie their expectations (so as I needed eniue no father for the chiefe comfort of mortalitie, to leaue another ones-selfe after me) I was caried by a bastard sonne of mine (if at least I be bound to beloeue the words of that base woman my concubine, his mother) first to mislike, then to hate, lastlie to destroy, or to do my best to destroy this sonne (I thinke you thinke) vnderseuing destruction. What wayes he vsed to bring me to it, if I should tell you, I should tediouslie trouble you with as much poisonous hypocrisie, desperate fraud, smooth

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malice, hidden ambition, and smiling enuie, as in anie living person could be harboured: but I list it not; no remembrance of naughtinesse delights me but mine owne; and me thinks, the accensing his traps might in some maner excuse my fault, which certainly I lothe to do. But the conclusion is, that I gaue orders to some servants of mine, whom I thought as apt for such charities as my selfe, to leade him out into a forrest, and there to kill him.

"But those theewes (better natured to my sonne then my selfe) spared his life, letting him go to learne to liue poorly: which he did, giuing himselfe to be a priuate souldier in a countrey here by: but as he was ready to be greatly aduanced for some noble peeces of seruice which he did, he heard newes of me: who (drunke in my affection to that vnlawfull and vnnaturall sonne of mine) suffered my selfe so to be gouerned by him, that all fauours and punishments passed by him, all offices, and places of importance distributed to his fauorites; so that ere I was aware, I had left my selfe nothing but the name of a King: which he shortly wearie of too, with many indignities (if any thing may be called an indignitie, which was laid vpon me) threw me out of my seat, and put out my eyes, and then (proud in his tyrannie) let me go, neither imprisoning, nor killing me; but rather delighting to make me feele my miserie: miserie indeed, if euer there were anie; full of wretchednesse, fuller of disgrace, and fullest of guiltinesse. And as he came to the crowne by so vniust means, as vniustlie he kept it, by force of straunger souldiers in *Cittadels*, the nests of tyrannie, and murderers of libertie; disarming all his owne countrimen, that no man durst shew himself a wel-willer of mine: to say the truth (I thinke) few of them being so (considering my cruell follie to my good sonne, and foolish kindnesse to my vniind bastard;) but if there were any who felt a pitie of so great a fall, and had yet any sparkes of vnslaine dutie left in them towards me; yet durst they not shew it, scarceelie with giuing me almes at their doores; which yet was the onlie sustenance of my distressed life, no bodie daring to shew so much charitie, as to lend me a hand to guide my darke steps: till this sonne of mine (God knowes, worthy of a more vertuous, and more fortunate father) forgetting my abominable wrongs, not reckning daunger, and neglecting the present good way hee was in of doing himselfe good, came hither to do this kind office you see him performe towards me, to my vnspeakable griefe; not onlie because his kindnesse is a glasse euen to my blind eyes of my naughtiness; but that aboue all griefes, it grieues me he should desperatelie aduenture the losse of his well-deseruing life for mine, that yet owe more to Fortune for my deserts, as if he would carie mudde in a chest of Chrystall: for well I know, he that now raigbeth, how much so euer (and with good reason) he despiseth me, of all men despised; yet he will not let slip any

aduantage to make away him, whose iust title (ennobled by courage & goodnesse) may one day shake the seat of a neuer secure tyrannie. And for this cause I craued of him to leade me to the top of this rocke, indeed I must confesse, with meaning to free him from so serpentine a companion as I am. But he finding what I purposed, onely therein since he was borne, shewed himselfe disobedient vnto me. And now Gentlemen, you haue the true storie, which I pray you publish to the world, that my mischieuous proceedings may be the glorie of his filiall pietie, the onlie reward now left for so great a merite. And if it may be, let me obtaine that of you, which my sonne denies me: for neuer was there more pity in sauing any, then in ending me, both because therin my agonie shall end, & so you shal preserue this excellent young man, who else wilfully follows his owne ruine."

### STAGE HISTORY.

The first recorded performance of King Lear took place at Whitehall, in the presence of King James, on the 26th December, 1606. For this knowledge we are indebted to an entry in the Stationers' Register, under the names Nathanael Butter and John Busby, and the date 26th November, 1607, to the following effect: "Entred for their copie under th(e) handes of Sir George Buck Knight and th(e) wardens A booke called. Master William Shakespeare his '*hystorye of Kinge LEAR*' as yt was played before the kinges maiestie at Whitehall vppon Saint Stephens night (26 December) at Christmas last by his maiesties seruantes playinge vsually at the '*Globe*' on the Bankside . . . vi." (Arber's Transcripts, vol. iii. p. 161, *verso*). This is not, of course, the earliest entry in the Stationers' Registers concerning a King Lear, neither does it settle the date of the first performance of the piece. That the first representation took place in 1605 is the conclusion arrived at by Malone and accepted by most subsequent commentators down to Mr. Horace Howard Furness, and to Mr. Fleay, who conjectures it to have been given about May 7 of that year. Even then, as the reader knows, an earlier King Lear had been played. In Henslowe's Diary a representation of "King leare" is chronicled under the date "the 6 of Aprell 1593." This was, of course, the earlier play of Lear or Leir. Henslowe's Diaries, as they exist, are unfortunately untrustworthy. These dates, however, are pre-

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sumably accurate, and the scene of production was probably the Rose Theatre.

To enter into the question of the representations of successive plays is to go over ground already trodden. Little is known concerning those who took part in the performance of *Lear*. Collier says that Shakespeare was not one of the Queen's men at the period when the first *King Lear* was played (see Henslowe's Diary, p. 34). Malone assumes that Burbage was the original *Lear*. This seems borne out by the *Elegy* quoted at p. 9 of this volume.

After the resumption of theatrical entertainments following the Restoration a little better fate attended *Lear* than other plays of a similar date, seeing that before it was exhibited in a mutilated form, it was at least seen in its original shape. Downes, in his *Roscius Anglicanus* (p. 26), numbers among the plays which were acted at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, between the opening in 1662 and the beginning of May, 1665, at which time the plague began to rage, "The Tragedy of *King Lear*, as Mr. Shakespear wrote it, before it was altered by Mr. Tate." It is the chief defect in Downes that he had no idea of the matters of contemporary theatrical history with which future times would be concerned. In this, as in other similar cases, he tells us nothing. Our first stage knowledge of *Lear* is accordingly in Tate's mangled version. Concerning this we have the dubious advantage of full information. The *History of King Lear*, by N. Tate, was printed in quarto in 1681, and again in 1689. A list of the dramatic personæ and the actors with which the piece was given at Dorset Garden in 1681 is prefixed. It is as follows:

KING LEAR,	...	...	Mr. Botterton.
GLOSTER,	...	...	Mr. Gillo.
KENT,	...	...	Mr. Wiltshire.
EDGAR,	...	...	Mr. Smith.
BASTARD,	...	...	Mr. Jo. Williams
CORNWAL,	...	...	Mr. Norris.
ALBANY,	...	...	Mr. Bowman.
GENTLEMAN-USHER,	...	...	Mr. Jevon.
GONERIL,	...	...	Mrs. Shadwel.
REGAN,	...	...	Lady Slingsby.
CORDELIA,	...	...	Mrs. Barry.

Guards, Officers, Messengers, Attendants.

In the prologue to this piece, Tate, after the

wont of adapters, pays a few compliments to the author he has travestied. After saying that it might have been worth while under a new name to have drawn the spectators in to "our old honest play," he continues:

But he that did this evening's treat prepare  
Bluntly resolv'd before hand to declare  
Your entertainment should be most old fare.  
Yet hopes, since in rich Shakespear's soil it grew,  
'Twill relish yet, with those whose tastes are true,  
And his ambition is to please a few.  
If then this heap of flowers shall chance to wear  
Fresh beauty in the order they now bear,  
Ev'en (sic) this Shakespear's praise; each rustick  
knows

'Mongst plenteous flow'rs a garland to compose,  
Which strung by this coarse hand may fairer show,  
But 't was a power divine first made 'em grow.

The epistle dedicatory to Tate's *King Lear* is addressed to his "esteemed friend Tho. Boteler, Esq." It is curious as at once an apology for Tate's adaptation, an explanation of his method, and a self-pronounced encomium upon his work. To Boteler Tate ascribes the drama, since nothing but the power of his (Boteler's) persuasion and his own zeal for all the remains of Shakespeare could have wrought him to so bold an undertaking. The chief difficulty he declares to have been in making the chiefest persons speak something like their character on matter whereof he had no ground in his author(!). *Lear's* real and *Edgar's* pretended madness have, he holds, so much of extravagant nature as "could never have started but from our Shakespear's creating fancy." He has found the whole to answer Boteler's description of it: "A heap of jewels, unstrung and unpolish'd, yet so dazzling in their disorder" that he soon perceived he had seized a treasure. Tate's procedure may best be described in his own words: "'T was my good fortune to light on one expedient to rectify what was wanting in the regularity and probability of the tale, which was to run through the whole a love betwixt *Edgar* and *Cordelia*; that never chang'd word with each other in the original. This renders *Cordelia's* indifference, and her father's passion in the first scene, probable. It likewise gives countenance to *Edgar's* disguise, making that a generous design that was before a poor shift

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to save his life. The distress of the story is evidently heightened by it; and it particularly gave occasion of a new scene or two, of more success (perhaps) than merit." Mark and approve Tate's modesty in the last sentence! "This method," continues Tate, "necessarily threw me on making the tale conclude in a success to the innocent distressed persons: otherwise I must have incumbered the stage with dead bodies, which conduct makes many tragedies conclude with unseasonable jests." He then quotes the success of the piece as a justification for so bold a change, and fortifies himself with the opinion of Dryden expressed in the preface to the Spanish Fryar (it should be the dedication—there is no preface) that it is more difficult to end a serious piece happily than tragically. One more gem from this precious epistle dedicatory may be exhibited. Tate says: "I have one thing more to apologize for, which is, that I have us'd less quaintness of expression even in the newest parts of this play. I confess 't was design in me, partly to comply with my author's style, to make the scenes of a piece, and partly to give it some resemblance of the time and persons here represented."

For giving the play a happy termination Tate had more justification than can always be advanced by the perverters of Shakespeare. The termination of *The Chronicle History of King Lear*, which preceded the play of Shakespeare, and has been supposed to have in part inspired it, is happy. That of Holinshed's history is the same; and the *Mirror for Magistrates*, the *Faery Queene*, and other poetical works, dealing with the legend, show Lear reigning for from two to three years after his restoration to the kingdom, and then dying in peace. For the Lear of history or of myth, and for that of Tate, such an end is well enough. For the Lear of Shakespeare, however, the sublimest picture of age that the world has seen, it is impossible. The words of Kent dispose of the entire question, v. 3. 313-315:

Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him  
That would upon the rack of this tough world  
Stretch him out longer.

How long the happy termination—which

won the approval of Dr. Johnson and was condemned by Addison, and after him by Richardson in his *Clarissa*—held possession of the stage will be seen. A score successive revivals between 1681 and 1829 are chronicled by Genest, who can oppose to these but one solitary performance with the original catastrophe.

The dismissal of the Fool was another of the "emendations" of Tate which long won acceptance. Davies surmises that in the few representations of Shakespeare's play which followed the Restoration, "Nokes, whose face was a comedy, acted the fool with Betterton's Lear" (*Dram. Misc.* ii. 267). This is mere conjecture. Following up his conjecture he says, that "we may guess the consequence" of such a conjunction, and finds in his own supposition a reason for backing up Tate. One fact of interest Davies chronicles, namely, that Garrick once contemplated the restoration of the Fool and designed the part for Woodward, "who promised to be very chaste in his colouring, and not to counteract the agonies of Lear." Garrick's heart misgave him, however, and he dared not "hazard so bold an attempt" (*ib.*).

In neither version of *Lear* does Betterton or any of his company seem to have made much mark. Fame, which commemorates his Hamlet and other Shakespearian characters, is silent as to his Lear, and the few unsatisfactory annals of the early stage say nothing concerning any of the cast.

When, on 30th October, 1706, Tate's *King Lear* was acted at the Haymarket, Betterton was again Lear, Verbruggen being Edgar, Mills Edmund, Freeman Gloster, Minns Kent, and Mrs. Bracegirdle Cordelia. On the 29th November, 1715, at Drury Lane, Barton Booth was Lear to the Edgar of Wilks, the Edmund of Mills, and the Cordelia of Mrs. Santlow. The remainder of the cast is not given, and the performance appears to have inspired but moderate interest. Booth's Lear was in his day compared to that of Garrick, as was subsequently that of Barry. Booth's delivery of the curse on Goneril was rapid. The fire throughout "was ardent, and his feelings were remarkably energetic; but they were not attended with those strugglings of parental

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affection and those powerful emotions of conflicting passions so visible in every look, action, and attitude of our great Roscius" (ib. p. 279).

At Lincoln's Inn Fields Lear was played for the first time 15th October, 1720, and was acted about ten times during the season. Boheme was Lear, Ryan Edgar, Ogden Kent, Quin Gloster, Leigh Edmund, Spiller the Gentleman Usher, Mrs. Parker Regan, and Mrs. Seymour Cordelia. Antony Boheme, who had a tall figure, an expressive face, with something that was venerable about it, and had originally been an actor on a booth at a fair, Bartholomew or Southwark, obtained some reputation as Lear, and won the praise of Macklin, who says that he assigned Lear a trait of the antique (Davies, *Dram. Misc.* ii. 277).

In the next important revival, which took place at Drury Lane 8th March, 1739, Quin, who had been the Gloster to Boheme, was Lear, Milward Edgar, Wright Gloster, Mills Edmund, Winstone Kent, Theophilus Cibber the Gentleman Usher, Havard Albany, Mrs. Mills Cordelia, and Mrs. Furnival Goneril. Quin demanded twenty-two rehearsals and attended but two. Without offending the public or forfeiting his reputation, he came altogether short of Boheme, feeling neither the tender nor the violent emotions of the soul, and proving his inferiority to his predecessor in almost every scene (ib. p. 278).

Garrick was the next actor to essay the part of Lear. This he did in his memorable first season of 1741-1742, at Goodman's Fields 11th March, 1742, repeating the performance at Drury Lane on the 28th of May. Tate's version, it is needless to say, was selected. The cast of the first representation is not known; that at Drury Lane included Havard as Edgar, Mills as Edmund, Berry as Gloster, Winstone as Kent, Neale as the Gentleman Usher, and Mrs. Woffington as Cordelia.

To the general blaze of triumph which attended Garrick's opening season his Lear doubtless contributed. Not, however, until later in his career are we able to estimate its influence upon his contemporaries. When once he was pitted against Spranger Barry criticism and epigram ran riot. Before this

time Garrick, who had played Lear in Dublin, made, 11th June, 1746, his first appearance in the character at Covent Garden. Upon this occasion Ryan was Edgar, Chapman Kent, Bridgewater Gloster, Cashell Edmund, Philips the Usher, Mrs. Vincent Cordelia, Miss Haughton Goneril, and Mrs. Bland Regan.

On 26th February, 1756, Barry appeared at Covent Garden in Lear. He played the part the previous May in Dublin. Ryan was again Edgar, Sparks was Kent, Ridout Gloster, Smith Edmund, Shuter the Gentleman Usher, Mrs. Hamilton (late Mrs. Bland) Regan, and Miss Nossiter Cordelia. Lear was acted six times. Barry's reception was eminently favourable. His fine figure was of great use, his bearing was dignified and venerable, his manner of speaking the curse impressive, and the pathetic scenes were rendered with remarkable effect. His voice, however, "wanted that power and flexibility which varied passion requires. His pauses and broken interruptions of speech, of which he was extremely enamoured . . . were at times too inartificially repeated; nor did he give that terror to the whole which the great poet intended should predominate" (Davies, *Dram. Misc.* ii. 280, 281). In one or two scenes Barry was charged with copying Garrick.

To the challenge of Barry, Garrick responded by reviving King Lear at Drury Lane on 28th Oct. 1756, with Mrs. Davies as his Cordelia. The revival was announced as with restorations from Shakespeare. These, however, did not include the tragic termination nor the reintroduction of the Fool. What they were is not known, since Garrick's version has not been printed. Genest assumes that the alterations probably "did not differ materially from those shown in King Lear as published by Bell in 1772 or 1773 from the prompt-book of Drury Lane" (*Account of the Stage*, iv. 475).

The town was now flooded with comparisons between Garrick and Barry. One or two epigrams of the date were happy enough deservedly to survive. One on "The Two Lears" is as follows:

The town has found out different ways  
To praise the different Lears;

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To Barry they give loud huzzas;  
To Garrick—only tears.

A second, no less well known, runs:

A king—*nay every inch a king,*  
Such Barry doth appear;  
But Garrick's quite another thing;  
He's *every inch King Lear*.

Theophilus Cibber, a constant enemy of Garrick, speaks of the first as a pretty conceit, but asks "How if it be not quite true?—For 't is as certain that Mr. Garrick has had other applauses besides tears, as 'tis true, Mr. Barry, besides loud Huzzas has never failed to draw tears from many of his spectators" (*Dissertations on Theatrical Subjects* by Mr. Cibber, 1756, p. 43). After insinuating that Garrick was jealous of Barry, he supplies another epigram which he claims may stand by the other, and is not the less poignant for its truth:

Criticks attend—and judge the rival Lears;  
Whilst each commands applause and each your tears:  
Then own the truth—well he performs his part  
Who touches—even Garrick—to the heart.

—(Ib. p. 44.)

Garrick was said to have been too deliberate in the curse. This is scarcely reconcilable with the fact mentioned by Davies that he "rendered the curse so terribly affecting to the audience, that, during his utterance of it, they seemed to shrink from it as from a blast of lightning. His preparation for it was extremely affecting; his throwing away his crutch, kneeling on one knee, clasping his hands together and lifting his eyes toward heaven, presented a picture worthy of the pencil of a Raphael" (*Dram. Misc.* ii. 280).

Among the passages restored by Garrick from Shakespeare were the lines spoken by Lear (ii. 4. 155-158):

Do you but mark how this becomes the house:  
"Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;  
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg  
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food."

In the delivery of these lines, unknown to Booth, Boheme, and Quin, Garrick, throwing himself on his knees, with his hands clasped, and a tone of supplication in which the irony was veiled, obtained a great effect. Murphy says: "Garrick in *Lear* was transformed into a weak old man, still retaining an air of

royalty; in the mad scenes his genius was remarkably distinguished: he had no sudden starts, no violent gesticulation; his movements were slow and feeble, misery was depicted in his countenance; he moved his head in the most deliberate manner; his eyes were fixed; or if they turned to any one near him he made a pause and fixed his look on the person after much delay; his features at the same time telling what he was going to say before he uttered a word; during the whole time he presented a scene of woe and misery, and a total alienation of mind from every idea, but that of his unkind daughters" (*Life of Garrick*, i. 37, 38). This presents an aspect of King Lear, but can scarcely be accepted as a complete embodiment of a king whose impetuosity was not the least conspicuous of his qualities. "After *Macbeth* King Lear was Garrick's masterpiece," says Tate Wilkinson (*The Mirror, or Actor's Tablet*, p. 221). Mrs. Davies played Cordelia during the illness of Mrs. Cibber, whom Davies calls the most pathetic of all actresses and the only Cordelia of excellence.

Barry played Lear again 7th Oct. 1769, at Drury Lane, with Reddish as Edgar, Palmer as Edmund, Dodd as the Gentleman Usher, and Mrs. Barry as Cordelia, and was replaced by Garrick, 21st February, 1770. Before this time, however, during the absence of Garrick, another Lear had sprung up in Powell, who played the part for the first time 2nd Jan. 1765, to the Cordelia of Mrs. Cibber. Of this performance Davies says that it was "a fair promise of something great in the future" (*Dram. Misc.* ii. 281).

A new version of *King Lear* had meanwhile appeared. This, which saw the light at Covent Garden 20th Feb. 1768, was altered by George Colman. It is an improvement upon Tate, but it is very far from being Shakespeare. In a thoughtful and sensible preface—the worst manglers of Shakespeare wrote many such—Colman points out the mistakes of his predecessor and advocates his own theories. "To reconcile the catastrophe of Tate to the story of Shakespeare, was the first grand object I proposed to myself in the alteration" (*Dramatic Works*, vol. vii. p. 104). On the

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strength of the censure of Warton (*Adventurer*, No. 122) he omitted the leap down Dover Cliff. The putting out Gloster's eyes he meditated omitting, but upon examination it appeared so closely interwoven with the fable that he durst not venture to change it. He had at one time an idea of retaining the Fool, but, led again by the opinion of Warton (*Adventurer*, No. 126), he abandoned it, being "convinced that such a scene 'would sink into burlesque' in the representation, and would not be endured on the modern stage" (Colman's *Dram. Works*, iii. p. 105).

Powell was the original Lear of the nearest approach to Shakespeare that for more than a century had been made. The entire cast survives, but the only features of interest in it are the Duke of Burgundy of Lewis, the Duke of Albany of Hull, Bensley's Edmund, and Mrs. Yates's Cordelia. Besides introducing lines of his own, Colman keeps some of Tate's fustian. It was the fashion to compare the Lear of Powell with that of Garrick. Francis Gentleman, however, while allowing Powell "more nature but less expression than Barry," places him "far, far beneath Mr. Garrick in both." Gentleman avers that Powell's "deportment was abominable; not a trace of majesty in it. His transitions in the violent parts wanted essential volubility (whatever that may mean), and most of his attitudes were injudiciously disposed" (*Dramatic Censor*, i. 372). On the following page Gentleman speaks with praise of the Edgar of Regan and that of Howard, not knowing how to award either a preference. Smith and Reddish are also said to give satisfaction. The Gloster of Sparks and that of Berry are said to have been respectable, but that of Burton at Drury Lane is nervous and feeble. The Edmund of Palmer and that of Bensley, the Gentleman Usher of Woodward, Dyer, and Dodd, win favourable recognition. Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Yates, and Mrs. Barry are praised in Cordelia. Of Mrs. Bellamy, it is said, that she "looked the part amiably, but tuned the words most monotonously" (ib. 376). Colman's version was never revived. Mrs. Barry played Cordelia at Drury Lane 7th Oct. 1769, in Tate's Lear, to the Lear of her hus-

band. A revival with the Barrys in the principal parts, Lewis as Edgar, and Quick as the Gentleman Usher, took place at Covent Garden 24th Nov. 1774, and another at the same house on 22nd Feb. 1776, with Mrs. Bulkley as Cordelia. The performances in Lear of West Digges and of Mossop are also chronicled. Gentleman speaks disparagingly of both. Henderson played Lear at Drury Lane 22nd March, 1779, to the Cordelia of Miss Young. The pathetic was not his forte. His friend Ireland allows that his powers were unequal to Lear. On the 14th of the following April, at the same house, Mrs. Robinson was Cordelia.

Mrs. Siddons first played Cordelia at Drury Lane for her benefit 21st Jan. 1788. Tate's version was adopted, and the receipts taken at the door were £347, 10s. The cast comprised Kemble as Lear, Wroughton as Edgar, Barrymore as Edmund, Aikin as Kent, Packer as Gloster, Lamash as Gentleman Usher, and Mrs. Ward as Regan. The Cordelia of Mrs. Siddons added little to her reputation, and she is held to have chosen the play with regard to her brother's interest rather than her own. Kemble, however, does not seem to have scored greatly in the part, which is not included in the summary of his character given by Hazlitt *à propos* to his retirement in *Coriolanus* (*Criticism*, pp. 287, *et seq.*). Leigh Hunt also leaves it unmentioned.

Pope played Lear at Covent Garden 6th Jan. 1794, to the Cordelia of Mrs. Esten, Holman's Edgar, Harley's Kent, and Hull's Gloster. Pope had a good voice but no expression, and his performance had little value. On 18th May, 1808, Kemble repeated Lear at Covent Garden to the Edgar of Charles Kemble, the Kent of Cooke, and the Cordelia of Miss Smith. On the 27th of the following February he repeated it at the same house to the Cordelia of Miss Bristow, the Edmund of Brunton, the Gloster of Murray, and the Oswald of Farley. A version altered by Kemble was then acted. In this Kemble restored passages from Tate which Garrick had excised. Genest (viii. 133) declared this version decidedly worse than Garrick's.

Booth was the next Lear witnessed at Covent

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Garden, playing the character for the first time 13th April, 1820, with Macready as Edmund, Fawcett as Kent, and Sally Booth as Cordelia. In the *Theatrical Inquisitor*, xvi. 246 *et seq.*, the new representative of Lear is said to have made "its hoary-headed hero the victim of his ignorant distortion and unshrinking audacity." Charles Kemble is said to have been "a most poetical representative of Edgar." Mr. Macready's great requisites (*sic*) were wasted upon the obnoxious villainy of Edmund, and Miss Booth, who was amusingly anxious not to be supposed a relative of the actor performing Lear, whose representation was destined to eclipse her own, was "essentially mediocre" as Cordelia. Fawcett, according to the same authority, was a failure in Kent. The representation was decried as "a mean, hurried, and malicious anticipation of the measures adopted at the other house," at which Kean was announced as Lear.

Kean's first appearance as Lear took place at Drury Lane, 24th April, 1820. Rae was Edgar; Downton, Kent; and Mrs. W. West, Cordelia. On 10th Feb. 1823, it was revived, when the original fifth act was restored. Other innovations of Tate are assumed to have been omitted. As this is the first fully recorded performance of the play given approximately as Shakespeare intended it to be acted, the cast is supplied: Lear = Kean, Edgar = Cooper, Edmund = Younge, Kent = Terry, Gloster = Powell, Oswald = S. Penley, Cordelia = Mrs. W. West, Goneril = Mrs. Glover, Regan = Mrs. Knight. The Fool, it is seen, does not appear. Kean in the last act could not carry Mrs. West without obvious difficulty. This caused some laughter, which must have interfered with the success of the performance. On the 24th further restorations from Shakespeare were made, and are said to have been received with enthusiasm. According to the *New Monthly Magazine* (probably Talfourd) the change "produced no appalling effect, as had been anticipated, but was received with silent tears. (ix. 108). Of Kean's interpretation it is said that it was "quiet, gentle, yet intense, and each word and sigh seemed to come from a breaking heart."

A first appearance at Covent Garden of

Vandenhoff as Lear is not indexed in Genest. It took place 9th December, 1820, and was repeated three times. Vandenhoff was announced as from Liverpool. Miss Foote was the Cordelia, and Abbott the Edmund. He was a little awkward in deportment, but was received with applause.

Young played Lear at Drury Lane on the 30th of March, 1829, but the performance was not repeated. A version wrongly announced as Shakespeare's was given. W. Farren was Kent for the first time, Cooper was Edgar; Miss Phillips, Cordelia; Mrs. W. West, Goneril; and Mrs. Faucit, Regan.

On 25th January, 1838, Macready produced Shakespeare's *King Lear*. He had played the character previously in Tate's version, and was very nervous about the substitution. In common with most actors he feared the introduction of the Fool. His diary of Jan. 4 has this entry: "My opinion of the introduction of the Fool is that, like many such terrible contrasts in poetry and painting, in acting representation it will fail of effect; it will either weary and annoy or distract the spectator" (*Reminiscences*, ii. 97). The following day he wrote: "Speaking to Willmott and Bartley about the part of the Fool in *Lear*, and mentioning my apprehension that, with Meadows, we should be obliged to omit the part, I described the sort of fragile, hectic, beautiful-faced boy that he should be, and stated my belief that it never could be acted. Bartley observed that a woman should play it. I caught at the idea, and instantly exclaimed, Miss P. Horton is the very person. I was delighted at the thought" (*ib.*). The revival was on an elaborate scale. Macready was nervous, and thought he failed in the character. The verdict was, however, favourable. Lear became one of Macready's stock characters, and was played by him in the country and in America. Bulwer, afterwards Lord, Lytton, speaking as chairman at the farewell banquet to Macready in March, 1851, spoke with pardonable extravagance of eulogy of the "titanic grandeur of Lear."

After the example had been set of acting Shakespeare's version, the attempt, so far as the capital is concerned, to go back to the pro-



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fane version of Tate was abandoned. Innumerable performances of King Lear have since been given, and no tragedian has left it out of his repertory. The productions have, however, for the most part been ephemeral, and have left no surviving record.

King Lear was among the revivals of Charles Kean at the Princess's, at which house it was given on the 17th April, 1858. Ryder was Edgar; Mr. Walter Lacy, Edmund; Cooper, Kent; Miss Kate Terry, Cordelia; Miss Heath (afterwards Mrs. Wilson Barrett), Goneril; and Miss Eleanor Bufton (Mrs. Swanborough), Regan. The fool was played by Miss Poole. It was repeated thirty consecutive times. Three years later, in June, 1861, Phelps appeared at the same house in Lear. He showed the pathetic aspects of Lear, but failed in the majestic and the terrible. Phelps had played the part previously at the Surrey and elsewhere. He played it also at Sadler's Wells, 5th Nov. 1845, with Marston as Edgar, George Bennett as Edmund, A. Younge as Kent, H. Mellon as Gloucester, Miss Cooper as Cordelia; and again in 1861.

At Sadler's Wells, also, King Lear was played by C. Dillon in 1868 and by W. H. Pennington in 1870. Mr. and Mrs. Rousby appeared at Drury Lane in 1873 as Lear and Cordelia. In February, 1881, Booth played Lear at the Princess's with Miss Maud Milton, John Ryder, and W. Redmund in the cast. In June, 1882, at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, Ernesto Rossi, the famous Italian tragedian, appeared as King Lear, supported by an English company, including W. H. Vernon, John Ryder, Miss Louise Moodie, and Miss Lydia Cowell. The part of the King was delivered by Rossi in Italian, while his associates spoke English, and the experiment was hardly a success. On Nov. 10th, 1892, the tragedy was produced at the Lyceum, with Henry Irving as Lear, William Terriss as Edgar, Frank Cooper as Edmund, Alfred Bishop as Gloucester, Miss Ada Dyas as Goneril, Miss Maud Milton as Regan, and Miss Ellen Terry as Cordelia. The play was splendidly staged, and the entire performance most interesting.

In later days Lear has often been seen at home and abroad, the most noteworthy re-

presentations being those of the Italian tragedians, Salvini and Rossi.

Lear has been often acted in Germany and France. On 26th September, 1626, Lear was played by the English Comedians at the Court of Dresden (Cohn's Shakespeare in Germany, Introduction cxvi.). It is now constantly given by the great German companies. *Le Roi Lear* of Ducis was played at the Théâtre Français 20th June, 1783. It is a wretched work, founded partly upon Tate and ending happily. Another *Roi Lear*, imitated from Shakespeare by Élie Sauvage and Duhomme, was played at the Odéon in November, 1844. Rouvière was the Lear.

### CRITICAL REMARKS.

The play of Lear obviously belongs to that dark chapter of Shakespeare's life when, after his attainment of the fulness of his power and complete mastery of his art, the deeper problems and mysteries of human life were in some singularly pressing and vital way brought home to him for solution. Whatever the special conditions attending the personal struggle, the result was an unequalled series of tragedies of passion, all turning upon the extent to which order and civilization and happiness rest upon domestic and social relations and upon a wise acceptance of the conventions of life without too close and curious a scrutiny. In *Othello* the fatal strain falls upon the bond between husband and wife; in *Macbeth* upon that between kinsman and kinsman, between king and subject; in *Timon* upon that which unites every man with his kind; in *Lear* upon that uniting parent and child; in all, the false friend, "the smiler with the knife beneath his cloak," the foe within a man's own household, is the unsound link in the chain by which the golden lamp of happiness hangs. Each of these plays, it has been noticed, ends disastrously, "in confusion and sorrow;" but in *Lear* the passionate emphasis is such as to give the play a unique place, not only in this group, but in the history of drama. The trivial source of the tragic issues of the piece—the fantastic whim of a king from whom madness is not far distant—leads to it almost an ironic force. In it good and evil are more

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definitely ranged in a series of distinct antagonisms than in most of the Shakespearean dramas; but the separation is not for the enforcement of the final salvation and triumph of goodness, but rather of the blindness of the doom which overwhelms good and evil alike. Although at the last the guilty are punished, yet, as Schlegel and others have pointed out, "the virtues that would bring help and succour are everywhere too late, or are over-matched by the cunning activity of malice." So far as the limits of the dramatic action are concerned, vice drags down virtue with it to a not dissimilar fate. Cordelia, it is true, regains her father's love before her death by strangling in the prison; Lear in that clouded gleam, which at the last breaks in for a moment upon the mad brain, has some glimpse of a higher love and truth than he has yet known; the blind Gloucester gropes his way to his leal son's side again; Kent finds grateful recognition of faithful service. But the blow falls unsparingly. Over the corpse of his wronged daughter the old man dies broken-hearted; Kent's vain fidelity has only a third grave to which to look forward; Gloucester dies of mingled joy and grief; Edgar, whose "foolish honesty" has assisted in his father's undoing, has his brother's death upon his hands. Kent's exclamation, "all's cheerless, dark, and deadly," sums up the whole situation; and that this termination rhymed with the personal mood of the poet must be inferred from a variety of contingent circumstances, apart from the fact that the original story and the play from which Shakespeare worked, end happily. While, however, the reflex of a personal mood must undoubtedly be traced in the tragic close of the Shakespearean plot, it must be admitted that the higher logic of events demands it independently of the personal mood. After the breaking down of the mind sufficiently to admit, not merely of the cession of kingly power in one incapable of renouncing the habit and temper of kingship, but of the cession of power in a manner unworthy of a king; and especially after the tragedy of passion which follows the ingratitude of his elder daughters, a comedy-ending to the action would have been discordant. Lear, reconciled to Cordelia, might

have been restored to his throne, as in the story on which Shakespeare based his drama; but what reconciliation was possible with Goneril and Regan, what happiness could have rounded off so intense and disastrous a struggle with evil. Lear and Cordelia, saved from the horrors of storm and wreck, would still have found but a bare rock and waste of sea about them, with death only removed a little further off. Once having conceived the idea that such an action as that of Lear in the division of his kingdom involved certain morbid elements which the conduct of his daughters would develop into madness, Shakespeare was almost compelled to a tragedy-ending, though the tone might have been less dark and hopeless. Lear's madness is not that of a mood merely; it is fundamental; the bitterness of life has cut too deeply to find remedy in anything but death. In the case of Goneril and Regan and Edmund, and in a modified degree in that of Gloucester, justice demands the guilty life; and even the death of Cordelia, which at first sight appears wanton, has its necessity in the events preceding it, for no art could withdraw this white victim from the monstrous coils of fate that lay about her. She is doomed, and happiest so. Step by step, as by some inner and dark necessity of things, the foredoomed close works itself out with a consummate art which abundantly proves that whatever depths had been sounded in the personal struggle, the poet had remained master of himself.

Improbable as the story is in itself, Shakespeare has succeeded in making it appeal, not merely as a powerful imaginative product of a fantastic kind, but as absolutely true in its rendering of a great complex of passion. The concrete basis of the drama is a wild phantasmagory of figures performing the strangest antics against a background of turbulence and storm. Yet so true is the passion that breathes in them to the high key in which it is pitched, so logical are the sequences, and with such certainty is mood played off against mood, that after the initial surprise at the conditions assumed by the dramatist, the mind is immediately subdued by a sense of the profoundest reality. Shelley, indeed, describes it as "the most perfect specimen of the dramatic art

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existing in the world," and even M. Saint-Marc Girardin in his comparison of the *Œdipus Coloneus*, *King Lear*, and *Père Goriot*, is shaken in his adhesion to the methods of the eternal Greeks and the eternal Romans. Schlegel, commenting upon the criticism which censures the incorporation of the story of *Gloster* and his sons with that of *Lear*, points out how skilfully the interweaving is carried out so as to secure the highest unity. In one sense the play is a compound of two tragedies—indeed Mr. Moulton has chosen to regard it as three tragedies in one; but the two are so worked that the single motive receives a double enforcement from actions which, though in some respects contrasted, fall within the same scheme of passion. Of the various excellences in the adaptation of details in the plot-construction, Schlegel has noted that the pity felt by *Gloster* for the fate of *Lear* becomes the means which enables his son *Edmund* to effect his complete destruction, and affords the outcast *Edgar* an opportunity of being the saviour of his father; while the activity of *Edmund* in the cause of *Regan* and *Goneril*, and the passion which both entertain for him, induce them to execute justice on each other and on themselves. Coleridge, with his wonted fineness of touch, has indicated how *Cordelia's* reluctance to yield a point to her father, the touch of his own stubbornness which animates her, lessens the glaring absurdity of *Lear's* conduct, which is again, in part, palliated by the similar unwillingness on *Kent's* part to abate anything in his blunt advocacy of *Cordelia*. He further points out that the conduct of *Edmund* to *Edgar* and his father is rendered plausible by the seemingly casual indication that *Edmund* has been abroad nine years, and that there has, therefore, been no co-domestication; that the *Fool* is from the first removed from the sphere of pure buffoonery by the anticipation of his entry in a reference which brings him into living connection with the higher passions and pathos of the play; that the character of *Albany* renders possible "a perfect sympathy of monstrosity" and contemporaneity of action on the part of *Regan* and *Goneril*; and that *Edgar's* assumed madness—he might have added also the professional

madness of the *Fool*—takes off part of the shock which would otherwise be caused by the true madness of *Lear*. Points such as these might readily be multiplied in evidence of the almost unerring judgment shown in the dramatic structure and minor details of the play. Only one man could have safely handled that great "trio of madness" in the middle act of the piece, and only one man could have carried the action through it and past it without anticlimax to a great termination. In one place only did Coleridge think that Shakespeare had urged the tragic of the play beyond the outermost mark of the dramatic—the blinding of *Gloster*; a point, however, bearing rather upon the proprieties of stage presentation than upon the dramatist's art in the abstract. From the point of view of the imagination the incident has to be judged by a less restricted standard of fitness—that of consistency with the environment in which the action is supposed to take place. The incident is one amongst other elements in the piece cited in support of the view that the play is to be characterized as the result of a deliberate endeavour to conduct us into heathen and barbaric times, a purposeful study by Shakespeare of an unruly and turbulent age, in which passion was lord of all. The characterization is obviously true in so far that Shakespeare has carefully refrained in the play from all direct reference to Christianity—a degree of chronological consistency possibly not without meaning in view of his other anachronisms; and there is good ground for the stress laid by Mr. Hales on the fact that the strange savage figures of the piece, and its crowding horrors and ghastliness, carry us back to the "dragons of the prime." Along the same line of inquiry is the question, also entered upon by the last-mentioned writer, as to the extent to which the play may be regarded as a deliberate study by Shakespeare in the characteristics of the Celtic race, and as taking an important place among the evidences of his acute sense of ethnological distinctions. By sentiment, if not by system, Shakespeare was inevitably more or less of an ethnologist in the perception of differences of national character and temperament, wit-

## INTRODUCTION.

ness the Teutonic characteristics in Hamlet, the Jewish in the Merchant of Venice, and the Italian in Romeo and Juliet; and the author of the New Exegesis of Shakespeare long since laid stress on the accurate discrimination of the Celtic characteristics in Macbeth. In King Lear this is even more striking; and in this regard at least Shakespeare has been almost faultlessly consistent with the demands of the old British tradition. Some special interest attaches to this in connection with the fact that Shakespeare himself was born on the old Welsh and English borderland, and that certain Celtic elements undoubtedly entered into his own character and genius.

Of the individual characters of the play it is noteworthy how completely, despite the many clearly-drawn and impressive characters, the figure of Lear dominates all, almost to the point of diffusing a certain madness wherever he may go. He is to be conceived as a large-brained, irritable-nerved man, impulsive, passionate, capable of inspiring the strongest attachment in the best natures, constitutionally compelled to lead, yet in a fantastic moment divesting himself of rulership, though impotent to put away at the same time the habit and necessity of ruling. The trial of the daughters accompanying this is rightly characterized by Coleridge as "a trick," it being manifest that the old king anticipates from Cordelia a profession of affection which will throw into the shade those of her sisters. He comes to her last of the three, but he has reserved for her the most opulent division of his kingdom. She has, moreover, heard the speeches of her sisters, only the turn of a phrase is required to outpace them in the rivalry of profession. At bottom he feels instinctively that her affection is truer and deeper than that of either Goneril or Regan, but he is too habituated to profession not to look for an expression commensurate with the feeling of which his instinct assures him. The trick undoes itself by its own foolishness, arousing, as it was bound to do in a nature like that of Cordelia, only pain and revulsion from the indignity of subjection to so gross a test, from the signs of weakness and senility

in the abrogation of power in this childish fashion, and from the unscrupulous eagerness of her sisters to turn their father's weakness to their own advantage. Not under conditions such as these can the full heart speak its love. A chilled and, when she turns to her sisters, even a disgustful reserve overspreads it, with some inherited touch of the obstinacy and pride which are so clearly discernible in the father. The excess of rage of the disappointed king, who finds the instinctive feeling after a greater depth of love in Cordelia momentarily baffled—who finds his longing for intense expression opposed in that pained, relentless, "Nothing, my lord," and his plans all thrown down and ridiculous, is perfectly natural under the conditions assumed. These are undoubtedly, so far as Lear is concerned, those of failing powers of restraint bordering upon madness, if, indeed, it may not be said that this borderland has been already crossed. On this point professionalism has some claim to speak, and at least three medical men, Dr. Brigham, Dr. Ray, and Dr. Bucknall, have certified the insanity of Lear from the very outset of the play, pointing out at the same time—as Coleridge had done before them—the profound insight with which Shakespeare has distinguished the assumed madness of Edgar from the real madness of Lear, and the wisdom of the poet's views with regard to the treatment of the insane. At the same time there is little satisfaction in approaching the study of Lear from the standpoint of Colney Hatch; indeed it is all but impossible to the reader who rises to the due height of the play. As Lamb well said, the passions of Lear are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom a mind like a sea with vast hidden riches, and in reading the play we are "sustained by a grandeur which baffles the malice of daughters and storms," discovering in the aberration of his reason "a mighty irregular power of reasoning, immethodized from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind bloweth where it listeth, at will on the corruptions and abuses of life." It is a madness which often transcends reason, and Lear the madman was never perhaps more a king. The qualities of Lear are reproduced to some extent in his

## KING LEAR

daughters, the better qualities in Cordelia, the worse in Goneril and Regan, but both in alliance with a certain absoluteness, pride, obstinacy, and impatience. Fine nature as that of Cordelia indisputably is, a spark more of conciliatory tact at the beginning would have averted the tragic fate. If, however, in Cordelia there is the touch of weakness which humanizes, there is in Goneril and Regan no touch of the goodness that redeems. They are bad enough in the old story, but Shakespeare scores even more deeply the lines of evil, adding conjugal infidelity to filial impiety. A curious likeness exists between them; and Victor Hugo, in view of this resemblance, has said that Shakespeare "takes ingratitude and gives this monster two heads, Goneril and Regan." Gervinus, however, has pointed out that Goneril is the calmer, the more resolute, the more pitiless, the stronger and the worse of the pair. Regan, as Dowden puts it, is "a smaller, shriller, fiercer, more eager piece of

malice." It is Goneril who first suggests the plucking out of Gloster's eyes; it is she who poisons her sister. Regan quails a little before her father's curse; but Goneril treats it as she would an ordinary outburst of petulance. The two share with Edmund and Oswald a place amongst the most hopelessly wicked characters of the Shakespearean plays. Amongst the other characters the Fool undoubtedly appeals most forcibly to the heart, from the first brief reference, to that significant disappearance in the very middle of the play. In no respect is Shakespeare's art more strikingly shown than in the way in which he thus lifts the Fool from the old level of extemporized clowning and buffoonery and gives the part the highest tragic force. It is in thorough keeping with the daring and profound reach of intellect which has given us in the work as a whole, perhaps "the greatest single achievement in poetry of the Teutonic or Northern genius."—  
R. M. W.



*Glo.*

Away, and let me die.—(Act iv. 6. 48.)

## KING LEAR.

### ACT I.

SCENE I. *A room of state in King Lear's palace.*

*Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.*

*Kent.* I thought the king had more affected<sup>1</sup> the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

*Glo.* It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weigh'd, that curiosity<sup>2</sup> in neither can make choice of either's moiety.<sup>3</sup>

*Kent.* Is not this your son, my lord?

*Glo.* His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge; I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't. 11

[*Kent.* I cannot conceive you.

*Glo.* Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-womb'd, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

*Kent.* I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.<sup>4</sup>

*Glo.* But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came something saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whore-son must be acknowledged.]—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

*Edm.* No, my lord.

*Glo.* My Lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

*Edm.* My services to your lordship.

*Kent.* I must love you, and sue to know you better. 31

*Edm.* Sir, I shall study deserving.

*Glo.* [He hath been out<sup>5</sup> nine years, and away he shall again.] [*Sennet within.*—The king is coming.

*Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.*

*Lear.* Attend the Lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

<sup>1</sup> *Affected*, liked, been partial to.

<sup>2</sup> *Curiosity*, curious scrutiny.

<sup>3</sup> *Moiety*, share. • <sup>4</sup> *Proper*, comely.

<sup>5</sup> *Out*, abroad.

*Glo.* I shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt Gloucester and Edmund.*]

*Lear.* Meantime we shall express our darker<sup>1</sup> purpose.—

Give me the map there.—Know that we've divided

In three our kingdom: and 't is our fast intent  
To shake all cares and business from our age;  
Conferring them on younger strengths, while  
we 41

Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of  
Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany,  
We have this hour a constant will to publish  
Our daughters' several dowers, that future  
strife

May be prevented now. The princes, France  
and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,  
Long in our court have made their amorous  
sojourn,

And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my  
daughters,—

Since now we will divest us both of rule, 50  
Interest of territory, cares of state,—

Which of you shall we say doth love us most?  
That we our largest bounty may extend  
Where nature doth with merit challenge.—

Goneril,

Our eldest-born, speak first.

*Gon.* Sir,

I love you more than words can wield<sup>2</sup> the  
matter;

Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty;  
Beyond what can be valu'd, rich or rare;  
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty,  
honour;

As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found;  
A love that makes breath poor, and speech  
unable; 61

[*Beyond all manner of so much I love you.*]

*Cor.* [*Aside*] What shall Cordelia speak?  
Love, and be silent.

*Lear.* Of all these bounds, even from this  
line to this,

With shadowy forests and with champaigns<sup>3</sup>  
rich'd,<sup>4</sup>

With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,  
We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's  
issue

Be this perpetual.—What says our second  
daughter,

Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

*Reg.* Sir, 70

I'm made of that self<sup>5</sup> metal as my sister,  
And prize me at her worth. In my true  
heart

I find she names my very deed of love;  
Only she comes too short,—that<sup>6</sup> I profess  
Myself an enemy to all other joys,  
Which the most precious square<sup>7</sup> of sense  
professes;

And find I am alone felicitate<sup>8</sup>

In your dear highness' love.

*Cor.* [*Aside*] Then poor Cordelia!

And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's  
More ponderous than my tongue. 80

*Lear.* To thee and thine hereditary ever  
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;  
No less in space, validity,<sup>9</sup> and pleasure,<sup>6</sup>  
Than that conferr'd on Goneril.—Now, our  
joy.

Although the last, not least; to whose young  
love

The vines of France and milk<sup>10</sup> of Burgundy  
Strive to be interest'd;<sup>11</sup> what can you say to  
draw

A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

*Cor.* Nothing, my lord.

*Lear.* Nothing! 90

*Cor.* Nothing.

*Lear.* Nothing will come of nothing: speak  
again.

*Cor.* Unhappy that I am, I cannot, heaven  
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty  
According to my bond;<sup>12</sup> nor more nor less.

*Lear.* How, how, Cordelia! mend your  
speech a little,

Lest it may mar your fortunes.

*Cor.*

Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I  
Return those duties back as are right fit, 99

<sup>5</sup> Self, same.

<sup>6</sup> That, in this, because.

<sup>7</sup> Square, compass, scope.

<sup>8</sup> Felicitate, made happy.

<sup>9</sup> Validity, value.

<sup>10</sup> Milk, pastures.

<sup>11</sup> Interest'd, interested.

<sup>12</sup> Bond, duty.

<sup>1</sup> Darker, more secret.

<sup>2</sup> Wield, express.

<sup>3</sup> Champaigns, plains.

<sup>4</sup> Rich'd, enriched.

Obey you, love you, and most honour you.  
 Why have my sisters husbands, if they say  
 They love you all?<sup>1</sup> Haply, when I shall wed,  
 That lord whose hand must take my plight<sup>2</sup>  
 shall carry  
 Half my love with him, half my care and duty:  
 Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,  
 To love my father all.

*Lear.* But goes thy heart with this?

*Cor.* Ay, good my lord.

*Lear.* So young, and so untender?

*Cor.* So young, my lord, and true.

*Lear.* Let it be so,—thy truth, then, be thy  
 dower: 110

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,  
 The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;  
 By all the operation of the orbs  
 From whom we do exist, and cease to be;  
 Here I disclaim all my paternal care,  
 Propinquity and property of blood,  
 And as a stranger to my heart and me  
 Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous  
 Scythian, .

Or he that makes his generation messes<sup>3</sup>  
 To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom 120  
 Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,  
 As thou my sometime daughter.

*Kent.* Good my liege,—

*Lear.* Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.—  
 I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest<sup>4</sup>  
 On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my  
 sight!—

So be my grave my peace, as here I give  
 Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—  
 who stirs?

Call Burgundy.—Cornwall and Albany,  
 With my two daughters' dowers digest<sup>5</sup> this  
 third: 130

Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry<sup>6</sup>  
 her.

I do invest you jointly with my power,  
 Pre-eminence, and all the large effects  
 That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly  
 course,

With reservation of an hundred knights,  
 By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode  
 Make with you by due turns. Only we still  
 retain

The name, and all th' additions<sup>7</sup> to a king;  
 The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,  
 Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm, 140  
 This coronet part between you.

[*Giving the crown.*

*Kent.* Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,  
 Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,  
 As my great patron thought on in my  
 prayers,—

*Lear.* The bow is bent and drawn, make<sup>8</sup>  
 from the shaft.

*Kent.* Let it fall rather, though the fork<sup>9</sup>  
 invade

The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,  
 When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do,  
 old man?

Think'st thou that duty shall have-dread to  
 speak,

When power to flattery bows? To plainness  
 honour's bound, 150

When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state;  
 And, in thy best consideration, check

This hideous rashness: answer my life my  
 judgment,

Thy youngest daughter does not love thee  
 least;

Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound  
 Reverbs<sup>10</sup> no hollowness.

*Lear.* Kent, on thy life, no more.

*Kent.* My life I never held but as a pawn  
 To wage<sup>11</sup> against thine enemies; nor fear to  
 lose it,

Thy safety being the motive.

*Lear.* Out of my sight!

*Kent.* See better, Lear; and let me still  
 remain 160

The true blank<sup>12</sup> of thine eye.

*Lear.* Now, by Apollo,—

*Kent.* Now, by Apollo, king,  
 Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

*Lear.* O, vassal! miscreant!

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

<sup>1</sup> All, none, altogether.

<sup>2</sup> Plight, troth.

<sup>3</sup> Makes his generation messes, devours his offspring.

<sup>4</sup> Set my rest, find rest, repose.

<sup>5</sup> Digest, enjoy (perhaps, incorporate).

<sup>6</sup> Marry, find a husband for.

<sup>7</sup> Additions, title.

<sup>8</sup> Fork, barbed head.

<sup>11</sup> Wage, wager, stake.

<sup>8</sup> Make, go, get away.

<sup>10</sup> Reverbs, reverberates.

<sup>12</sup> Blank, target.



*Alb. Corn.* Dear sir, forbear.

*Kent.* Do;

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow  
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;  
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,  
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

*Lear.* Hear me, recreant!  
On thine allegiance, hear me!—  
That thou hast sought to make us break our  
vow,—

Which we durst never yet,—and with strain'd<sup>1</sup>  
pride

To come between our sentence and our power,—  
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,—  
Our potency made good, take thy reward.  
Five days we do allot thee, for provision  
To shield thee from diseases<sup>2</sup> of the world;  
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back  
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day fol-  
lowing,

Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,  
The moment is thy death. Away! by Jupiter,  
This shall not be revok'd.

*Kent.* Fare thee well, king: sith<sup>3</sup> thus thou  
wilt appear,

Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—  
[*To Cordelia*] The gods to their dear shelter  
take thee, maid,

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly  
said!—

[*To Regan and Goneril*] And your large  
speeches may your deeds approve,

That good effects may spring from words of  
love.—

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu; 189  
He'll shape his old course in a country new.

[*Exit.*]

*Flourish.* Re-enter GLOSTER, with FRANCE,  
BURGUNDY, and Attendants.

*Glo.* Here's France and Burgundy, my noble  
lord.

*Lear.* My Lord of Burgundy,  
We first address towards you, who with this  
king  
Hath rivall'd for our daughter: what, in the  
least,

Will you require in present dower with her,  
Or cease your quest of love?

*Bur.* Most royal majesty,  
I crave no more than hath your highness  
offer'd,

Nor will you tender less<sup>4</sup>.

*Lear.* Right noble Burgundy,  
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;  
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she  
stands: 200

If aught within that little-seeming<sup>4</sup> substance,  
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,<sup>5</sup>  
And nothing more, may fitly like<sup>6</sup> your grace,  
She's there, and she is yours.

*Bur.* I know no answer.

*Lear.* Will you, with those infirmities<sup>7</sup> she  
owes,<sup>8</sup>

Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,  
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd<sup>9</sup> with  
our oath,

Take her, or leave her?

*Bur.* Pardon me, royal sir;  
Election makes not up on such conditions.<sup>6</sup>

*Lear.* Then leave her, sir; for, by the power  
that made me, 210

I tell you all her wealth.—[*To France*] For  
you, great king,

I would not from your love make such a stray<sup>10</sup>  
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech  
you

T' avert<sup>11</sup> your liking a more worthier way  
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed  
Almost t' acknowledge hers.

*France.* This is most strange,  
That she, who even but now was your best  
object,

The argument<sup>12</sup> of your praise, balm of your rage,  
Most best, most dear'st, should in this trice  
of time 219

Commit a thing so monstrous, to<sup>13</sup> dismantle  
So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence  
Must be of such unnatural degree,

That monsters<sup>14</sup> it, or your fore-vouch'd affec-  
tion

<sup>4</sup> Little-seeming, small in appearance.

<sup>5</sup> Piec'd, pieced out.

<sup>6</sup> Like, please.

<sup>7</sup> Infirmities, disabilities.

<sup>8</sup> Owes, ~~owns~~, has.

<sup>9</sup> Stranger'd, estranged, disowned.

<sup>10</sup> Make such a stray, go astray so far as.

<sup>11</sup> Avert, turn.

<sup>12</sup> Argument, theme.

<sup>13</sup> To, as to.

<sup>14</sup> Monsters, makes monstrous.

<sup>1</sup> Strain'd, excessive.

<sup>2</sup> Diseases, discomforts.

<sup>3</sup> Sith, since.

Fall'n into taint: which to believe of her,  
Must be a faith that reason without miracle  
Should never plant in me.

*Cor.* I yet beseech your majesty,—  
If for I want that glib and oily art,  
To speak and purpose not; since what I well  
intend,

I'll do't before I speak,—that you make known  
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness, 220  
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,  
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour;  
But even for want of that for which I'm  
richer,—

A still-soliciting<sup>1</sup> eye, and such a tongue.



*Cor.* Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides:  
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.

Well may you prosper!

*France.*

Come, my fair Cordelia.—(Act i. 1. 283-285.)

As I am glad I have not, though not to have it  
Hath lost me<sup>2</sup> in your liking.

*Lear.* Better thou  
Hast not been born than not t' have pleas'd  
me better.

*France.* Is it but this,—a tardiness in nature  
Which often leaves the history unspoke 239  
That it intends to do?—My Lord of Burgundy,  
What say you to the lady? Love's not love  
When it is mingled with regards that stand

Aloof from the entire<sup>3</sup> point. Will you have her?  
She is herself a dowry.

*Bur.* Royal Lear,  
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,  
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,  
Duchess of Burgundy.

*Lear.* Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

*Bur.* I'm sorry, then, you have so lost a  
father 249  
That you must lose a husband.

<sup>1</sup> Still-soliciting, ever-begging.

<sup>2</sup> Lost me, caused my loss.

<sup>3</sup> Entire, main, essential.

*Cor.* Peace be with Burgundy!  
Since that respects<sup>1</sup> of fortune are his love,  
I shall not be his wife.

*France.* Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich,  
being poor;

Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!  
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:  
Be't lawful I take up what's cast away.  
Gods, gods! 'tis strange that from their cold'st  
neglect

My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—  
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my  
chance, 259

Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:

[Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy  
Can buy this unpriz'd<sup>2</sup> precious maid of me.—  
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:<sup>3</sup>  
Thou lovest here, a better where to find.]

*Lear.* Thou hast her, France: let her be  
thine; for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see  
That face of hers again:—Therefore be gone  
Without our grace, our love, our benison.<sup>4</sup>—  
[Come, noble Burgundy.]

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt Lear, Burgundy,  
Cornwall, Albany, Gloster, and  
Attendants.*

*France.* Bid farewell to your sisters. 270

*Cor.* Ye jewels of our father, with wash'd<sup>5</sup>  
eyes

Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you  
are;

And, like a sister, am most loath to call  
Your faults as they are nam'd. Love well our  
father:

To your professed bosoms<sup>6</sup> I commit him:

[But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,  
I would prefer<sup>7</sup> him to a better place.]

So, farewell to you both.

*Reg.* Prescribe not us our duty.

*Gon.* Let your study

Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you  
At fortune's alms. [You have obedience  
scanted, 281

And well are worth the want that you have  
wanted.

<sup>1</sup> Respects, considerations.

<sup>2</sup> Unpriz'd, unappreciated.

<sup>4</sup> Benison, blessing.

<sup>6</sup> Bosoms, love.

<sup>3</sup> Unkind, unnatural.

<sup>5</sup> Wash'd, tearful.

<sup>7</sup> Prefer, commend.

*Cor.* Time shall unfold what plighted<sup>8</sup> cunning  
hides:

Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.]  
Well may you prosper!

*France.* Come, my fair Cordelia.  
[*Exeunt France and Cordelia.*

*Gon.* Sister, it is not little I have to say of  
what most nearly appertains to us both. I  
think our father will hence to-night.

*Reg.* That's most certain, and with you;  
next month with us. 290

*Gon.* You see how full of changes his age  
is; the observation we have made of it hath  
not been little: he always lov'd our sister  
most; and with what poor judgment he hath  
now cast her off appears too grossly.<sup>9</sup>

*Reg.* 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he  
hath ever but slenderly known himself.

*Gon.* The best and soundest of his time  
hath been but rash; then must we look to  
receive from his age, not alone the imperfec-  
tions of long-engrafted condition, but there-  
withal the unruly waywardness that infirm  
and choleric years bring with them.

*Reg.* Such unconstant<sup>10</sup> starts are we like  
to have from him as this of Kent's banishment.

*Gon.* There is further compliment of leave-  
taking between France and him. Pray you,  
let us hit<sup>11</sup> together: if our father carry author-  
ity with such dispositions as he bears, this  
last surrender of his will but offend<sup>12</sup> us. 310

*Reg.* We shall further think of it.

*Gon.* We must do something, and i' the heat.  
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. A hall in the Earl of Gloster's castle.

*Enter EDMUND, with a letter.*

*Edm.* Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy  
law

My services are bound. Wherefore should I  
Stand in<sup>13</sup> the plague of custom, and permit  
The curiosity<sup>14</sup> of nations to deprive me,  
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-  
shines

<sup>8</sup> Plighted, folded, secret.

<sup>10</sup> Unconstant, capricious.

<sup>12</sup> Offend, injure.

<sup>14</sup> Curiosity, scrupulousness.

<sup>9</sup> Grossly, palpably.

<sup>11</sup> Hit, agree.

<sup>13</sup> Stand in, be exposed to

Lag of<sup>1</sup> a brother! Why bastard? wherefore base?

When my dimensions are as well compact,<sup>2</sup>  
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,  
As honest madam's issue? [Why brand they us  
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?

Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take  
More composition and fierce quality  
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,  
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,  
Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well, then,  
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land: ]



Glo. Hum—conspiracy!—"Sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue."—(Act i. 2. 59, 60.)

Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund  
As to the legitimate: [fine word,—legitimate!  
Well, my legitimate,] if this letter speed,<sup>3</sup>  
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base  
Shall top the legitimate. [I grow; I prosper:—  
Now, gods, stand up for bastards! ]

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! and France in  
choler parted! <sup>4</sup>

And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd<sup>5</sup> his  
power!

Confin'd to exhibition!<sup>6</sup> All this done  
Upon the gad!<sup>7</sup>—Edmund, how now! what  
news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[Putting up the letter.

[Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up  
that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord. ]

Glo. What paper were you reading? <sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Lag of, lagging behind.  
<sup>2</sup> Speed, succeed.

<sup>3</sup> Compact, compacted.  
<sup>4</sup> Parted, departed.

<sup>5</sup> Subscrib'd, surrendered.

<sup>6</sup> Confin'd to exhibition, limited to an allowance.

<sup>7</sup> The gad, the spur of the moment.

*Edm.* Nothing, my lord.

31

*Glo.* No? What needed, then, that terrible<sup>1</sup> dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

*Edm.* I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

40

*Glo.* Give me the letter, sir.

*Edm.* I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

*Glo.* Let's see, let's see.

*Edm.* I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste<sup>2</sup> of my virtue.

*Glo.* [*Reads*]:

"This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times;<sup>3</sup> keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness<sup>4</sup> cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond<sup>5</sup> bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffer'd. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I wak'd him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother,

EDGAR."

Hum—conspiracy!—"Sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue,"—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? who brought it?

*Edm.* It was not brought me, my lord,—there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.<sup>6</sup>

*Glo.* You know the character<sup>7</sup> to be your brother's?

*Edm.* If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

70

*Glo.* It is his.

*Edm.* It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

*Glo.* Has he never before sounded you in this business?

*Edm.* Never, my lord: but I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect<sup>8</sup> age, and father declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

*Glo.* O villain, villain!—[His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested,<sup>9</sup> brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him;] I'll apprehend him:—abominable villain!—Where is he?

*Edm.* I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where,<sup>10</sup> if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel<sup>11</sup> my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence<sup>12</sup> of danger.

*Glo.* Think you so?

*Edm.* If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

101

*Glo.* He cannot be such a monster—

*Edm.* Nor is not, sure.

*Glo.* To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me<sup>13</sup> into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself,<sup>14</sup> to be in a due resolution.<sup>15</sup>

*Edm.* I will seek him, sir, presently; convey<sup>16</sup> the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

111

*Glo.* These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourg'd by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, dis-

<sup>8</sup> Perfect, full.

<sup>9</sup> Detested, detestable.

<sup>10</sup> Where, whereas. <sup>11</sup> Feel, test. <sup>12</sup> Pretence, design.

<sup>13</sup> Wind me, insinuate yourself.

<sup>14</sup> Unstate myself, sacrifice my rank and fortune.

<sup>15</sup> In a due resolution, duly satisfied.

<sup>16</sup> Convey, slyly manage.

<sup>1</sup> Terrible, affrighted.

<sup>2</sup> Essay or taste, trial or test.

<sup>3</sup> Times, life.

<sup>4</sup> Oldness, old age.

<sup>5</sup> Fond, foolish.

<sup>6</sup> Closet, chamber.

<sup>7</sup> Character, handwriting.

cord; in palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd  
'twixt son and father. This villain of mine  
comes under the prediction; there's son against  
father: the king falls from bias<sup>1</sup> of nature;  
there's father against child. We have seen  
the best of our time: machinations, hollow-  
ness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, fol-  
low us disquietly to our graves.—Find out  
this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee no-  
thing; do it carefully.—And the noble and  
true-hearted Kent banish'd! his offence, hon-  
our!—Tis strange. [Exit.]

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the  
world, that, when we are sick in fortune,—  
often the surfeit of our own behaviour,—we  
make guilty of our disasters the sun, the  
moon, and the stars: as if we were villains  
by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion;  
knaves, thieves, and treachers,<sup>2</sup> by spherical  
predominance;<sup>3</sup> [drunkards, liars, and adul-  
terers, by an enforc'd obedience of planetary  
influence;] and all that we are evil in, by a  
divine thrusting on: [an admirable evasion of  
whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposi-  
tion to the charge of a star! My father com-  
pounded with my mother under the Dragon's  
tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*;  
so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.  
—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the  
maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on  
my bastardizing.]—Edgar! pat he comes like  
the catastrophe of the old comedy: my cue is  
villanous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o'  
Bedlam.

Enter EDGAR.

[O, these eclipses do portend these divisions!  
fa, sol, la, mi.]

Edg. How now, brother Edmund! what  
serious contemplation are you in? 151

Edm. [I am thinking, brother, of a predic-  
tion I read this other day, what should follow  
these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of  
succeed<sup>4</sup> unhappily; as of unnaturalness be-  
tween the child and the parent; death, dearth,

dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in  
state, menaces and maledictions against king  
and nobles; needless diffidences,<sup>5</sup> banishment  
of friends, dissipation<sup>6</sup> of cohorts, nuptial  
breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary  
astronomical?<sup>7</sup>

Edm. Come, come;] when saw you my  
father last?

Edg. The night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together. 170

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found  
you no displeasure in him by word nor coun-  
tenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself wherein you may  
have offended him: and at my entreaty for-  
bear his presence till some little time hath  
qualified the heat of his displeasure; [which  
at this instant so rageth in him, that with the  
mischief of your person it would scarcely  
allay.]

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong. 180

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a  
continent<sup>8</sup> forbearance till the speed of his  
rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with  
me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly  
bring you to hear my lord speak: [pray ye,  
go; there's my key:]—if you do stir abroad,  
go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother!

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; I  
am no honest man if there be any good mean-  
ing toward you: I have told you what I have  
seen and heard but faintly, nothing like the  
image and horror of it: pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.

[Exit Edgar.]

A credulous father! and a brother noble,  
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,  
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty  
My practices<sup>9</sup> ride easy!—I see the business.—  
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:  
All with me's meet that I can fashion fit. 200

[Exit.]

<sup>1</sup> Bias, tendency.

<sup>2</sup> Treachers, traitors.

<sup>3</sup> Spherical predominance, influence of the spheres.

<sup>4</sup> Succeed, follow.

<sup>5</sup> Diffidences, distrusts.

<sup>6</sup> Dissipation, disbanding.

<sup>7</sup> Sectary astronomical, astrological disciple.

<sup>8</sup> Continent, restrained.

<sup>9</sup> Practices, plots.

SCENE III. *A room in the Duke of Albany's palace.**Enter GONERIL and OSWALD.*

*Gon.* Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

*Osw.* Ay, madam.

*Gon.* By day and night, he wrongs me; every hour

He flashes into one gross crime or other,  
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:

His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us

On every trifle.—When he returns from hunting,

I will not speak with him; say I am sick:—

If you come slack of former services,

You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

[*Horns within.*]

*Osw.* He's coming, madam; I hear him.

*Gon.* Put on what weary negligence you please,



*Edm.* Brother, I advise you to the best; I am no honest man if there be any good meaning toward you.—(Act 1. 2. 188-190.)

You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:

If he distaste<sup>1</sup> it, let him to my sister,  
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,  
Not to be over-ru'd. Idle old man,  
That still would manage those authorities  
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,  
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd  
With checks as<sup>2</sup> flatteries,—when they're  
seen abus'd. 20

Remember what I have said.

*Osw.* Very well, madam.

*Gon.* And let his knights have colder looks among you;

What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:

I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,  
That I may speak:—I'll write straight to my sister,

To hold my very course.—[Prepare for dinner.]

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A hall in the same**Enter KENT, disguised.*

*Kent.* If but as well I other accents borrow,  
That can my speech defuse,<sup>3</sup> my good intent  
May carry through itself to that full issue  
For which I raz'd<sup>4</sup> my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent,

If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,

So may it come,<sup>5</sup> thy master, whom thou lov'st,  
Shall find thee full of labours. 10

*Horns within.* *Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.*

*Lear.* Let me not stay<sup>6</sup> a jot for dinner; go get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now! what art thou?

*Kent.* A man, sir.

<sup>1</sup> *Distaste*, dislike.

<sup>2</sup> *Checks as*, reproofs as well as.

<sup>3</sup> *Defuse*, disorder, disguise.

<sup>5</sup> *Come*, come to pass that.

<sup>4</sup> *Raz'd*, erased.

<sup>6</sup> *Stay*, wait.

*Lear.* What dost thou profess?<sup>1</sup> What wouldst thou with us?

*Kent.* I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse<sup>2</sup> with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

*Lear.* What art thou?

*Kent.* A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king. 21

*Lear.* If thou be as poor for a subject as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

*Kent.* Service.

*Lear.* Who wouldst thou serve?

*Kent.* You.

*Lear.* Dost thou know me, fellow?

*Kent.* No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

*Lear.* What's that? 31

*Kent.* Authority.

*Lear.* What services canst thou do?

*Kent.* I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious<sup>3</sup> tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

*Lear.* How old art thou? 39

*Kent.* Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

*Lear.* Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool?—Go you, and call my fool hither. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

*Enter OSWALD.*

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

*Osw.* So please you,— [*Exit.*]

*Lear.* What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll<sup>4</sup> back. [*Exit a Knight.*—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.

*Re-enter Knight.*

How low! where's that mongrel?

*Knight.* He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

*Lear.* Why came not the slave back to me when I call'd him?

*Knight.* Sir, he answered me in the roundest<sup>5</sup> manner, he would not.

*Lear.* He would not! 60

*Knight.* My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the duke himself also and your daughter.

*Lear.* Ha! sayest thou so?

*Knight.* I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wrong'd. 71

*Lear.* Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint<sup>6</sup> neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence<sup>7</sup> and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

*Knight.* Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

*Lear.* No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*—Go you, call hither my fool. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

*Re-enter OSWALD.*

O, you sir, you, come you hither, sir: who am I, sir?

*Osw.* My lady's father.

*Lear.* "My lady's father"! my lord's knave: you [whoreson] dog! you slave! you cur!

*Osw.* I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon. 81

*Lear.* Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? [*Striking him.*]

*Osw.* I'll not be struck, my lord.

*Kent.* Nor tripp'd neither, you base football player. [*Tripping up his heels.*]

*Lear.* I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

<sup>1</sup> *Profess*, profess to do.

<sup>3</sup> *Curious*, elaborate.

<sup>2</sup> *Converse*, associate.

<sup>4</sup> *Clotpoll*, clodpole.

<sup>5</sup> *Roudest*, bluntest.

<sup>6</sup> *Faint*, slight.

<sup>7</sup> *Very pretence*, actual intention.



*Kent.* Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away! go to; have you wisdom? so.

[*Pushes Oswald out.*]

*Lear.* Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

[*Giving Kent money.*]

*Enter Fool.*

*Fool.* Let me hire him too:—here's my coxcomb. [*Offering Kent his cap.*]

*Lear.* How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

*Fool.* Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

*Kent.* Why, fool? 110

*Fool.* Why, for taking one's part that's out of favour: nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou 'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb:<sup>1</sup> why, this fellow has banish'd two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle! [Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!]

*Lear.* Why, my boy? 119

*Fool.* If I gave them all my living,<sup>2</sup> I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

*Lear.* Take heed, sirrah,—the whip.

*Fool.* Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipp'd out, when Lady, the brach,<sup>3</sup> may stand by the fire and stink.

*Lear.* A pestilent gall to me!

*Fool.* ] Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

*Lear.* Do.

*Fool.* Mark it, nuncle; 130

Have more than thou showest,  
Speak less than thou knowest,  
Lend less than thou owest,<sup>4</sup>  
Ride more than thou goest,<sup>5</sup>  
Learn more than thou trowest,<sup>6</sup>  
Set<sup>7</sup> less than thou throwest;  
[Leave thy drink and thy whore,  
And keep in-a-door,]  
And thou shalt have more  
Than two tens to a score. 140

*Kent.* This is nothing, fool. 141

*Fool.* Then 't is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer,—you gave me nothing for 't.—Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

*Lear.* Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

*Fool.* [To *Kent*] Prithce, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool.

*Lear.* A bitter fool! 150

*Fool.* Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

*Lear.* No, lad; teach me.

*Fool.* That lord that counsell'd thee  
To give away thy land,  
Come place him here by me,—  
Do thou for him stand:  
The sweet and bitter fool  
Will presently appear;  
The one in motley here, 160  
The other found out there.

*Lear.* Dost thou call me fool, boy?

*Fool.* All thy other titles, thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

*Kent.* This is not altogether fool, my lord.

*Fool.* No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on 't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns. 171

*Lear.* What two crowns shall they be?

*Fool.* Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. [When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: ] thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so. 180

[*Singing:* Fools had ne'er less grace in a year;  
For wise men are grown foppish,<sup>8</sup>  
And know not how their wits to wear,  
Their manners are so apish.

*Lear.* When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

*Fool.* I have used it, nuncle, e'er since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers: for when

<sup>1</sup> Coxcomb, fool's cap.

<sup>2</sup> Living, property.

<sup>3</sup> Brach, female hound.

<sup>4</sup> Owest, ownest.

<sup>5</sup> Goest, walkest. <sup>6</sup> Trowest, knowest. <sup>7</sup> Set, stake.

<sup>8</sup> Foppish, foolish.

{thou gavest them the rod, and puttdest down  
thine own breeches,] 190

*Singing:* Then they for sudden joy did weep,  
And I for sorrow sung,  
That such a king should play bo-peep,  
And go the fools among.

Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can  
teach thy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

*Lear.* An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you  
whipp'd.

*Fool.* I marvel what kin thou and thy  
daughters are: they'll have me whipp'd for  
speaking true, thou'lt have me whipp'd for  
lying; and sometimes I am whipp'd for hold-  
ing my peace. I had rather be any kind o'  
thing than a fool: and yet I would not be  
thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both  
sides, and left nothing i' the middle:—here  
comes one o' the parings.

*Enter GONERIL.*

*Lear.* How now, daughter! what makes  
that frontlet<sup>1</sup> on? Methinks you are too  
much of late i' the frown. 209

[*Fool.* Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou  
hadst no need to care for her frowning; now  
thou art an O without a figure: I am better  
than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art noth-  
ing.—[*To Goneril*] Yes, forsooth, I will hold  
my tongue; so your face bids me, though you  
say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,  
Weary of all, shall want some.—

That's a shealed<sup>2</sup> peascod. [*Pointing to Lear.*]

*Gon.* Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd  
fool, 220

But other of your insolent retinue<sup>3</sup>  
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth  
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots.

Sir,

I had thought, by making this well known  
unto you,

T'have found a safe redress; but now grow  
fearful,

By what yourself too late have spoke and  
done,

That you protect this course, and put it on<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Frontlet*, forehead (look).

<sup>2</sup> *Shealed*, shelled.

<sup>3</sup> *Retinue*, accented on second syllable.

<sup>4</sup> *Put it on*, encourage it.

By your allowance; [which if you should, the  
fault

Would not scape censure, nor the redresses  
sleep, 229

Which, in the tender of<sup>5</sup> a wholesome weal,<sup>6</sup>  
Might in their working do you that offence,  
Which else were shame, that then necessity  
Will call discreet proceeding.]

*Fool.* For, you trow, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,  
That it's had it<sup>7</sup> head bit off by it young.

[So, out went the candle, and we were left  
darkling.<sup>8</sup>]

*Lear.* Are you our daughter?

*Gon.* Come, sir,

I would you would make use of that good  
wisdom 240

Whereof I know you're fraught; and put away  
These dispositions, that of late transform you  
From what you rightly are.

[*Fool.* May not an ass know when the cart  
draws the horse!—Whoop, Jug! I love thee.]

*Lear.* Doth any here know me?—Why, this  
is not Lear:

Doth Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where  
are his eyes?

Either his notion<sup>9</sup> weakens, or his discernings  
Are lethargied—Ha! waking? 't is not so.—  
Who is it that can tell me who I am?— 250

*Fool.* Lear's shadow.

[*Lear.* I would learn that; for, by the  
marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason,  
I should be false—persuaded I had daughters.

*Fool.* Which they will make an obedient  
father.]

*Lear.* Your name, fair gentlewoman?

*Gon.* This admiration,<sup>10</sup> sir, is much o' the  
savour

Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you  
To understand my purpose aright: 260

As you are old and reverend, you should be  
wise.

Here do you keep a hundred knights and  
squires;

Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd,<sup>11</sup> and bold,

<sup>5</sup> *Tender of*, regard for.

<sup>6</sup> *Wholesome weal*, healthy commonwealth.

<sup>7</sup> *It*, its (old possessive).

<sup>8</sup> *Darkling*, in the dark.

<sup>9</sup> *Notion*, mind.

<sup>10</sup> *Admiration*, astonishment.

<sup>11</sup> *Debosh'd*, debauched.

That this our court, infected with their manners,

Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust  
[Make it more like a tavern or a brothel  
Than a grac'd<sup>1</sup> palace.] The shame itself doth speak

For instant remedy: be, then, desir'd  
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,  
A little to disquantity<sup>2</sup> your train; 270  
And the remainder, that shall still depend,  
To be such men as may besort<sup>3</sup> your age,  
Which know themselves and you.

*Lear.* Darkness and devils!—  
Saddle my horses; call my train together.—  
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee:  
Yet have I left a daughter.

*Gon.* You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble  
Make servants of their betters.

*Enter ALBANY.*

*Lear.* Woe, that too late repents, — [To  
*Albany*] O, sir, are you come!  
Is it your will? Speak, sir. — Prepare my  
horses. — 280

Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,  
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child  
Than the sea-monster!

*Alb.* Pray, sir, be patient.

*Lear.* [To *Goneril*] Detested<sup>4</sup> kite! thou liest:  
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,  
That all particulars of duty know,  
And in the most exact regard support  
The worships of their name.—O most small  
fault,

How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!  
Which, like an engine,<sup>5</sup> wrench'd my frame  
of nature 290

From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all  
love,

And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!  
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,

[*Striking his head.*]

And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my  
people.

*Alb.* My lord, I'm guiltless, as I'm ignorant  
Of what hath mov'd you.

<sup>1</sup> *Grac'd*, dignified.

<sup>2</sup> *Disquantity*, diminish.

<sup>3</sup> *Besort*, become.

<sup>4</sup> *Detested*, detestable.

<sup>5</sup> *Engine*, rack.

*Lear.*

It may be so, my lord.—

Hear, nature, hear; dear goddess, hear!

Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend

To make this creature fruitful!

Into her womb convey sterility! 300

Dry up in her the organs of increase;

And from her derogate<sup>6</sup> body never spring

A babe to honour her! If she must teem,<sup>7</sup>

Create her child of spleen; that it may live,

And be a thwart<sup>8</sup> disnatur'd<sup>9</sup> torment to her!

Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;

With cadent<sup>10</sup> tears fret channels in her cheeks;

Turn all her mother's<sup>11</sup> pains and benefits

To laughter and contempt,—that she may feel

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is 310

To have a thankless child!—Away, away!

[*Exit.*]

*Alb.* Now, gods that we adore, whereof  
comes this?

*Gon.* Never afflict yourself to know the cause;  
But let his disposition have that scope  
That dotage gives it.

*Re-enter LEAR.*

*Lear.* What, fifty of my followers at a clap!  
Within a fortnight!

*Alb.* What's the matter, sir?

*Lear.* I'll tell thee,—[To *Goneril*] Life and  
death! I am ashamed

That thou hast power to shake my manhood  
thus;

That these hot tears, which break from me  
perforce, 320

Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and  
fogs upon thee!

Th' untented<sup>12</sup> woundings of a father's curse  
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,

Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,

And cast you, with the waters that you lose,

To temper clay.—Ha, is it come to this?

Let it be so:—I have another daughter,

Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable:<sup>13</sup>

When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails

She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find

<sup>6</sup> *Derogate*, degraded, depraved.

<sup>7</sup> *Teem*, bear children.

<sup>8</sup> *Thwart*, perverse.

<sup>9</sup> *Disnatur'd*, unnatural.

<sup>10</sup> *Cadent*, falling.

<sup>11</sup> *Mother's*, maternal.

<sup>12</sup> *Untented*, incurable.

<sup>13</sup> *Comfortable*, ready to comfort.

That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think 331

I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.

[*Exeunt Lear, Kent, and Attendants.*]

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,

To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!—

[*To the Fool*] You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take the fool with thee.—

A fox, when one has caught her, 340  
And such a daughter,  
Should sure to the slaughter,  
If my cap would buy a halter:  
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*]

Gon. This man hath had good counsel:—a hundred knights!

'Tis politic and safe to let him keep

At point<sup>1</sup> a hundred knights: yes, that, on every dream,

Each buzz,<sup>2</sup> each fancy, each complaint, dislike,

He may enguard<sup>3</sup> his dotage with their powers,  
And hold our lives in mercy.<sup>4</sup>—Oswald, I say!—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far:

Let me still<sup>5</sup> take away the harms I fear,

Not fear still to be taken:<sup>6</sup> I know his heart.

What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister:

If she sustain him and his hundred knights,

When I have show'd th' unfitness,—

*Re-enter OSWALD.*

How now, Oswald!

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horses

Inform her full of my particular fear; 300

And thereto add such reasons of your own

As may compact it more. Get you gone;

<sup>1</sup> At point, at call, ready.

<sup>2</sup> Buzz, whisper.

<sup>3</sup> Enguard, guard.

<sup>4</sup> In mercy, at his mercy.

<sup>5</sup> Still, ever.

<sup>6</sup> Taken, overtaken (by the harms).

And hasten your return. [*Exit Oswald.*] No, no, my lord, 363

This milky gentleness and course of yours,  
Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,  
You are much more at task<sup>7</sup> for want of wisdom

Than prais'd for harmful mildness.



Fool. So the fool follows after.—(Act i. 4. 344.)

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell:

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then— 370

Alb. Well, well; the event.<sup>8</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Court before the same.

*Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.*

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters. Acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

<sup>7</sup> At task, to be taken to task, at fault.

<sup>8</sup> The event, the result (will show). •

*Kent.* I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*]

*Fool.* If a man's brains were in's heels, were't not in danger of kibes?<sup>1</sup>

*Lear.* Ay, boy. 10

*Fool.* Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit shall ne'er go slipshod.

*Lear.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Fool.* Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab<sup>2</sup>'s like an apple, yet I can what I can tell.

*Lear.* What canst tell, boy?

*Fool.* She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle on's face? 20

*Lear.* No.

*Fool.* Why, to keep one's eyes of either side's nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

*Lear.* I did her wrong—

*Fool.* Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

*Lear.* No.

*Fool.* Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house. 30

*Lear.* Why?

*Fool.* Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

*Lear.* I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

*Fool.* Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars<sup>3</sup> are no mice<sup>4</sup> than seven is a pretty reason.

*Lear.* Because they are not eight? 40

*Fool.* Yes, indeed: thou wouldst make a good fool.

*Lear.* To take't again perforce!<sup>5</sup>—Monster ingratitude!

*Fool.* If thou wert my fool, ifuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

*Lear.* How's that?

*Fool.* Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

*Lear.* O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! 50

Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!

*Enter Gentleman.*

How now! are the horses ready?

*Gent.* Ready, my lord.

*Lear.* Come, boy.

*Fool.* She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure.

Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *A court within the castle of the Earl of Gloster.*

*Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.*

*Edm.* Save thee, Curan.

*Cur.* And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.

*Edm.* How comes that?

*Cur.* Nay, I know not.—You have heard of the news abroad,—I mean the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing<sup>6</sup> arguments?

*Edm.* Not I: pray you, what are they? 10

*Cur.* Have you heard of no likely wars toward? 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

*Edm.* Not a word.

*Cur.* You may do, then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Edm.* The Duke be here to-night? The better! best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business. My father hath set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a queasy<sup>8</sup> question, Which I must act:—briefness and fortune, work!— 20

Brother, a word;—descend:—brother, I say!

<sup>1</sup> Kibes, chilblains.

<sup>2</sup> Crab, crab-apple.

<sup>3</sup> Seven stars, the Pleiades.

<sup>4</sup> Mice, more.

<sup>5</sup> Perforce, by force. <sup>6</sup> Ear-kissing, whispered in the ear.

<sup>7</sup> Toward, coming, in preparation.

<sup>8</sup> Queasy, delicate.

*Enter EDGAR.*

My father watches:—O sir, fly this place; 22  
Intelligence is given where you are hid;  
You've now the good advantage of the night:—  
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of  
Cornwall?

He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' th'  
haste,

And Regan with him: have you nothing said  
Upon his party<sup>1</sup> 'gainst the Duke of Albany?  
Advise yourself.

*Edg.* I'm sure on't, not a word.

*Edm.* I hear my father coming:—pardon  
me; 30

In cunning I must draw my sword upon you:—  
Draw: seem to defend yourself: now quit  
you well.—

Yield:—come before my father.—Light, ho,  
here!

Fly, brother.—Torches, torches!—So, farewell.

[*Exit Edgar.*

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion

[*Wounds his arm.*

Of my more fierce endeavour: I've seen  
drunkards

Do more than this in sport.—Father, father!—  
Stop, stop!—No help?

*Enter GLOSTER, and Servants with torches.*

*Glo.* Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

*Edm.* Here stood he in the dark, his sharp  
sword out, 40

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the  
moon.

To stand auspicious mistress,--

*Glo.* But where is he?

*Edm.* Look, sir, I bleed.

*Glo.* Where is the villain, Edmund?

*Edm.* Fled this way, sir, when by no means  
he could--

*Glo.* Pursue him, ho!--Go after. [*Exeunt  
some Servants.*]-By no means what?

*Edm.* Persuade me to the murder of your  
lordship;

[*But that I told him the revenging gods  
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;  
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond*

The child was bound to the father;—sir, in  
fine,] 50

Seeing how loathly<sup>2</sup> opposite I stood  
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,<sup>3</sup>  
With his prepared sword he charges home  
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:  
But when he saw my best alarm'd<sup>4</sup> spirits,  
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to th' en-  
counter,

Or whether gasted<sup>5</sup> by the noise I made,  
Full suddenly he fled.

*Glo.* Let him fly far:

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;  
And found—dispatch.—The noble duke my  
master, 60

My worthy arch<sup>6</sup> and patron, comes to-night:  
By his authority I will proclaim it,  
That he which finds him shall deserve our  
thanks,

Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;  
He that conceals him, death.

[*Edm.* When I dissuaded him from his  
intent,

And found him pight<sup>7</sup> to do it, with curst<sup>8</sup>  
speech

I threaten'd to discover him: he replied,  
"Thou unpossessing<sup>9</sup> bastard! dost thou think,  
If I would stand against thee, would the re-  
posul 70

Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee  
Make thy words faith'd?<sup>10</sup> No: what I should  
deny,--

As this I would; ay, though thou didst pro-  
duce

My very character,<sup>11</sup>--I'd turn it all  
To thy suggestion,<sup>12</sup> plot, and damned prac-  
tice:

And thou must make a dullard of the world,  
If they not thought the profits of my death  
Were very pregnant<sup>13</sup> and potential spurs  
To make thee seek it."

*Glo.* Strong and fasten'd<sup>14</sup> villain!

<sup>2</sup> Loathly, loathingly.

<sup>3</sup> Motion, attack (a fencing term).

<sup>4</sup> Best alarm'd, thoroughly roused.

<sup>5</sup> Gasted, frightened.

<sup>6</sup> Arch, chief.

<sup>7</sup> Pight, fixed, settled.

<sup>8</sup> Curst, sharp, harsh.

<sup>9</sup> Unpossessing, incapable of inheriting.

<sup>10</sup> Faith'd, believed.

<sup>11</sup> Character, handwriting.

<sup>12</sup> Suggestion, evil prompting.

<sup>13</sup> Pregnant, ready.

<sup>14</sup> Fasten'd, confirmed.

<sup>1</sup> Party, part, side.

{ Would he deny his letter?—I never got<sup>1</sup>  
him.—} [Tucket within.

Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why  
he comes.— 81

All ports<sup>2</sup> I'll bar; the villain shall not  
scape;

The duke must grant me that: besides, his  
picture

I will send far and near, that all the kingdom  
May have due note of him; and of my land,  
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means  
To make thee capable.<sup>3</sup>

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.*

*Corn.* How now, my noble friend! since I  
came hither,—

Which I can call but now,—I've heard strange  
news.

*Reg.* If it be true, all vengeance comes too  
short 90

Which can pursue th' offender. How dost,  
my lord?

{ [*Glo.* O, madam, my old heart is crack'd,—  
it's crack'd!

{ [*Reg.*] What, did my father's godson seek  
your life?

He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

*Glo.* O lady, lady, shame would have it  
hid!

*Reg.* Was he not companion with the riot-  
ous knights

That tend upon my father?

{ [*Glo.* I know not, madam:—'t is too bad,  
too bad.]

*Edm.* Yes, madam, he was of that consort.<sup>4</sup>

*Reg.* No marvel, then, though he were ill  
affected: 100

{ ['Tis they have put him on<sup>5</sup> the old man's  
death,

{ To have th' expense and waste of his revenues.<sup>6</sup>]

I have this present evening from my sister  
Been well inform'd of them; and with such

cautions,

That if they come to sojourn at my house,  
I'll not be there.

*Corn.* Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—

<sup>1</sup> Got, hegot.

<sup>2</sup> Ports, gates.

<sup>3</sup> Capable, a possible heir.

<sup>4</sup> Consort, set, company.

<sup>5</sup> Put him on, incited him to.

<sup>6</sup> Revenues, agented on second syllable.

Edmund, I hear that you have shown your  
father

A child-like office.

*Edm.* 'T was my duty, sir.

*Glo.* He did bewray<sup>7</sup> his practice:<sup>8</sup> and  
receiv'd 109

This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

*Corn.* Is he pursu'd?

*Glo.* Ay, my good lord.

*Corn.* If he be taken, he shall never more  
Be fear'd of<sup>9</sup> doing harm: [make your own  
purpose,

How in my strength<sup>10</sup> you please.]—For you,  
Edmund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant  
So much commend itself, you shall be ours:

Natures of such deep trust<sup>11</sup> we shall much  
need;

You we first seize on.

*Edm.* I shall serve you, sir,

Truly, however else.

*Glo.* For him I thank your grace.

*Corn.* You know not why we came to visit  
you,— 120

*Reg.* Thus out of season, threading dark-  
ey'd night:

[Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poise,<sup>12</sup>  
Wherein we must have use of your advice:]—

Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,  
Of differences, which I best thought it fit

To answer from our home; the several mes-  
sengers

From hence attend dispatch. Our good old  
friend,

Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow

Your needful counsel to our businesses, 129  
Which craves the instant use.

*Glo.* I serve you, madam:

Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before Gloster's castle.*

*Enter KENT and OSWALD, severally.*

{ [*Osw.* Good dawning to thee, friend: art of  
this house?

*Kent.* Ay.

<sup>7</sup> Bewray, betray.

<sup>8</sup> Practice, plot.

<sup>9</sup> Of, for, as to.

<sup>10</sup> In my strength, with my authority.

<sup>11</sup> Trust, trustworthiness.

<sup>12</sup> Poise, weight.

*Osw.* Where may we set our horses?

*Kent.* I' the mire.

*Osw.* Prithee, if thou lovest me, tell me.

*Kent.* I love thee not.

*Osw.* Why, then, I care not for thee.

*Kent.* If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold,<sup>1</sup> I would make thee care for me. 10

*Osw.* Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

*Kent.* Fellow, I know thee.

*Osw.* What dost thou know me for?

*Kent.* A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited,<sup>2</sup> hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stock-



*Kent.* Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king.—(Act II. 2. 38, 39.)

ing,<sup>3</sup> knave; a lily-livered, action-taking,<sup>4</sup> whorson, glass-gazing,<sup>5</sup> superserviceable,<sup>6</sup> finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting<sup>7</sup> slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into glamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Pinfold*, pound.

<sup>2</sup> *Three-suited*, with only three suits of clothes.

<sup>3</sup> *Worsted-stocking*, wearing cheap stockings, shabby.

<sup>4</sup> *Action-taking*, prying lawsuits.

<sup>5</sup> *Glass-gazing*, vain.

<sup>6</sup> *Superserviceable*, officious.

<sup>7</sup> *One-trunk-inheriting*, beggarly. <sup>8</sup> *Addition*, title.

*Osw.* Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee! 29

*Kent.* What a brazen-fac'd varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days since I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you: draw, you whorson cullionly<sup>9</sup> barber-monger,<sup>10</sup> draw.

[Drawing his sword.]

*Osw.* Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

*Kent.* Draw, you rascal: you come with

<sup>9</sup> *Cullionly*, base, vile.

<sup>10</sup> *Barber-monger*, top.



letters against the king; and take Vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father: draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado<sup>1</sup> your shanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.

*Osw.* Help, ho! murder! help!

*Kent.* Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat<sup>2</sup> slave, strike. [*Beating him.*]

*Osw.* Help, ho! murder! murder!

*Enter EDMUND.*

*Edm.* How now! What's the matter?

[*Kent.* With you, goodman boy, if you please: come, I'll flesh ye; come on, young master. ]

*Enter GLOSTER.*

[*Glo.* Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?]

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Servants.*

*Corn.* Keep peace, upon your lives; He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

*Reg.* The messengers from our sister and the king.

*Corn.* What is your difference?<sup>3</sup> speak.

*Osw.* I am scarce in breath, my lord.

*Kent.* No marvel, you have so bestir'd your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in<sup>4</sup> thee: a tailor made thee. 60

*Corn.* Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

*Kent.* Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours o' the trade.

*Corn.* Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

*Osw.* This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd at suit of his gray beard,—

*Kent.* [Thou whoreson zed!] thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted<sup>5</sup> villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes<sup>6</sup> with him.—“Spare my gray beard,” you wagtail?

*Corn.* Peace, sirrah!

[You beastly knave,] know you no reverence?

*Kent.* Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

*Corn.* Why art thou angry?

[*Kent.* That such a slave as this should wear a sword,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain 80  
Which are too intrinse<sup>7</sup> t' unloose; smooth<sup>8</sup>  
every passion

That in the natures of their lords rebel;  
Being oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;  
Renege,<sup>9</sup> affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks  
With every gale and vary of their masters,  
Knowing naught, like dogs, but following.—  
A plague upon your epileptic visage!  
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?  
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,  
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot. 90

*Corn.* What, art thou mad, old fellow?

*Glo.* How fell you out? say that. ]

*Kent.* No contraries hold more antipathy  
Than I and such a knave.

*Corn.* Why dost thou call him knave? What is his fault?

*Kent.* His countenance likes<sup>10</sup> me not.

*Corn.* No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

*Kent.* Sir, 't is my occupation to be plain:  
I have seen better faces in my time  
Than stands on any shoulder that I see 100  
Before me at this instant.

*Corn.* This is some fellow,  
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth  
affect

A saucy roughness, [and constrains the garb<sup>11</sup>]  
Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he,—  
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak  
truth!

An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain. ]  
These kind of knaves I know, which in this  
plainness

Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends  
Than twenty silly-ducking<sup>12</sup> observants<sup>13</sup>  
That stretch their duties nicely.<sup>14</sup> 110

[*Kent.* Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,

<sup>1</sup> Carbonado, notch, cut.

<sup>2</sup> Neat, mere (perhaps, spruce, finical).

<sup>3</sup> Difference, quarrel.

<sup>4</sup> Disclaims in, disowns.

<sup>5</sup> Unbolted, coarse.

<sup>6</sup> Jakes, privy.

<sup>7</sup> Intrinse, intricate.

<sup>8</sup> Smooth, flatter.

<sup>9</sup> Renege, deny.

<sup>10</sup> Likes, pleases.

<sup>11</sup> Constrains the garb, distorts his appearance.

<sup>12</sup> Silly-ducking, obsequious.

<sup>13</sup> Observants, servile persons. <sup>14</sup> Nicely, scrupulously.

Under th' allowance of your great aspect,<sup>1</sup>  
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire  
On flickering Phœbus' front,—

*Corn.* What mean'st by this?

*Kent.* To go out of my dialect, which you  
discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no  
flatterer: he that beguill'd you in a plain ac-  
cent was a plain knave; which, for my part,  
I will not be, though I should win your dis-  
pleasure to entreat me to 't. 120

*Corn.* What was the offence you gave him?

*Org.* I never gave him any:

It pleas'd the king his master very late  
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;  
When he, compact,<sup>2</sup> and flattering his dis-  
pleasure,

Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,  
And put upon him such a deal of man,  
That worthied<sup>3</sup> him, got praises of the king  
For him attempting<sup>4</sup> who was self-subdu'd;  
And, in the fleshment<sup>5</sup> of this dread exploit,  
Drew on me here again.

[*Kent.* None of these rogues and cowards  
But Ajax is their fool.<sup>6</sup>]

*Corn.* Fetch forth the stocks!—

You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend  
braggart, 133

We'll teach you—

*Kent.* Sir, I am too old to learn:  
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;  
On whose employment I was sent to you:  
You shall do small respect, show too bold  
malice

Against the grace and person of my master,  
Stocking<sup>7</sup> his messenger.

*Corn.* Fetch forth the stocks!—As I have  
life and honour, 140  
There shall he sit till noon.

*Reg.* Till noon! till night, my lord; and all  
night too.

*Kent.* Why, madam, if I were your father's  
dog,

You should not use me so.

*Reg.* Sir, being his knave, I will.

*Corn.* This is a fellow of the self-same colour  
Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away<sup>8</sup> the  
stocks! [*Stocks brought out.*]

*Glo.* Let me beseech your grace not to do so:  
His fault is much, and the good king his master  
Will check<sup>9</sup> him for 't: [your purpos'd low  
correction 149

Is such as basest and contemn'd'st wretches  
For pilferings and most common trespasses  
Are punish'd with:] the king must take it ill,  
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,  
Should have him thus restrain'd.

*Corn.* I'll answer that.

*Reg.* My sister may receive it much more  
worse,

To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,  
For following her affairs.—[Put in his legs.—]

[*Kent is put in the stocks.*]

Come, my lord, away.]

[*Exeunt all except Gloucester and Kent.*]

*Glo.* I'm sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the  
duke's pleasure,

Whose disposition, all the world well knows,  
Will not be rubb'd or stopp'd: I'll entreat  
for thee. 151

*Kent.* Pray, do not, sir: I've watch'd, and  
travell'd hard;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll  
whistle.

A good man's fortune may grow out at  
heels:

Give you good morrow!

*Glo.* The duke's to blame in this; 't will be  
ill taken. [*Exit.*]

*Kent.* Good king, that must approve<sup>10</sup> the  
common saw,<sup>11</sup>—

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st  
To the warm sun! 159

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,  
That by thy comfortable<sup>12</sup> beams I may

Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees  
miracles

But misery;—I know 't is from Cordelia,  
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd  
Of my obscured<sup>13</sup> course; and shall find time  
From this enormous<sup>14</sup> state, seeking to give

<sup>1</sup> Aspect, accented on second syllable.

<sup>2</sup> Compact, joining with him.

<sup>3</sup> Worthied, exalted.

<sup>4</sup> Him attempting, attacking him.

<sup>5</sup> Fleshment, glory, exultation.

<sup>6</sup> Their fool, a fool to them.

<sup>7</sup> Stocking, putting in the stocks.

<sup>8</sup> Bring away, bring along.

<sup>9</sup> Check, chide, reprove.

<sup>10</sup> Approve, prove true.

<sup>11</sup> Saw, saying.

<sup>12</sup> Comfortable, comforting.

<sup>13</sup> Obscured, disguised.

<sup>14</sup> Enormous, abnormal.

Losses their remedies.—All weary and o'er-  
watch'd,<sup>1</sup>

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold

This shameful lodging.

179

Fortune, good night: smile once more; turn  
thy wheel!

[Sleeps.]

SCENE III. *The open country.**Enter EDGAR.*

*Edg.* I heard myself proclaim'd;  
And by the happy hollow of a tree



*Lear.* Ha!  
Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?—(Act II. 4. 5, 6.)

Escap'd the hunt. No port<sup>2</sup> is free; no  
place,

That guard, and most unusual vigilance,  
Does not attend my taking.<sup>3</sup> While I may  
scape,

I will preserve myself: and am bethought  
To take the basest and most poorest shape  
That ever penury, in contempt of man,  
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime  
with filth;

<sup>1</sup> O'erwatch'd, worn out with watching.

<sup>2</sup> Port, harbour, refuge.

<sup>3</sup> Attend my taking, watch to take me.

Blanket my loins; elf<sup>4</sup> all my hair in knots;  
And with presented nakedness out-face<sup>5</sup> 11  
The winds and persecutions of the sky.  
The country gives me proof and precedent  
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,  
Strike in their numb'd and mortified<sup>6</sup> bare arms  
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;  
And with this horrible object, from low farms,  
Poor pelting<sup>7</sup> villages, sheep-cots, and mills,  
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with  
prayers,

<sup>4</sup> Elf, tangle.

<sup>5</sup> Mortified, hardened (as if dead).

<sup>7</sup> Pelting, paltry, petty.

Enforce their charity.—“Poor Turlygod! poor Tom!”<sup>20</sup>  
That’s something yet:—Edgar I nothing am.  
[Exit.]

SCENE IV. *Before Gloster’s castle; Kent in the stocks.*

*Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.*

*Lear.* ’Tis strange that they should so depart from home,  
And not send back my messenger.  
*Gent.* As I learn’d,  
The night before there was no purpose in them Of this remove.

*Kent.* Hail to thee, noble master!

*Lear.* Ha!

Mak’st thou this shame thy pastime?

*Kent.* No, my lord.

[*Fool.* Ha, ha! he wears cruel<sup>1</sup> garters. Horses are tied by the head, dogs and bears by the neck, monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man’s over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.]<sup>11</sup>

*Lear.* What’s he that hath so much thy place mistook

To set thee here!

*Kent.* It is both he and she,—  
Your son and daughter.

*Lear.* No.

*Kent.* Yes.

*Lear.* No, I say.

*Kent.* I say, yea.

*Lear.* No, no, they would not.

*Kent.* Yes, they have.<sup>20</sup>

*Lear.* By Jupiter, I swear, no.

*Kent.* By Juno, I swear, ay.

*Lear.* They durst not do’t;  
They could not, would not do’t; ’tis worse than murder,

To do upon respect<sup>2</sup> such violent outrage:  
Resolve<sup>3</sup> me, with all modest<sup>4</sup> haste, which way Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage,

Coming from us.

*Kent.* My lord, when at their home I did commend your highness’ letters to them,

Ere I was risen from the place that show’d  
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,  
Stew’d in his haste, half breathless, panting forth<sup>31</sup>

From Goneril his mistress salutations;  
Deliver’d letters, spite of intermission,<sup>5</sup>  
Which presently they read: on whose contents,  
They summon’d up their meiny,<sup>6</sup> straight took horse;

Commanded me to follow, and attend<sup>7</sup>  
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:  
And meeting here the other messenger,  
Whose welcome, I perceiv’d, had poison’d mine,—

Being the very fellow which of late<sup>40</sup>  
Display’d so saucily against your highness,—  
Having more man than wit about me, drew:  
He rais’d the house with loud and coward cries.

Your son and daughter found this trespass worth

The shame which here it suffers.

*Fool.* Winter’s not gone yet, if the wild-geese fly that way.

Fathers that wear rags

Do make their children blind;

But fathers that bear bags<sup>50</sup>

Shall see their children kind.

[Fortune, that arrant whore,  
Ne’er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many  
dolours for thy daughters as thou canst tell  
in a year.]

*Lear.* O, how this mother<sup>8</sup> swells up toward my heart!

*Hysterica passio*,—down, thou climbing sorrow,

Thy element’s below!—Where is this daughter?

*Kent.* With the earl, sir, here within.

*Lear.* Follow me not;  
Stay here.<sup>[Exit.]</sup>

*Gent.* Made you no more offence but what you speak of?<sup>61</sup>

*Kent.* None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

<sup>1</sup> Cruel, a play upon cruel.

<sup>2</sup> Upon respect, deliberately.

<sup>3</sup> Resolve, inform. <sup>4</sup> Modest, becoming, reasonable.

<sup>5</sup> Spite of intermission, not waiting for me to be answered. <sup>6</sup> Meiny, train, retinue. <sup>7</sup> Attend, wait.

<sup>8</sup> Mother, hysteric passion (*hysterica passio*).

*Fool.* An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserv'd it.

*Kent.* Why, fool?

*Fool.* We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring i' the winter. [All that follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.]

That sir which serves and seeks for gain,  
And follows but for form. 80

Will pack when it begins to rain,  
And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the fool will stay.  
And let the wise man fly:

The knave turns fool that runs away:  
The fool no knave, perdy.<sup>1</sup>

*Kent.* Where learned you this, fool?

*Fool.* Not i' the stocks, fool.

*Re-enter LEAR with GLOSTER.*

*Lear.* Deny to speak with me? They're sick? they're weary?

They have travell'd all the night? Mere fetches;<sup>2</sup> 90

The images<sup>3</sup> of revolt and flying-off.

Fetch me a better answer.

*Glo.* My dear lord,

You know the fiery quality<sup>4</sup> of the duke:

[How unremovable<sup>5</sup> and fix'd he is  
In his own course.]

*Lear.* Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—

Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster, I'd speak to the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.

*Glo.* Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

*Lear.* Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man? 100

*Glo.* Ay, my good lord.

<sup>1</sup> *Perdy*, par Dieu (by God).

<sup>2</sup> *Fetches*, pretexts.

<sup>3</sup> *Images*, signs.

<sup>4</sup> *Quality*, temper.

<sup>5</sup> *Unremovable*, immovable.

*Lear.* The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:

Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood!—

Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke that—

No, but not yet:—may be he is not well:

Infirmity doth still neglect all office

Whereto our health is bound; we're not ourselves

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind

To suffer with the body: I'll forbear; 110

[And am fall'n out with my more headier<sup>6</sup> will,  
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit

For the sound man.]—Death on my state!  
wherefore [Looking on Kent.

Should he sit here? This act persuades me

That this remotion<sup>7</sup> of the duke and her

Is practice<sup>8</sup> only. Give me my servant forth.

Go tell the duke and his wife I'd speak with them,

Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,

Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum  
Till it cry sleep to death. 120

[Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [Exit.

*Lear.* O me, my heart, my rising heart!—  
but, down!

*Fool.* Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels when she put 'em i' the paste alive; she knapp'd<sup>9</sup> 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, "Down, wantons, down!" 'T was her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.]

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.*

*Lear.* Good morrow to you both.

*Corn.* Hail to your grace!

[Kent is set at liberty.

*Reg.* I am glad to see your highness. 130

*Lear.* Regan, I think you are; I know what reason

<sup>6</sup> *Headier*, more headlong.

<sup>7</sup> *Remotion*, removal, departure.

<sup>8</sup> *Practice*, artifice.

<sup>9</sup> *Knapp'd*, rapped, hit.

I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad,  
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,  
Sepulchring an adulteress.—[To Kent] O, are  
you free?

Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,  
Thy sister's naught:<sup>1</sup> O Regan, she hath tied

Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture,  
here,— [Points to his heart.

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe  
Of how deprav'd a quality<sup>2</sup>—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience: I have  
hope

140



Lear. "Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;  
[Kneeling.

Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg  
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food."—(Act ii. 4. 156-158.)

You less know how to value her desert 141  
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least  
Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance  
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,  
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome  
end,  
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old;  
Nature in you stands on the very verge 149

Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led  
By some discretion that discerns your state  
Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray  
you, 152

That to our sister you do make return;  
Say you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?  
Do you but mark how this becomes the  
house:

"Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;

Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg  
[Kneeling.

<sup>1</sup> Naught, worthless, wicked.

<sup>2</sup> Quality, nature, disposition.

That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food."

*Reg.* Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:

Return you to my sister.

*Lear.* [*Rising*] Never, Regan:  
She hath abated<sup>1</sup> me of half my train; 161  
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,

Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:—  
All the stor'd vengeances of heaven fall  
On her ungrateful top!<sup>2</sup> Strike her young bones,

You taking<sup>3</sup> airs, with lameness!

*Corn.* Fie, sir, fie!

*Lear.* You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames  
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,  
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,

To fall and blast her pride! 170

*Reg.* O the blest gods! so will you wish on me.

When the rash mood is on.

*Lear.* No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse:

Thy tender-hefted<sup>4</sup> nature shall not give  
Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce;  
but thine

Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee  
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,

To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,<sup>5</sup>  
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt 179  
Against my coming in: thou better know'st  
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,  
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;  
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,  
Wherein I thee endow'd.

*Reg.* Good sir, to the purpose.

*Lear.* Who put my man i' the stocks?

[*Tucket within.*]

*Corn.* What trumpet's that?

\* *Reg.* I know't,—my sister's: this approves<sup>6</sup>  
her letter,

That she would soon be here.

*Enter OSWALD.*

Is your lady come?

*Lear.* This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride  
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.—  
Out, varlet, from my sight!

*Corn.* What means your grace?

*Lear.* Who stock'd<sup>7</sup> my servant? Regan, I  
have good hope 191  
Thou didst not know on't.—Who comes here?  
O heavens,

*Enter GONERIL.*

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway  
Allow<sup>8</sup> obedience, if yourselves are old,  
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—

[*To Goneril*] Art not asham'd to look upon  
this beard?—

O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

*Gon.* Why not by the hand, sir? How  
have I offended?

All's not offence that indiscretion finds  
And dotage terms so.

*Lear.* O sides, you are too tough;  
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i'  
the stocks? 201

*Corn.* I set him there, sir: but his own dis-  
orders  
Deserv'd much less advancement.

*Lear.* You! did you?

*Reg.* I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.  
If, till the expiration of your month,  
You will return and sojourn with my sister,  
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:  
I'm now from home, and out of that provision  
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

*Lear.* Return to her, and fifty men dis-  
miss'd? 210

No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose  
To wage<sup>9</sup> against the enmity o' th' air;  
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—  
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?  
[*Why, the hot-blooded France, that dower-  
less took*

Our youngest born, I could as well be brought

<sup>1</sup> Abated, deprived.

<sup>2</sup> Top, head.

<sup>3</sup> Taking, malignant.

<sup>4</sup> Tender-hefted, equivalent to tender.

<sup>5</sup> Sizes, allowances.

<sup>6</sup> Approves, confirms.

<sup>7</sup> Stock'd, put in the stocks.

<sup>8</sup> Allow, approve.

<sup>9</sup> Wage, wage war, contend.

To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension  
beg

To keep base life afoot.]—Return with her?  
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter<sup>1</sup>  
To this detested groom. [*Pointing at Oswald.*  
*Gon.* At your choice, sir.

*Lear.* I prithee, daughter, do not make me  
mad: 221

I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:  
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—  
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my  
daughter;

Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,  
Which I must needs call mine: [thou art a  
boil,

A plague-sore, an embossed<sup>2</sup> carbuncle,  
In my corrupted blood.] But I'll not chide  
thee;

Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:  
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot, 230  
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:  
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy lei-  
sure:

I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,  
I and my hundred knights.

*Reg.* Not altogether so:  
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided  
For your fit welcome. [Give ear, sir, to my  
sister;

For those that mingle reason with your passion  
Must be content to think you old, and so—  
But she knows what she does.]

*Lear.* Is this well spoken?

*Reg.* I dare avouch it, sir: what, fifty fol-  
lowers? 240

Is it not well? What should you need of  
more?

Yea, or so many, [sith<sup>3</sup> that both charge<sup>4</sup>  
and danger

Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in  
one house

Should many people, under two commands,  
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.]

*Gon.* Why might not you, my lord, receive  
attendance

From those that she calls servants or from  
mine?

<sup>1</sup> *Sumpter*, pack-horse.

<sup>2</sup> *Embossed*, swollen, tumid.

<sup>3</sup> *Sith*, since.      <sup>4</sup> *Charge*, cost, expense.

*Reg.* Why not, my lord? If then they  
chanc'd to slack you,  
We could control them. If you will come to  
me,—

For now I spy a danger,—I entreat you 250  
To bring but five-and-twenty: to no more  
Will I give place or notice.

*Lear.* I gave you all—

*Reg.* And in good time you gave it.

*Lear.* Made you my guardians, my deposi-  
taries;

But kept a reservation to be follow'd  
With such a number. What, must I come to  
you

With five-and-twenty, Regan? said you so?

*Reg.* And speak 't again, my lord; no more  
with me.

*Lear.* Those wicked creatures yet do look  
well-favour'd,<sup>5</sup>

When others are more wicked; not being the  
worst 260

Stands in some rank of praise.—[*To Goneril*]  
I'll go with thee:

Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,  
And thou art twice her love.

*Gon.* Hear me, my lord:

What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,  
To follow in a house where twice so many  
Have a command to tend you?

*Reg.* What need one?

*Lear.* O, reason not the need: our basest  
beggars

Are in the poorest thing superfluous:

Allow not nature more than nature needs,

Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a  
lady; 270

If only to go warm were gorgeous,

Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous  
wear'st,

Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for  
true need,—

You heavens, give me that patience, patience  
I need!

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,  
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts  
Against their father, fool me not so much

To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,

<sup>5</sup> *Well-favour'd*, well-featured.



And let not women's weapons, water-drops,  
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural  
hags, 281

I will have such revenges on you both,  
That all the world shall—I will do such  
things,—

What they are, yet I know not; but they shall  
be

The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;  
No, I'll not weep:—

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart  
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,<sup>1</sup>

Or e'er I'll weep.—O fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt [Lear, Gloster, Kent, and Fool.*

*Storm heard at a distance.*

*Corn.* Let us withdraw; 't will be a storm.

*Reg.* This house is little: the old man and  
his people 291

Cannot be well bestow'd.<sup>2</sup>

*Gon.* 'T is his own blame; 'hath put himself  
from rest,

And must needs taste his folly.

*Reg.* For his particular,<sup>3</sup> I'll receive him  
gladiy,

But not one follower.

*Gon.* So am I purpos'd.

Where is my Lord of Gloster?

*Corn.* Follow'd the old man forth:—he is  
return'd.

*Re-enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* The king is in high rage.

*Corn.* Whither is he going?

*Glo.* He calls to horse; but will I know not  
whither. 300

*Corn.* 'T is best to give him way; he leads  
himself.

*Gon.* My lord, entreat him by no means to  
stay.

*Glo.* Alack, the night comes on, and the  
bleak winds

Do sorely ruffle;<sup>4</sup> for many miles about  
There's scarce a bush.

*Reg.* O, sir, to wilful men  
The injuries that they themselves procure  
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your  
doors:

He is attended with a desperate train;  
And what they may incense<sup>5</sup> him to, being apt  
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear. 310

*Corn.* Shut up your doors, my lord; 't is a  
wild night:

My Regan counsels well: come out o' the  
storm. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I. A heath.

*A storm, with thunder and lightning. Enter  
KENT and a Gentleman, meeting.*

*Kent.* Who's there, besides foul weather?

*Gent.* One minded like the weather, most  
unquietly.

*Kent.* I know you. Where's the king?

*Gent.* Contending with the fretful elements;  
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,  
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,  
That things might change or cease; tears his  
white hair,

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,  
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;

Strives in his little world of man t' out-scorn  
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain. 11  
This night, wherein the cub-drawn<sup>6</sup> bear  
would conch,

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf  
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,  
And bids what will take all.

*Kent.* But who is with him?

*Gent.* None but the fool; who labours to  
out-jest  
His heart-struck injuries.

*Kent.* Sir, I do know you;  
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,<sup>7</sup>  
Commend a dear thing to you. There's  
division,

<sup>1</sup> Flaws, shivers, fragments.

<sup>2</sup> Bestow'd, lodged.

<sup>3</sup> For his particular, as to him personally.

<sup>4</sup> Ruffle, rustle, grow hoisterous.

<sup>5</sup> Incense, incite.

<sup>6</sup> Cub-drawn, sucked dry, hungry.

<sup>7</sup> Note, observation.

Although as yet the face of it be cover'd 20  
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and  
Cornwall;

[Who have—as who have not, that their great  
stars

Throned and set high?—servants, who seem  
no less,

Which are to France the spies and speculations<sup>1</sup>  
Intelligent<sup>2</sup> of our state; what hath been seen,  
Either in snuffs<sup>3</sup> and packings<sup>4</sup> of the dukes;  
Or the hard rein which both of them have  
borne

Against the old kind king; or something  
deeper,

Whereof perchance these are but furnish-  
ings;—<sup>5</sup>]

But, true it is, from France there comes a  
power 30

Into this scatter'd<sup>6</sup> kingdom; who already,  
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet

In some of our best ports, and are at point<sup>7</sup>  
To show their open banner.—Now to you:

If on my credit you dare build so far  
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find

Some that will thank you, making just report  
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow

The king hath cause to plain.<sup>8</sup> 39

[I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;  
And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer  
This office to you.

*Gent.* I will talk further with you.

*Kent.* No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more  
Than my out-wall,<sup>9</sup> open this purse, and take  
What it contains.] If you shall see Cor-  
delia,—

As fear not but you shall,—show her this ring;  
And she will tell you who your fellow is  
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!  
I will go seek the king. 50

*Gent.* Give me your hand: have you no  
more to say?

*Kent.* Few words, but, to effect, more than  
all yet,—

<sup>1</sup> *Speculations*, speculators, watchers.

<sup>2</sup> *Intelligent*, giving intelligence.

<sup>3</sup> *Snuffs*,uffs, offence-taking. <sup>4</sup> *Packings*, plottings.

<sup>5</sup> *Furnishings*, external pretences.

<sup>6</sup> *Scatter'd*, divided, unsettled.

<sup>7</sup> *At point*, on the point of, ready.

<sup>8</sup> *Plain*, complain.

<sup>9</sup> *Out-wall*, exterior.

That, when we've found the king,—in which  
your pain

That way, I'll this,—he that first lights on him  
Holla the other. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE II. *Another part of the heath.*  
*Storm continues.*

*Enter LEAR and Fool.*

*Lear.* Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks!  
rage! blow!

You cataracts and hurricanoes,<sup>10</sup> spout  
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd  
the cocks!<sup>11</sup>

You sulphurous and thought-executing<sup>12</sup> fires,  
Vaunt-couriers<sup>13</sup> of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,  
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking  
thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!  
Crack nature's moulds, all germens<sup>14</sup> spill<sup>15</sup> at  
once,

That make ungrateful man!

*Fool.* [O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry  
house is better than this rain-water out o' door.]}  
Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' bless-  
ing: here's a night pities neither wise men  
nor fools.

*Lear.* Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire!  
spout, rain!

No rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:  
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;  
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,  
You owe me no subscription:<sup>16</sup> then let fall  
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your  
slave,

A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—  
But yet I call you servile ministers, 21  
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd  
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head  
So old and white as this! O! O! 't is foul!

*Fool.* He that has a house to put 's head in  
has a good head-piece.

[The cod-piece that will house  
Before the head has any,

<sup>10</sup> *Hurricanes*, water-spouts.

<sup>11</sup> *Cocks*, weathercocks.

<sup>12</sup> *Thought-executing*, swift as thought.

<sup>13</sup> *Vaunt-couriers*, forerunners.

<sup>14</sup> *Germens*, germs, seeds.

<sup>15</sup> *Spill*, destroy.

<sup>16</sup> *Subscription*, obedience.

The head, and he shall louse;—  
So beggars marry many.

30

The man that makes his toe  
What he his heart should make  
Shall of a corn cry woe,  
And turn his sleep to wake:

for there was never yet fair woman but she  
made mouths in a glass.]

*Lear.* No, I will be the pattern of all pa-  
tience;  
I will say nothing.

*Enter KENT.*

*Kent.* Who's there?

*Fool.* Marry, [here's grace and a cod-  
piece; that's] a wise man and a fool.

41

*Kent.* Alas, sir, are you here? things that  
love night

Love not such nights as these; the wrathful  
skies

Gallow<sup>1</sup> the very wanderers of the dark,  
And make them keep their caves: [since I was  
man,

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid  
thunder,

Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never  
Remember to have heard: man's nature can-  
not carry<sup>2</sup>

Th' affliction nor the fear.]

*Lear.* Let the great gods,  
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our  
heads,

50

Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou  
wretch,

That hast within thee undivulged crimes,  
Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody  
hand;

Thou perjur'd, and thou simular<sup>3</sup> of virtue  
That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake,  
That under covert and convenient seeming  
Hast practis'd on man's life: close pent-up  
guilts,

Rive your concealing continents,<sup>4</sup> and cry  
These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man  
More sinn'd against than sinning.

*Kent.* [Alack, bare-headed!]  
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;

Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the  
tempest:

63

[Repose you there; while I to this hard  
house—

More harder than the stones whereof 'tis  
rais'd;

Which even but now, demanding<sup>5</sup> after you,  
Denied me to come in—return, and force  
Their scantred courtesy.]

*Lear.* My wits begin to turn.—  
Come on, my boy: how dost, my boy? art  
cold?

I'm cold myself.—Where is this straw, my  
fellow?

The art<sup>6</sup> of our necessities is strange, 70  
That can make vile things precious. Come,  
your hovel.—

Poor fool and knave, I've one part in my heart  
That's sorry yet for thee.

*Fool.* [Singing]

He that has and a little tiny wit,—  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,—  
Must make content with his fortunes fit,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

*Lear.* True, my good boy.—Come, bring us  
to this hovel. [Exit *Lear* and *Kent*.]

[*Fool.* This is a brave night to cool a cour-  
tezan.—I'll speak a prophecy ere I go: 80

When priests are more in word than matter;  
When brewers mar their malt with water;  
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;  
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;  
When every case in law is right;  
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;  
When slanders do not live in tongues;  
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;  
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;  
And bawds and whores do churches build;— 90  
Then shall the realm of Albion  
Come to great confusion:  
Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,  
That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live  
before his time. [Exit.]

SCENE III. A room in Gloucester's castle.

*Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.*

*Glo.* Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this

<sup>1</sup> Gallow, affright.

<sup>2</sup> Carry, sustain.

<sup>3</sup> Simular, simulator.

<sup>4</sup> Continents, containers, inclosures.

<sup>5</sup> Demanding, inquiring.

<sup>6</sup> Art, alchemy.







KING LEAR.  
Act III Scene 2 lines 37-38.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience.  
I will say nothing.



unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charg'd me, on pain of perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

*Edm.* Most savage and unnatural!

*Glo.* Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'t is dangerous to be spoken;—I have lock'd the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed:<sup>1</sup> we must incline to the king. I will look<sup>2</sup> him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. Though I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is strange things toward,<sup>3</sup> Edmund; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*]

*Edg.* This courtesy forbid<sup>4</sup> thee, shall the duke 22

Instantly know; and of that letter too:—  
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me

That which my father loses,—no less than all:  
The younger rises when the old doth fall.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *A part of the heath, with a hovel.*  
*Storm continues.*

*Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.*

*Kent.* Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:

[*The tyranny of the open night's too rough*  
*For nature to endure.*

*Lear.* Let me alone.

*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.

*Lear.* Wilt break my heart?

*Kent.* I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.]

• *Lear.* Thou think'st 't is much that this contentious storm

Invades us to the skin: so 't is to thee;  
But where the greater malady is fix'd,

The lesser is scarce felt. [*Thou'dst shun a bear;* 9]

But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,  
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth.] When  
the mind's free,

The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind  
Doth from my senses take all feeling else  
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!  
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand  
For lifting food to't?—But I will punish  
home:<sup>5</sup>—

No, I will weep no more.—In such a night  
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—  
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—  
Your old kind father, whose frank heart  
gave all,— 20

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;  
No more of that.

*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.

*Lear.* Prithee, go in thyself; seek thine own  
ease:

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder  
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go  
in.—

[*To the Fool*] In, boy; go first. You houseless  
poverty,—

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll  
sleep.— [*Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,  
That hide the pelting of this pitiless storm,  
How shall your houseless heads and unfed  
sides, 30

Your loop'd<sup>6</sup> and window'd raggedness, defend  
you

From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en  
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;  
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,  
That thou mayst shake the superflux<sup>7</sup> to them,  
And show the heavens more just.

*Edg.* [*Within*] Fathom and half, fathom and  
half! Poor Tom!

[*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*]

*Fool.* Come not in here, nuncle, here's a  
spirit. Help me, help me! 40

*Kent.* Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

*Fool.* A spirit, a spirit: he says his name's  
poor Tom.

<sup>1</sup> Footed, on foot (perhaps, landed).

<sup>2</sup> Look, look for. <sup>3</sup> Toward, coming, at hand.

<sup>4</sup> Forbid, forbidden.

<sup>5</sup> Home, fully, to the utmost.

<sup>6</sup> Loop'd, full of holes.

<sup>7</sup> Superflux, superfluity, surplus.



*Kent.* What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw? Come forth.

*Enter EDGAR disguised as a madman.*

*Edg.* Away! the foul fiend follows me!—  
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—  
Hum! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

*Lear.* Didst thou give all to thy daughters?  
And art thou come to this? 50

*Edg.* Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; [set ratsbane by his porridge;] made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inch'd bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor.—Bless thy five wits!—[Tom's a-cold,—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes:—there could I have him now,—and there,—and there again, and there.]

[*Storm continues.*]

*Lear.* What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?—  
Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give 'em all?

*Fool.* Nay, he reserv'd a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

*Lear.* Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous<sup>2</sup> air

Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters! 70

*Kent.* He hath no daughters, sir.

*Lear.* Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd nature  
To such a lowness but his unkind daughters.—  
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers  
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?  
Judicious<sup>3</sup> punishment! 't was this flesh begot  
Those pelican daughters.

*Edg.* Pillcock sat on Pillcock-hill:—  
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

*Fool.* This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen. 81

*Edg.* Take heed o' the foul fiend: obey thy

parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

*Lear.* What hast thou been?

*Edg.* A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; [that curl'd my hair;] wore gloves<sup>4</sup> in my cap; [serv'd the lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of darkness with her;] swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: [One that slept in the contriving of lust, and wak'd to do it:] wine lov'd I deeply, dice dearly; [and in woman out-paramour'd the Turk:] false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—

Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind;  
Says sum, mun, ha, ho, nonny.

Dolphin my boy, boy, senen! let him trot by.

[*Storm continues.*]

*Lear.* Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume.—Ha! here's three on's are sophisticated!<sup>4</sup>—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated<sup>5</sup> man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings!—come, unbutton here.

[*Tearing off his clothes.*]

*Fool.* Prithee, nuncle, be contented; 't is a naughty night to swim in.—[Now a fittle fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart;—a small spark, all the rest on's body cold.]—Look, here comes a walking fire. 110

*Edg.* This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks at first cock; he gives the web and the pin,<sup>6</sup> equips the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the old;

He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;

<sup>1</sup> Taking, bewitching, magical injury.

<sup>2</sup> Pendulous, overhanging.

<sup>3</sup> Judicious, wise.

<sup>4</sup> Sophisticated, not genuine.

<sup>5</sup> Unaccommodated, unsupplied, unprovided.

<sup>6</sup> The web and the pin, cataract in the eye.

Bid her alight,  
And her troth plight,  
And, aroint<sup>1</sup> thee, witch, aroint thee!

*Kent.* How fares your grace? 130

*Enter GLOSTER with a torch.*

[*Lear.* What's he?

*Kent.*] Who's there? What is 't you seek?

*Glo.* What are you there? Your names?

*Edg.* Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt and the water;<sup>2</sup> that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend<sup>3</sup> rages, [eats cow-dung for sallets;<sup>3</sup>] swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipp'd from tithing to tithing, and stock-punish'd, and imprison'd, who hath three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear;

But mice and rats, and such small deer,

Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower.—Peace, Simulkin; peace, thou fiend!

*Glo.* What, hath your grace no better company?

*Edg.* The prince of darkness is a gentleman:

Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.

*Glo.* Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile, 150

That it doth hate what gets<sup>4</sup> it.

*Edg.* Poor Tom's a-cold.

*Glo.* Go in with me: my duty cannot suffer T' obey in all your daughters' hard commands: Though their injunction be to bar my doors, And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,

Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out, And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

*Lear.* First let me talk with this philosopher.—

What is the cause of thunder? 160

*Kent.* Good my lord, take his offer; go into th' house.

*Lear.* I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.—

What is your study?

*Edg.* How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin. •

<sup>1</sup> Aroint, away with.

<sup>2</sup> Sallets, salads.

<sup>3</sup> Water, water-newt.

<sup>4</sup> Gets, begets.

*Lear.* Let me ask you one word in private.

*Kent.* Impertune him once more to go, my lord;

His wits begin to unsettle.

*Glo.* Canst thou blame him?

His daughters seek his death:—ah, that good

*Kent!*—

He said it would be thus,—poor banish'd man!—

Thou say'st the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend, 170

I'm almost mad myself: I had a son, Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life, But lately, very late: I lov'd him, friend, No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

[*Storm continues.*

The grief hath craz'd my wits.—What a night's this!—

I do beseech your grace,—

*Lear.* O, cry you mercy, sir.—

Noble philosopher, your company.

*Edg.* Tom's a-cold.

*Glo.* In, fellow, there, into th' hovel: keep thee warm.

*Lear.* Come, let's in all.

*Kent.* This way, my lord.

*Lear.* With him;

I will keep still with my philosopher. 181

*Kent.* Good my lord, soothe<sup>5</sup> him; let him take the fellow.

*Glo.* Take him you on.

*Kent.* Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

*Lear.* Come, good Athenian.

*Glo.* No words, no words: hush.

*Edg.* Child Roland to the dark tower came;

His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,

I smell the blood of a British man.

[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE V. A room in Gloster's castle.]

*Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.*

*Corn.* I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.

*Edm.* How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears<sup>6</sup> me to think of.

*Corn.* I now perceive, it was not altogether

<sup>5</sup> Soothe, humour.

<sup>6</sup> Fears, frightens.

your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself. 9

*Edm.* How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves<sup>1</sup> him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

*Corn.* Go with me to the duchess.

*Edm.* If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

*Corn.* True or false, it hath made thee Earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension. 20

*Edm.* [*Aside*] If I find him comforting<sup>2</sup> the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully. —I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.<sup>3</sup>

*Corn.* I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *A chamber in a farmhouse adjoining Gloster's castle.*

*Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, FOOL, and EDGAR.*

[*Glo.* Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

*Kent.* All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience:—the gods reward your kindness! [*Exit Gloster.*]

*Edg.* Frateretto calls me; and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness.—Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

*Fool.* Prithce, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman? 11

*Lear.* A king, a king!

*Fool.* No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

*Lear.* To have a thousand with red burning spits

Come hissing<sup>4</sup> in upon 'em,—

*Edg.* The foul fiend bites my back.

*Fool.* He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath. ] 21

*Lear.* It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.—

[*To Edgar*] Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;<sup>5</sup>—

[*To the Fool*] Thou, sapient sir, sit here.—Now, you she-foxes!—

*Edg.* Look, where he stands and glares!—Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessey, to me:—

[*Fool.* Her boat hath a leak,  
And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee. 30

*Edg.* The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

*Kent.* How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?]

*Lear.* I'll see their trial first.—Bring in the evidence.—

[*To Edgar*] Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;—

[*To the Fool*] And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,

Bench by his side:—[*To Kent*] You are o' the commission, 40

Sit you too.

*Edg.* [Let us deal justly.

Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin<sup>6</sup> mouth

Thy sheep shall take no harm. ]

Pur! the cat is gray.

*Lear.* Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. [I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kick'd the poor king her father.

*Fool.* Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

*Lear.* She cannot deny it.

*Fool.* Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

*Lear.*] And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim

<sup>1</sup> Approves, proves.

<sup>3</sup> Blood, nature.

<sup>2</sup> Comforting, aiding.

<sup>4</sup> Hissing, whizzing.

<sup>5</sup> Justicer, justice.

<sup>6</sup> Minikin, small and pretty.

What store<sup>1</sup> her heart is made on.—Stop her there!

Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!—

False justicer, why hast thou let her scape?

*Edg.* Bless thy five wits!

00

*Kent.* O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now

That you so oft have boasted to retain?

*Edg. [Aside]* My tears begin to take his part so much,

They'll mar my counterfeiting.

*Lear.* The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.



*Lear.* And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim  
What store her heart is made on.—Stop her there!  
Arms, arms, sword, fire!—(Act III. 6. 56-58.)

*Edg.* Tom will throw his head at them.—  
Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,  
Tooth that poisons if it bite;  
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,  
Hound or spaniel, brach<sup>2</sup> or lym,<sup>3</sup>  
Or bobtail tike<sup>4</sup> or trundle-tail,<sup>5</sup>—  
Tom will make them weep and wail:  
For, with throwing thus my head,  
Dogs leap the hatch,<sup>6</sup> and all are fled.

70

Do de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes  
and fairs and market-towns.—Poor Tom, thy  
horn is dry.

79

*Lear.* Then let them anatomize Regan; see  
what breeds about her heart. Is there any  
cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?  
—[To Edgar] You, sir, I entertain for one of  
my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of  
your garments: you will say they are Persian;  
but let them be chang'd.

*Kent.* Now, good my lord, lie here and rest  
awhile.

*Lear.* Make no noise, make no noise; draw

<sup>1</sup> Store, material.

<sup>2</sup> Brach, female hound.

<sup>3</sup> Lym, lime-hound.

<sup>4</sup> Tike, cur.

<sup>5</sup> Trundle-tail, a kind of dog.

<sup>6</sup> Hatch, half-doo

the curtains: so, so, so: we'll go to supper  
 This morning: so, so, so. 91

*Fool.* And I'll go to bed at noon.

[*Re-enter GLOSTER.*]

*Glo.* Come hither, friend; where is the king  
 my master?

*Kent.* Here, sir; but trouble him not,—his  
 wits are gone.

*Glo.* Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy  
 arms;

I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:  
 There is a litter ready; lay him in't,  
 And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou  
 shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. [Take up thy  
 master: 99

If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,  
 With thine, and all that offer to defend him,  
 Stand in assured loss: take up, take up;  
 And follow me, that will to some provision  
 Give thee quick conduct.

*Kent.* Oppress'd nature sleeps:—  
 This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken  
 sinews,

Which, if convenience<sup>1</sup> will not allow,  
 Stand in hard cure.<sup>2</sup>—[*To the Fool*] Come,  
 help to bear thy master;

Thou must not stay behind.

*Glo.* Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt Kent, Gloster, and the Fool,*  
*bearing off Lear.*

*Edg.* When we our betters see bearing our  
 woes,

We scarcely think our miseries our foes. 110  
 Who alone suffers suffers most i' the mind,  
 Leaving free things and happy shows behind:  
 But then the mind much sufferance<sup>3</sup> doth o'er-  
 skip,

When grief hath mates, and bearing fellow-  
 ship.

How light and portable<sup>4</sup> my pain seems now,  
 When that which makes me bend makes the  
 king bow,

He childed as I father'd!—Tom, away!

Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Convenience, a quadrisyllable here.

<sup>2</sup> Stand in hard cure, will be hard to cure.

<sup>3</sup> Sufferance, suffering.

<sup>4</sup> Portable, endurable.

<sup>5</sup> Bewray, disclose.

When false opinion, whose wrong thoughts  
 defile thee,

In thy just proof, repeals<sup>6</sup> and reconciles thee.  
 What will hap<sup>7</sup> more to-night, safe scape the  
 king! 121

Lurk, lurk.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VII. A room in Gloster's castle.

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND,*  
*and Servants.*

*Corn.* Post speedily to my lord; your hus-  
 band; show him this letter:—the army of  
 France is landed.—Seek out the villain Glo-  
 ster. [*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

*Reg.* Hang him instantly.

*Gon.* Pluck out his eyes.

*Corn.* Leave him to my displeasure.—Ed-  
 mund, keep you our sister company: the re-  
 venges we are bound to take upon your  
 traitorous father are not fit for your beholding.  
 Advise the duke, where you are going, to a  
 most festinate<sup>8</sup> preparation: we are bound to  
 the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelli-  
 gent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister:—fare  
 well, my Lord of Gloster.

*Enter OSWALD.*

How now! where's the king?

*Osw.* My Lord of Gloster hath convey'd him  
 hence:

Some five or six and thirty of his knights,  
 Hot questrists<sup>9</sup> after him, met him at gate;  
 Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,  
 Are gone with him towards Dover; where they  
 boast 19

To have well-armed friends.

*Corn.* Get horses for your mistress.

*Gon.* Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.<sup>8</sup>

*Corn.* Edmund, farewell.

[*Exeunt Goneril, Edmund, and Oswald.*

Go, seek the traitor Gloster,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

[*Exeunt other Servants.*

Though well we may not pass upon his life  
 Without the form of justice, yet our power  
 Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men  
 May blame, but not control.—Who's there?  
 the traitor?

<sup>6</sup> Repeals, recalls. <sup>7</sup> What will hap, happen what will.

<sup>8</sup> Festinate, speedy. <sup>9</sup> Questrists, seekers.

*Re-enter Servants with GLOSTER.*

*Reg.* Ingrateful fox! 't is he.

*Corn.* Bind fast his corky<sup>1</sup> arms.

*Glo.* What mean your graces?—Good my friends, consider \* 80

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

*Corn.* Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*]

*Reg.* Hard, hard.—O filthy traitor!

*Glo.* Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.

*Corn.* To this chair bind him.—Villain, thou shalt find— [*Regan plucks his beard.*]

*Glo.* By the kind gods, 't is most ignobly done

To pluck me by the beard.

*Reg.* So white, and such a traitor!

*Glo.* Naughty lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,

Will quicken<sup>2</sup> and accuse thee: I'm your host: With robber's hands my hospitable favours<sup>3</sup>

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

*Corn.* Come, sir, what letters had you late from France? 42

*Reg.* Be simple-answer'd,<sup>4</sup> for we know the truth.

*Corn.* And what confederacy have you with the traitors

Late footed in the kingdom?

*Reg.* To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?

Speak.

*Glo.* I have a letter guessingly set down, Which came from one that's of a neutral heart, And not from one oppos'd.

*Corn.* Cunning.

*Reg.* And false.

*Corn.* Where hast thou sent the king?

*Glo.* To Dover.

*Reg.* Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at peril-- 51

*Corn.* Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.

*Glo.* I'm tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

*Reg.* Wherefore to Dover?

*Glo.* Because I would not see thy cruel nails

<sup>1</sup> Corky, dry, withered.

<sup>2</sup> Quicken, come to life.

<sup>3</sup> Favours, features.

<sup>4</sup> Simple-answer'd, plain in your answer.

Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister

In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head

In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up 80

And quench'd the stelled<sup>5</sup> fires:

Yet, poor old heart, he help the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,

Thou shouldst have said, "Good porter, turn the key,"

All cruels else subscrib'd:—but I shall see The winged vengeance overtake such children.

*Corn.* See't shalt thou never.—Fellows, hold the chair.—

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

*Glo.* He that will think to live till he be old, Give me some help!—O cruel!—O you gods!

*Reg.* One side will mock another; th' other too. 71

*Corn.* If you see vengeance,—

*First Serv.* Hold your hand, my lord: I've serv'd you since I was a child;

But better service have I never done you Than now to bid you hold.

*Reg.* How now, you dog!

*First Serv.* If you did wear a beard upon your chin,

I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

*Corn.* My villain! [*Draws.*]

*First Serv.* Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger.

[*Draws. They fight. Cornwall is wounded.*]

*Reg.* Give me thy sword.—A peasant stand up thus! 80

[*Takes a sword from another Servant, and runs at First Servant behind.*]

*First Serv.* O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left

To see some mischief on him.—O! [*Dies.*]

*Corn.* Lest it see more, prevent it.—Out, vile jelly!

Where is thy lustre now?

*Glo.* All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund?

<sup>5</sup> Stelled, starry, fixed.

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature  
To quit<sup>1</sup> this horrid act.

*Reg.* Out,<sup>2</sup> treacherous villain!  
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he  
That made the overture<sup>3</sup> of thy treasons to us;  
Who is too good to pity thee. 90

*Glo.* O my follies! Then Edgar was abus'd.—  
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

*Reg.* Go thrust him out at gates, and let  
him smell

His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? how  
look you?

*Corn.* I have receiv'd a hurt:—follow me,  
lady.—

Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this  
slave

Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:  
Untimely comes this hurt: give me your arm.

[*Exit Cornwall, led by Regan.—Some  
of the Servants unbind Gloster, and  
lead him out.*]

*Sec. Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness  
I do, 99

If this man come to good.

*Third Serv.* If she live long,  
And in the end meet the old course of death,  
Women will all turn monsters.

*Sec. Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get  
the Bedlam<sup>4</sup>

To lead him where he would: his roguish  
madness

Allows itself to any thing.

*Third Serv.* Go thou: I'll fetch some flax  
and whites of eggs

To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven  
help him! [*Exeunt severally.*]

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I. The heath.

*Enter EDGAR.*

*Edg.* Yet better thus, and known to be  
contemn'd,

Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,  
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,  
Stands still in esperance,<sup>4</sup> lives not in fear:  
The lamentable change is from the best;  
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,  
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!  
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the  
worst

Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes  
here?

*Enter GLOSTER, led by an Old Man.*

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O  
world! 10

But that thy strange mutations make us hate  
thee,

Life would not yield to age.

*Old Man.* O, my good lord,  
I've been your tenant, and your father's tenant,  
These fourscore years.

*Glo.* Away, get thee away; good friend, be  
gone:

Thy comforts can do me no good at all;  
Thee they may hurt.

*Old Man.* You cannot see your way.

*Glo.* I have no way, and therefore want no  
eyes; 20

I stumbled when I saw: full oft 't is seen,  
Our means secure us,<sup>5</sup> and our mere defects  
Prove our commodities.<sup>6</sup>—O dear son Edgar,  
The food of thy abused<sup>7</sup> father's wrath!  
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,  
I'd say I had eyes again!

*Old Man.* How now! Who's there?

*Edg.* [*Aside*] O gods! Who is't can say,  
"I'm at the worst?"

I'm worse than e'er I was.

*Old Man.* 'Tis poor mad Tom.

*Edg.* [*Aside*] And worse I may be yet: the  
worst is not 29

So long as we can say "This is the worst."

*Old Man.* Fellow, where goest?

*Glo.* Is it a beggar-man?

*Old Man.* Madman and beggar too.

<sup>5</sup> Our means secure us, our advantages make us secure  
or careless.

<sup>6</sup> Commodities, advantages.

<sup>7</sup> Abused, deceived.

<sup>1</sup> Quit, requite.

<sup>2</sup> Bedlam, madman.

<sup>3</sup> Overture, disclosure.

<sup>4</sup> Esperance, hope.

*Glo.* He has some reason, else he could not beg. 33

I the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;  
Which made me think a man a worm: my son  
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind  
Was then scarce friends with him: I've heard  
more since.

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods,—  
They kill us for their sport.

*Edg.* [*Aside*]

How should this be?—

Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,  
Angering itself and others.—Bless thee, master!

*Glo.* Is that the naked fellow?

*Old Man.*

Ay, my lord.



*Edg.* Give me thy arm:  
Poor Tom shall lend thee.—(Act iv. 1. 81, 82.)

*Glo.* Then, prithee, get thee gone: if, for  
my sake, 43  
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,  
I the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;  
And bring some covering for this naked soul,  
Which I'll entreat to lead me.

*Old Man.* Alack, sir, he is mad.

*Glo.* 'T is the times' plague, when madmen  
lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;  
Above the rest, be gone. 50

*Old Man.* I'll bring him the best 'parel  
that I have,

Come on 't what will.

[*Exit.*

*Glo.* Sirrah, naked fellow,—

*Edg.* Poor Tom's a-cold.—[*Aside*] I cannot  
daub it<sup>1</sup> further.

*Glo.* Come hither, fellow.

*Edg.* [*Aside*] And yet I must.—Bless thy  
sweet eyes, they bleed.

<sup>1</sup> Daub it, disguise.



*Glo.* Know'st thou the way to Dover?

*Edg.* Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scar'd out of his good wits:—bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend!—[five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididance, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of Murder; and Flibbertigibbet, of mopping<sup>1</sup> and mowing,<sup>2</sup>—who since possesses chambermaids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!]

*Glo.* Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens' plagues

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched

Makes thee the happier:—[heavens, deal so still!

Let the superfluous<sup>3</sup> and lust-dieted man, 70  
That slaves<sup>4</sup> your ordinance,<sup>5</sup> that will not see  
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;

So distribution should undo excess,  
And each man have enough.]—Dost thou know Dover?

*Edg.* Ay, master.

*Glo.* There is a cliff, whose high and bending head

Looks fearfully in the confined deep:

Bring me but to the very brim of it, 78

And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear  
With something rich about me: from that place  
I shall no leading need.

*Edg.* Give me thy arm:

Poor Tom shall lead thee. [Exit.

SCENE II. Before the Duke of Albany's palace.

Enter GONERIL and EDMUND.

*Gon.* Welcome, my lord: I marvel our mild husband

Not met us on the way.

Enter OSWALD.

Now, where's your master?

*Osw.* Madam, within; but never man so chang'd.

<sup>1</sup> Mopping, making faces.

<sup>2</sup> Mowing, grimacing.

<sup>3</sup> Superfluous, having more than enough.

<sup>4</sup> Slaves, makes a slave of, treats as a slave.

<sup>5</sup> Ordinance, established order, law of nature.

I told him of the army that was landed;  
He smil'd at it: I told him you were coming;  
His answer was, "The worse:" of Gloucester's treachery,

And of the loyal service of his son,  
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,<sup>6</sup>  
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:—

What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him; 10

What like, offensive.

*Gon.* [To Edmund] Then shall you go no further.

It is the cowish<sup>7</sup> terror of his spirit,  
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,

Which tie him to an answer.<sup>8</sup> Our wishes on the way

May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;

Hasten his musters and conduct his powers:  
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff

Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant  
Shall pass between us: ere long you're like to hear,

If you dare venture in your own behalf, 20  
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech; [Giving him a favour.

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,  
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air:—  
Conceive,<sup>9</sup> and fare thee well.

*Edm.* Yours in the ranks of death.

*Gon.* My most dear Gloucester!  
[Exit Edmund.

O, the difference of man and man!

To thee a woman's services are due:

My fool usurps my body.

*Osw.* Madam, here comes my lord. [Exit.

Enter ALBANY.

*Gon.* I have been worth the whistle.

*Alb.* O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind 80

Blows in your face. I fear your disposition:  
That nature which contemns it<sup>10</sup> origin

<sup>6</sup> Sot, fool, dolt.

<sup>7</sup> Cowish, cowardly.

<sup>8</sup> Answer, answer to a challenge, manly resistance.

<sup>9</sup> Conceive, understand.

<sup>10</sup> It, its (old possessive).

Cannot be border'd<sup>1</sup> certain in itself; 38  
 She that herself will sliver<sup>2</sup> and disbranch  
 From her material<sup>3</sup> sap, perforce must wither,  
 And come to deadly use.

*Gon.* No more; the text is foolish.

*Alb.* Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem  
 vile:

Filths savour<sup>4</sup> but themselves. What have  
 you done?

Tigers, not daughters, what have you per-  
 form'd? 40

A father, and a gracious aged man,  
 Whose reverence even the head-lugg'd<sup>5</sup> bear  
 would lick,



O vain fool!—(Act iv. 2. 61.)

Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you  
 maddened. 43

Could my good brother suffer you to do it?  
 A man, a prince, by him so benefited!  
 If that the heavens do not their visible spirits  
 Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,  
 It will come,  
 Humanity must perforce prey on itself,  
 Like monsters of the deep.

*Gon.* Milk-liver'd man!  
 That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for  
 wrongs; 51

Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning  
 Thine honour from thy suffering; that not  
 know'st 53

Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd  
 Ere they have done their mischief. Where's  
 thy drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless  
 land;

With plumed helm thy state begins to threat;  
 Whiles thou, a moral<sup>6</sup> fool, sitt'st still, and  
 criest

"Alack, why does he so?"

<sup>1</sup> Border'd, restrained.

<sup>2</sup> Sliver, break off.

<sup>3</sup> Material, nourishing.

<sup>4</sup> Savour, relish.

<sup>5</sup> Head-lugg'd, led by the head.

<sup>6</sup> Moral, moralizing.

*Alb.* See thyself, devil!  
 Proper<sup>1</sup> deformity seems not in the fiend 60  
 So horrid as in woman.

*Gon.* O vain fool!

*Alb.* Thou changed and self-cover'd<sup>2</sup> thing,  
 for shame,  
 Be-monster not thy feature.<sup>3</sup> Were 't my fitness  
 To let these hands obey my blood,<sup>4</sup>  
 They're apt enough to dislocate and tear  
 Thy flesh and bones:—howe'er thou art a fiend,  
 A woman's shape doth shield thee.

*Gon.* Marry, your manhood now!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Alb.* What news?

*Mess.* O, my good lord, the Duke of Corn-  
 wall's dead; 70

Slain by his servant, going to put out  
 The other eye of Gloster.

*Alb.* Gloster's eyes!

*Mess.* A servant that he bred, thrill'd with  
 remorse.<sup>5</sup>

Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword  
 To his great master; who, thereat enraged,  
 Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him  
 dead;

But not without that harmful stroke which  
 since 77

Hath pluck'd him after.

*Alb.* This shows you are above,  
 You justicers,<sup>6</sup> that these our nether crimes  
 So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster!  
 Lost he his other eye?

*Mess.* Both, both, my lord.—  
 [This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;  
 'T is from your sister.

*Gon.* [Aside] One way I like this well;  
 But being widow, and my Gloster with her,  
 May all the building in my fancy pluck  
 Upon my hateful life: another way  
 The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and an-  
 swer. [Exit.]

*Alb.* Where was his son [when they did  
 take his eyes?

*Mess.* Come with my lady hither.

*Alb.* He's not here.

<sup>1</sup> Proper, his own.

<sup>2</sup> Self-cover'd, concealing thy real self.

<sup>3</sup> Feature, bodily form.

<sup>4</sup> Remorse, pity.

<sup>5</sup> Blood, passion, anger.

<sup>6</sup> Justicers, just powers.

*Mess.* No, my good lord; I met him back<sup>7</sup>  
 again. 81

*Alb.* Knows he the wickedness?

*Mess.* Ay, my good lord; 't was he inform'd  
 against him;

And quit the house on purpose, that their  
 punishment  
 Might have the freer course.

*Alb.* Gloster, I live  
 To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the  
 king,

And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither,  
 friend:

Tell me what more thou know'st. [Exeunt.]

### SCENE III. The French camp near Dover.

*Enter KENT and a Gentleman.*

*Kent.* Why the King of France is so sud-  
 denly gone back know you the reason?

*Gent.* Something he left imperfect in the  
 state, which since his coming forth is thought  
 of; which imports to the kingdom so much  
 fear and danger, that his personal return was  
 most requir'd and necessary.

*Kent.* Who hath he left behind him general?

*Gent.* The Marshal of France, Monsieur La  
 Far. 10

*Kent.* Did your letters pierce the queen to  
 any demonstration of grief?

*Gent.* Ay, sir; she took them, read them in  
 my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd<sup>8</sup> down  
 Her delicate cheek: it seem'd she was a queen  
 Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,  
 Sought to be king o'er her.

*Kent.* O, then it mov'd her.

*Gent.* Not to a rage: patience and sorrow  
 strove

Who should express her goodliest. You have  
 seen 19

Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears  
 Were like a better way: those happy smilets<sup>9</sup>  
 That played on her ripe lip seem'd not to know  
 What guests were in her eyes; which parted  
 thence

As pearls from diamonds dropt.—In brief,  
 sorrow

<sup>7</sup> Back, going back.

<sup>8</sup> Trill'd, trickled.

<sup>9</sup> Smilets, a diminutive of smile.

Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all  
Could so become it.

*Kent.* Made she no verbal question?

*Gent.* Faith, once or twice she heav'd the  
name of "father".

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;  
Cried "Sisters, sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters!  
Kent! father! sisters! What, i' the storm?  
i' the night?" 30

Let pity not be believ'd!"—There she shook  
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,  
And, clamour moisten'd, then away she started  
To deal with grief alone.

*Kent.* It is the stars,  
The stars above us, govern our conditions;  
Else one self<sup>1</sup> mate and mate could not beget  
Such different issues. You spoke not with her  
since?

*Gent.* No.

*Kent.* Was this before the king return'd?

*Gent.* No, since.

*Kent.* Well, sir, the poor distressed Lear's  
i' the town? 40

Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers  
What we are come about, and by no means  
Will yield to see his daughter.

*Gent.* Why, good sir?

*Kent.* A sovereign shame so elbows<sup>2</sup> him:  
his own unkindness,

That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd  
her

To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights  
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things  
sting

His mind so venomously, that burning shame  
Detains him from Cordelia.

*Gent.* Alack, poor gentleman!

*Kent.* Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers  
you heard not? 50

*Gent.* 'Tis so, they are a-foot.

*Kent.* Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master  
Lear,

And leave you to attend him: some dear cause<sup>3</sup>  
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;  
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve  
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go  
Along with me. [Exeunt.]

<sup>1</sup> One self, the same.

<sup>2</sup> Elbows, stands at his elbow, haunts.

<sup>3</sup> Dear cause, important business.

SCENE IV. *The same. A tent.*

*Enter CORDELLA, Doctor, and Soldiers.*

*Cor.* Alack, 'tis he: why, he was met even  
now

As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;  
Crown'd with rank fumitory and furrow-  
weeds,

With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-  
flowers,

Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow  
In our sustaining corn.—A century<sup>4</sup> send  
forth;

Search every acre in the high-grown field,  
And bring him to our eye. [Exit an Officer]—

[What can man's wisdom

In the restoring his bereaved sense?  
He that helps him take all my outward worth.

*Doct.* There is means, madam: 11

Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,

The which he lacks; that to provoke in him  
Are many simples<sup>5</sup> operative, whose power  
Will close the eye of anguish.

*Cor.]* All bless'd secrets,

All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,  
Spring with my tears! be aidant<sup>6</sup> and reme-  
diate<sup>7</sup>

In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for  
him;

Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life  
That wants the means to lead it.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* News, madam;

The British powers are marching hitherward.

*Cor.* 'Tis known before; our preparation  
stands 22

In expectation of them.—O dear father,

It is thy business that I go about;

Therefore great France

My mourning and important<sup>8</sup> tears hath pitied.

No blown<sup>9</sup> ambition doth our arms incite,

But love, dear love, and our aged father's  
right:

[Soon may I hear and see him!] [Exeunt.]

<sup>4</sup> Century, a company of a hundred soldiers.

<sup>5</sup> Simples, medicinal herbs.

<sup>6</sup> Aidant, helpful.

<sup>7</sup> Remediate, healing, curing.

<sup>8</sup> Important, importunate.

<sup>9</sup> Blown, inflated.

## [SCENE V. A room in Gloucester's castle.]

*Enter REGAN and OSWALD.**Reg.* But are my brother's powers set forth?*Osw.* Ay, madam.*Reg.* Himself in person there?*Osw.* Madam, with much ado:  
Your sister is the better soldier.<sup>1</sup>*Reg.* Lord Edmund spake not with your  
lord at home?*Osw.* No, madam.*Reg.* What might import my sister's letter  
to him?*Osw.* I know not, lady.*Reg.* Faith, he is posted hence on serious  
matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes being out,  
To let him live: where he arrives he moves 11  
All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,  
In pity of his misery, to dispatch  
His nighted<sup>2</sup> life; moreover, to descry  
The strength o' the enemy.

*Osw.* I must needs after him, madam, with  
my letter.*Reg.* Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay  
with us;

The ways are dangerous.

*Osw.* I may not, madam:  
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.*Reg.* Why should she write to Edmund?  
Might not youTransport her purposes by word?<sup>3</sup> Belike, 20  
Something—I know not what:—I'll love thee  
much,

Let me unseal the letter.

*Osw.* Madam, I had rather—*Reg.* I know your lady does not love her  
husband;I'm sure of that: and at her late being here  
She gave strange o'glances<sup>4</sup> and most speaking  
looksTo noble Edmund. I know you are of her  
bosom.*Osw.* I, madam?*Reg.* I speak in understanding; you are, I  
know't:

Therefore I do advise you, take this note:

My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;  
And more convenient is he for my hand 21  
Than for your lady's:—you may gather more.  
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;  
And when your mistress hears thus much from  
you,

I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.

So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,  
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

*Osw.* Would I could meet him, madam! I  
would show 29

What party I do follow.

*Reg.* Fare thee well. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE VI. The country near Dover.

*Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR dressed like a  
peasant.**Glo.* When shall I come to the top of that  
same hill?*Edg.* You do climb up it now: look, how  
we labour.*Glo.* Methinks the ground is even.<sup>5</sup>*Edg.* Horrible steep.

Hark, do you hear the sea?

*Glo.* No, truly.*Edg.* Why, then, your other senses grow  
imperfect

By your eyes' anguish.

*Glo.* So may it be, indeed:  
Methinks thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st  
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.*Edg.* You're much deceiv'd: in nothing am  
I chang'd

But in my garments.

*Glo.* Methinks you're better spoken.*Edg.* Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand  
still.—How fearful 11

And dizzy 't is to cast one's eyes so low!

The crows and choughs that wing the mid-  
way air

Show scarce so gross<sup>6</sup> as beetles: half way down  
Hangs one that gathers sampire,—dreadful  
trade!

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:  
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,

<sup>1</sup> Soldier, a trisyllable here.<sup>2</sup> Nighted, darkened, blinded.<sup>3</sup> By word, orally.<sup>4</sup> O'glances, amorous glances.<sup>5</sup> Even, level.<sup>6</sup> Gross, big.

Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,  
Diminish'd to her cock,<sup>1</sup>—her cock, a buoy  
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring  
surge, 20  
That on th' unnumber'd<sup>2</sup> idle pebbles chafes,  
Cannot be heard so high.—I'll look no more;  
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient<sup>3</sup> sight  
Topple down headlong.

*Glo.* Set me where you stand.

*Edg.* Give me your hand:—you're now  
within a foot

Of th' extreme verge: for all beneath the moon  
Would I not leap upright.

*Glo.* Let go my hand.

Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel  
Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies and  
gods 29

Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;  
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

*Edg.* Now fare you well, good sir.

*Glo.* With all my heart.

*Edg.* [*Aside*] Why I do trifle thus with his  
despair

Is done to cure it.

*Glo.* [*Kneeling*] O you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce, and, in your sights,  
Shake patiently my great affliction off:

If I could bear it longer, and not fall

To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,

My snuff and loathed part of nature should

Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—

Now, fellow, fare thee well.

*Edg.* Gone, sir:—farewell.

[*Gloster throws himself forward, and falls.*]

[*Aside*] And yet I know not how conceit may  
rob 42

The treasury of life, when life itself

Yields to the theft: had he been where he  
thought,

By this had thought been past.—Alive or dead?

Ho you, sir! friend!—hear you, sir!—speak!—

[*Aside*] Thus might he pass indeed:—yet he  
revives.—

What are you, sir?

• *Glo.* Away, and let me die.

*Edg.* Hadst thou been ought but gossamer,  
feathers, air,

So many fathom down precipitating, 50  
Thou 'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost  
breathe;

Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st;  
art sound.

Ten masts at each<sup>4</sup> make not the altitude

Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:

Thy life 's a miracle. Speak yet again.

*Glo.* But have I fall'n, or no?

*Edg.* From the dread summit of this chalky  
bourn.

Look up a-height;<sup>5</sup>—the shrill-gorg'd<sup>6</sup> lark so  
far

Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

*Glo.* Alack, I have no eyes.— 60

Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit

To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,

When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,

And frustrate his proud will.

*Edg.* Give me your arm:

Up:—so.—How is't? Feel you your legs? You  
stand.

*Glo.* Too well, too well.

*Edg.* This is above all strangeness.

Upon the crown of the cliff, what thing was that

Which parted from you?

*Glo.* A poor unfortunate beggar.

*Edg.* As I stood here below, methought his

eyes 69

Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,

Horns whelk'd<sup>7</sup> and wav'd like the enridged

sea:

It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,

Think that the clearest<sup>8</sup> gods, who make them  
honours

Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

*Glo.* I do remember now: henceforth I'll

bear

Affliction till it do cry out itself

"Enough, enough," and die. That thing you  
speak of,

I took it for a man; often 't would say

"The fiend, the fiend:" he led me to that place.

*Edg.* Bear free<sup>9</sup> and patient thoughts.—But  
who comes here? 80

<sup>4</sup> At each, each joined to another.

<sup>5</sup> A-height, on high, aloft.

<sup>6</sup> Shrill-gorg'd, shrill-throated.

<sup>7</sup> Whelk'd, protruding.

<sup>8</sup> Clearest, brightest, purest.

<sup>9</sup> Free, sound.

<sup>1</sup> Cock, cockboat. <sup>2</sup> Unnumber'd, innumerable.

<sup>3</sup> Deficient, defective.

*Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed with wild flowers.*

[The safer<sup>1</sup> sense will ne'er accommodate His master thus.]

*Lear.* No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king himself.

*Edg. [Aside]* O thou side-piercing sight!

*Lear.* Nature's above art in that respect. —There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper:<sup>2</sup> draw me a clothier's yard.<sup>3</sup>—Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on



*Lear.* Ha! Goneril,—with a white beard!—(act iv. 6. 98.)

a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.<sup>4</sup>—O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout;<sup>5</sup> i' the clout: hewgh! —Give the word.<sup>6</sup>

*Edg.* Sweet marjoram.

*Lear.* Pass.

*Glo.* I know that voice.

*Lear.* Ha! Goneril,—with a white beard! —They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there.—To say "ay" and "no" to everything that I said!—"Ay" and "no" too

was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to niake me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 't is a lie,—I am not ague-proof.

*Glo.* The trick of that voice I do well remember: 109

Is't not the king?

*Lear.* Ay, every inch a king: "When I do stare, see how the subject quakes! I pardon that man's life.—What was thy cause?—

Adultery?—

Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No:

<sup>1</sup> Safer, sounder, more sober.

<sup>2</sup> Crow-keeper, one who keeps off the crows.

<sup>3</sup> A clothier's yard, an arrow a yard long.

<sup>4</sup> Brown bills, halberds.

<sup>5</sup> Clout, centre of target.

<sup>6</sup> Word, watchword.

The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly  
Does lecher in my sight.

[Let copulation thrive; for Gloster's bastard  
son

Was kinder to his father than my daughters  
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.]

To't, luxury, pell-mell! for I lack soldiers.—

[Behold yon simpering dame, 120  
Whose face between her forks presages  
snow,

That mines virtue, and does shake the  
head

To hear of pleasure's name,—

The fitchew nor the soiled horse goes to't

With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are Centaurs,

Though women all above:

But to the girdle do the gods inherit,

Beneath is all the fiends';

There's hell, there's darkness, there's the  
sulphurous pit, 130

burning, scalding, stench, consumption;]—fie,  
fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet,  
good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination:  
there's money for thee.

*Glo.* O, let me kiss that hand!

*Lear.* Let me wipe it first; it smells of mor-  
tality.

*Glo.* O ruin'd piece<sup>1</sup> of nature! This great  
world

Shall so wear out to naught.—Dost thou know  
me?

*Lear.* I remember thine eyes well enough.  
Dost thou squiny<sup>2</sup> at me? No, do thy worst,  
blind Cupid; I'll not love.—Read thou this  
challenge; mark but the penning of it.

*Glo.* Were all the letters suns, I could not  
see one.

*Edg.* [Aside] I would not take this from  
report;—it is,

And my heart breaks at it.

*Lear.* Read.

*Glo.* What, with the case<sup>3</sup> of eyes?

*Lear.* O, ho, are you there with me? No  
eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse?  
Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in  
a light: yet you see how this world goes. 151

*Glo.* I see it feelingly.

*Lear.* What, art mad? A man may see how  
this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine  
ears: see how yond justice rails upon yond  
simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change  
places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice,  
which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's  
dog bark at a beggar?

*Glo.* Ay, sir. 160

*Lear.* And the creature ran from the cur?  
There thou might'st behold the great image of  
authority: a dog's obey'd in office.—

[Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!  
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine  
own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind  
For which thou whipp'st her.] The usurer  
hangs the cozeners.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;  
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin  
with gold, 169

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;  
Arm it in rags, a pigny's straw does pierce it.  
None does offend, none,—I say, none; I'll  
able<sup>4</sup> 'em:

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power  
To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;  
And, like a scurvy politician, seem

To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now,  
now, now:

Pull off my boots:—harder, harder:—so.

*Edg.* [Aside] O, matter<sup>5</sup> and impertinency<sup>6</sup>  
mix'd!

Reason in madness!

*Lear.* If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take  
my eyes. 180

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:  
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:  
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,  
We wawl and cry.—I will preach to thee: mark.

*Glo.* Alack, alack the day!

*Lear.* When we are born, we cry that we  
are come

To this great stage of fools.—[This'<sup>7</sup> a good  
block:—

It were a delicate stratagem to shoe  
A troop of horse with felt: I'll put't in proof;

<sup>1</sup> Piece, masterpiece.

<sup>2</sup> Squiny, squint.

<sup>3</sup> Case, empty socket.

<sup>4</sup> Able, warrant, vouch for.

<sup>5</sup> Matter, meaning, sense.

<sup>6</sup> Impertinency, lack of pertinency. <sup>7</sup> This', this is.



And when I've stol'n upon these sons-in-law,  
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill! ] 191

*Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.*

*Gent.* O, here he is: lay hand upon him.—  
Sir,

Your most dear daughter—

*Lear.* No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am  
even

The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well;  
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons;  
I am cut to the brains.

*Gent.* You shall have any thing.

*Lear.* No seconds? all myself?

[Why, this would make a man a man of salt,  
To use his eyes for garden water-pots, 200  
Ay, and laying autumn's dust.

*Gent.* Good sir,—

*Lear.* ] I will die bravely, like a smug<sup>1</sup> bride-  
groom. What!

I will be jovial: come, come; I am a king;  
My masters, know you that?

*Gent.* You are a royal one, and we obey  
you.

[*Lear.* Then there's life in't. Nay, an you  
get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa,  
{sa.} ] *[Exit; Attendants follow.*

*Gent.* A sight most pitiful in the meanest  
wretch,

Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one  
daughter, 209

Who redeems nature from the general curse  
Which twain have brought her to.

[*Edg.* Hail, gentle sir.

*Gent.* Sir, speed you: what's your will?

*Edg.* Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle  
toward?<sup>2</sup>

*Gent.* Most sure and vulgar:<sup>3</sup> every one  
hears that,

Which can distinguish sound.

*Edg.* But, by your favour,  
How near's the other army?

*Gent.* Near and on speedy foot; the main  
descry<sup>4</sup>

Stands on the hourly thought.

*Edg.* I thank you, sir: that's all.

<sup>1</sup> Smug, spruce.

<sup>2</sup> Toward, at hand, imminent.

<sup>3</sup> Vulgar, commonly known.

<sup>4</sup> The main descry, &c., the main body is hourly expected to be seen.

*Gent.* Though that the queen on special  
cause is here, 219

Her army is mov'd on.

*Edg.* I thank you, sir.]

*[Exit Gentleman.*

*Glo.* You ever-gentle gods, take my breath  
from me;

Let not my worser spirit tempt me again  
To die before you please!

*Edg.* Well pray you, father.

*Glo.* Now, good sir, what are you?

*Edg.* A most poor man, made tame to for-  
tune's blows;

Who, by the art of known and feeling<sup>5</sup> sorrows,  
Am pregnant<sup>6</sup> to good pity. Give me your hand,  
I'll lead you to some biding.<sup>7</sup>

*Glo.* Hearty thanks:

The bounty and the benison<sup>8</sup> of heaven  
To boot, and boot!

*Enter OSWALD.*

*Osw.* A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!  
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd  
flesh 231

To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy  
traitor,

Briefly thyself remember:—the sword is out  
That must destroy thee.

*Glo.* Now let thy friendly hand  
Put strength enough to it. [*Edgar interposes.*

*Osw.* Wherefore, bold peasant,  
Darest thou support a publish'd traitor?

Hence;

Lest that th' infection of his fortune take  
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

*Edg.* Chill<sup>9</sup> not let go, sir, without further  
casualty. 240

*Osw.* Let go, slave, or thou diest!

*Edg.* Good gentleman, go your gait, and let  
poor folk pass. An chud<sup>10</sup> ha' bin zwaggered  
out of my life, 't would not ha' bin so long as  
't is by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the  
old man; keep out, che vor ye,<sup>11</sup> or ise try  
whether your costard<sup>12</sup> or my ballow<sup>13</sup> be the  
harder: chill be plain with you.

<sup>5</sup> Feeling, heartfelt.

<sup>6</sup> Pregnant, disposed.

<sup>7</sup> Biding, abode.

<sup>8</sup> Benison, blessing.

<sup>9</sup> Chill, I will.

<sup>10</sup> Chud, I should.

<sup>11</sup> Che vor ye, I warn ye.

<sup>12</sup> Costard, head.

<sup>13</sup> Ballow, cudgel.

*Osw.* Out, dunghill!

*Edg.* Chill pick your teeth, zir: come; no matter vor your foins<sup>1</sup> 251

[*They fight, and Edgar knocks him down.*]

*Osw.* Slave, thou hast slain me:—villain, take my purse:

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;  
And give the letters which thou find'st about me

To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out  
Upon the English party:—O, untimely death!

[*Dies.*]

*Edg.* I know thee well: a serviceable villain;

As duteous to the vices of thy mistress  
As badness would desire.

*Glo.*

What, is he dead?



*Osw.* Slave, thou hast slain me:—villain, take my purse.—(Act iv. 6. 252.)

*Edg.* Sit you down, father; rest you.— 260  
Let's see these pockets: the letters that he speaks of

May be my friends.—He's dead; I'm only sorry

He had no other deathsman.<sup>3</sup>—Let us see:—  
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:

To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;

Their papers, is more lawful.

[*Reads*] "Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully<sup>4</sup> offer'd. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

"Your—wife, so I would say—affectionate servant,

"GONERIL."

O indistinguish'd space<sup>5</sup> of woman's will!

A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;

And the exchange my brother!—[*Here, in the sands,*

<sup>1</sup> Foins, thrusts.

<sup>2</sup> Party, side.

<sup>3</sup> Deathsman, executioner.

<sup>4</sup> Fruitfully, abundantly.

<sup>5</sup> Indistinguish'd space, boundless range.

Thou I'll rake<sup>1</sup> up, the post unsanctified 281  
Of murderous lechers: and, in the mature time,  
With this ungracious paper strike the sight  
Of the death-practis'd<sup>2</sup> duke: for him 'tis well  
That of thy death and business I can tell.

*Glo.* The king is mad: how stiff is my vile  
sense,

That I stand up, and have ingenious<sup>3</sup> feeling  
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:  
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my  
griefs,

And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose 290  
The knowledge of themselves.

*Edg.* ] Give me your hand:

[*Drum afar off.*

Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten  
drum:

Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *A tent in the French camp. Lear  
on a bed asleep, soft music playing; Doctor,  
Gentleman, and others attending.*

*Enter CORDELIA and KENT*

*Cor.* O thou good Kent, how shall I live and  
work,  
To match thy goodness? My life will be too  
short,  
And every measure fail me.

*Kent.* To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-  
paid.

All my reports go with the modest<sup>4</sup> truth;  
Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.

*Cor.* Be better suited:<sup>5</sup>  
These weeds<sup>6</sup> are memories of those worser  
hours:

I prithee, put them off.

*Kent.* Pardon, dear madam;  
Yet to be known shortens my made intent:<sup>7</sup>  
My boon I make it, that you know me not  
Till time and I think meet. 11

*Cor.* Then be't so, my good lord.—[*To the  
Doctor*] How does the king?

*Doct.* Madam, sleeps still.

*Cor.* O you kind gods,  
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!  
Th' untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up  
Of this child-changed father!

*Doct.* So please your majesty  
That we may wake the king? he hath slept  
long.

*Cor.* Be govern'd by your knowledge, and  
proceed 19

I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

*Gent.* Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep  
We put fresh garments on him.

*Doct.* Be by, good madam, when we do  
awake him;

I doubt not of his temperance.<sup>8</sup>

*Cor.* Very well.

*Doct.* Please you, draw near.—Louder the  
music there!

*Cor.* O my dear father! Restoration hang  
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss  
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters  
Have in thy reverence made!

*Kent.* Kind and dear princess!

*Cor.* Had you not been their father, these  
white flakes 30

Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face  
To be oppos'd against the warring winds?

To stand against the deep dread-bolted  
thunder?

In the most terrible and nimble stroke  
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch—poor  
perdu!<sup>9</sup>

With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,  
Though he had bit me, should have stood that  
night

Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,  
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,  
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack! 40  
Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once  
Had not concluded all.<sup>10</sup>—He wakes; speak to  
him.

*Doct.* Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

*Cor.* How does my royal lord? how fares  
your majesty?

*Lear.* You do me wrong to take me out o'  
the grave:—

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound

<sup>1</sup> *Rake*, cover.

<sup>2</sup> *Death-practis'd*, whose death is plotted.

<sup>3</sup> *Ingenious*, conscious.

<sup>4</sup> *Modest*, moderate.

<sup>5</sup> *Suited*, dressed.

<sup>6</sup> *Weeds*, garments.

<sup>7</sup> *Made intent*, plan formed.

<sup>8</sup> *Temperance*, calmness.

<sup>9</sup> *Perdu*, forlorn one.

<sup>10</sup> *Concluded all*, entirely ended.

Upon a wheel of fire, that<sup>1</sup> mine own tears  
Do scald like molten lead.

*Cor.* Sir, do you know me?

*Lear.* You are a spirit, I know: when did  
you die?

*Cor.* Still, still, far wide! 50

*Doct.* He's scarce awake: let him alone awhile.

*Lear.* Where have I been? Where am I?  
—Fair daylight?—

I'm mightily abus'd.<sup>2</sup>—I should e'en die with  
pity,

To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—

I will not swear these are my hands:—let's  
see;



*Lear.* I pray, weep not:  
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.  
I know you do not love me; for your sisters

Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:  
You have some cause, they have not.  
—(Act iv. 7. 71-75.)

I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd  
Of my condition!

*Cor.* O, look upon me, sir,  
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—  
No, sir, you must not kneel.

*Lear.* Pray, do not mock me:  
I am a very foolish fond old man, 60  
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor  
less;

And, to deal plainly,  
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.  
Methinks I should know you, and know this  
man;

Yet I am doubtful: for I'm mainly ignorant  
What place this is; and all the skill I have  
Remembers not these garments; nor I know  
not

Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh  
at me;

For, as I am a man, I think this lady  
To be my child Cordelia.

*Cor.* And so I am, I am.

*Lear.* Be your tears wet? yes, faith. I  
pray, weep not: 71

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.  
I know you do not love me; for your sisters

<sup>1</sup> That, so that.

<sup>2</sup> Abus'd, deceived.

Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:  
You have some cause, they have not.

*Cor.* No cause, no cause.

*Lear.* Am I in France?

*Kent.* In your own kingdom, sir.

*Lear.* Do not abuse me.

*Doct.* Be comforted, good madam: the great  
rage,

You see, is kill'd in him: and yet 't is danger  
To make him even o'er<sup>1</sup> the time he has lost.  
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more  
Till further settling.<sup>2</sup>

*Cor.* Will 't please your highness walk?

*Lear.* You must bear with me:

Pray you now, forget and forgive: I'm old  
and foolish.

[*Exeunt all except Kent and Gentleman.*]

*Gent.* Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of  
Cornwall was so slain?

*Kent.* Most certain, sir.

*Gent.* Who is conductor of his people?

*Kent.* As 't is said, the bastard son of Glos-  
ter.

*Gent.* They say Edgar, his banish'd son, is  
with the Earl of Kent in Germany.

*Kent.* Report is changeable. 'T is time to  
look about; the powers of the kingdom ap-  
proach apace.

*Gent.* The arbitrement<sup>3</sup> is like to be bloody.  
Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Kent.* My point and period will be thoroughly<sup>4</sup>  
wrought,

Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE 1. *The camp of the British forces, near  
Dorset.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, EDMUND, REGAN,  
Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

*Edm.* Know of the duke if his last purpose  
hold,

Or whether since he is advis'd by aught  
To change the course: he's full of alteration  
And self-reproving:—bring his constant plea-  
sure.<sup>5</sup> [*To an Officer, who goes out.*]

[*Reg.* Our sister's man is certainly mis-  
carried.

*Edm.* 'T is to be doubted,<sup>6</sup> madam.

*Reg.* Now, sweet lord.  
You know the goodness I intend upon you:  
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,  
Do you not love my sister?

*Edm.* In honour'd love.

*Reg.* But have you never found my brother's  
way

To the forfended<sup>7</sup> place?

*Edm.* That thought abuses you.

*Reg.* I am doubtful that you have been  
conjunct<sup>8</sup>

And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

*Edm.* No, by mine honour, madam.

*Reg.* I never shall endure her: dear my lord,  
Be not familiar with her.

*Edm.* Fear me not:—

She and the duke her husband!]

*Enter, with drum and colours, ALBANY,  
GONERIL, and Soldiers.*

*Gon.* [*Aside*] I had rather lose the battle  
than that sister

Should loosen him and me.

*Alb.* Our very loving sister, well be-met.—  
Sir, this I hear,—the king is come to his  
daughter,

With others whom the rigour of our state  
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,  
I never yet was valiant: for this business,  
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,  
Not bolds<sup>9</sup> the king, with others, whom, I fear,  
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.<sup>10</sup>

*Edm.* Sir, you speak nobly.

*Reg.* Why is this reason'd?<sup>11</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Even o'er, try to account for.

<sup>2</sup> Settling, composure of mind, recovery of reason.

<sup>3</sup> Arbitrement, decision. <sup>4</sup> Thoroughly, thoroughly.

<sup>5</sup> Constant pleasure, settled resolution.

<sup>6</sup> Doubted, suspected, feared. <sup>7</sup> Forfended, forbidden.

<sup>8</sup> Conjunct, intimately connected. <sup>9</sup> Bolds, emboldens.

<sup>10</sup> Make oppose, cause to oppose us.

<sup>11</sup> Reason'd, debated.

*Gon.* Combine together 'gainst the enemy;  
For these domestic and particular broils 30  
Are not the question here.

*Alb.* Let's, then, determine  
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

*Edm.* I shall attend you presently at your tent.

*Reg.* Sister, you'll go with us?

*Gon.* No.

*Reg.* 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go  
with us.

*Gon.* [*Aside*] O, ho, I know the riddle.—I  
will go.

*As they are going out, enter EDGAR disguised.*

*Edg.* If e'er your grace had speech with  
man so poor,  
Hear me one word.

[*Alb.* I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt all except Albany and Edgar.*

*Edg.*] Before you fight the battle, ope this  
letter. 40

If you have victory, let the trumpet sound  
For him that brought it: wretched though I  
seem,

I can produce a champion that will prove  
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,  
Your business of the world hath so an end,  
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

*Alb.* Stay till I've read the letter.

*Edg.* I was forbid it.  
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,  
And I'll appear again. 49

*Alb.* Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook  
thy paper. [*Exit Edgar.*

*Re-enter EDMUND.*

*Edm.* The enemy's in view; draw up your  
powers.  
Here is the guess of their true strength and  
forces

By diligent discovery;<sup>1</sup>—but your haste  
Is now urg'd on you.

*Alb.* We will greet the time. [*Exit.*

*Edm.* To both these sisters have I sworn  
my love;

Each jealous<sup>2</sup> of the other, as the stung  
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?  
Both? one? on neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,

If both remain alive: to take the widow  
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;  
And hardly shall I carry out my side,<sup>3</sup> 51  
Her husband being alive. Now, then, we'll use  
His countenance for the battle; which being  
done,

Let her who would be rid of him devise  
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy  
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,—  
The battle done, and they within our power,  
Shall never see his pardon; for my state  
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A field between the two camps.*

*Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours,  
LEAR, CORDELIA, and their Forces; and  
exeunt.*

*Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.*

*Edg.* Here, father, take the shadow of this  
tree

For your good host; pray that the right may  
thrive:

If ever I return to you again,  
I'll bring you comfort.

*Glo.* Grace go with you, sir!  
[*Exit Edgar.*

*Alarum and retreat within. Re-enter EDGAR.*

*Edg.* Away, old man,—give me thy hand,—  
away!

King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:  
Give me thy hand; come on.

*Glo.* No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

*Edg.* What, in ill thoughts again? Men  
must endure 9

Their going hence, even as their coming hither:  
Ripeness<sup>4</sup> is all:—come on.

*Glo.* And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The British camp, near Dover.*

*Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, ED-  
MUND; LEAR and CORDELIA prisoners;  
Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

*Edm.* Some officers take them away: good  
guard,

<sup>1</sup> *Discovery, reconnoitring.*

<sup>2</sup> *Jealous = suspicious.*

<sup>3</sup> *Carry out my side, win the game.*

<sup>4</sup> *Ripeness, readiness.*

Until their greater pleasures first be known  
That are to censure<sup>1</sup> them.

*Cor.* We are not the first  
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the  
worst.



*Cor.* We are not the first  
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.  
—(Act v. 3. 3, 4.)

For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;  
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's  
frown.—

Shall we not see these daughters and these  
sisters?

*Lear.* No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to  
prison:

We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:  
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel  
down, 10

And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,  
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and  
laugh

At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues  
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them  
too,—

Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's  
out;—

And take upon's the mystery of things,  
As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,  
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great  
ones,

That ebb and flow by the moon.

*Edm.* Take them away.

*Lear.* Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,  
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I  
caught thee? 21

He that parts us shall bring a brand<sup>2</sup> from  
heaven,

And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;  
The good-years<sup>2</sup> shall devour them, flesh and  
fell,<sup>3</sup>

Ere they shall make us weep; we'll see 'em  
starv'd first.

*Come.* [*Exeunt Lear and Cordelia, guarded.*]

*Edm.* Come hither, captain; hark.

Take thou this note [*Giving a paper*]: go fol-  
low them to prison:

One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost  
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way  
To noble fortunes: know thou this, that men  
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded 31  
Does not become a sword:—thy great employ-  
ment

Will not bear question; either say thou'lt do't,  
Or thrive by other means.

*Off.* I'll do't, my lord.

*Edm.* About it; and write happy<sup>4</sup> when thou  
hast done.

*Mark.*—I say, instantly; and carry it so  
As I have set it down.

*Off.* I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;  
If't be man's work, I'll do't. [*Exit.*]

<sup>2</sup> Good-years; *goujère*, *pox*.

<sup>3</sup> Fell, *skin*.

<sup>4</sup> Write happy, count yourself fortunate.

*Flourish.* Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN,  
Officers, and Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant  
strain,<sup>1</sup> 40

And fortune led you well: you have the cap-  
tives

That were the opposites<sup>2</sup> of this day's strife:  
We do require them of you, so to use them  
As we shall find their merits and our safety  
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit

To send the old and miserable king  
To some retention<sup>3</sup> and appointed guard;  
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,  
To pluck the common bosom<sup>4</sup> on his side,  
And turn our impress'd lances<sup>5</sup> in our eyes  
Which do command them. With him I sent  
the queen; 51

My reason all the same; and they are ready  
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear  
Where you shall hold your session. At this  
time

We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his  
friend;

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd  
By those that feel their sharpness:—  
The question of Cordelia and her father  
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,  
I hold you but a subject of this war, 60  
Not as a brother.

[Reg. That's as we list to grace him.  
Methinks our pleasure might have been de-  
manded,

Ere you had spoke so far. He led our  
powers;

Bore the commission of my place and person;  
The which immediacy<sup>6</sup> may well stand up  
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:  
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,  
More than in your addition.<sup>7</sup>

Reg. In my rights

<sup>1</sup> Strain, race.

<sup>2</sup> Opposites, opponents.

<sup>3</sup> Retention, custody.

<sup>4</sup> Bosom, affection

<sup>5</sup> Impress'd lances, the soldiers we have pressed into  
service.

<sup>6</sup> Immediacy, being next in authority to me.

<sup>7</sup> Addition, title given him.

By me invested, he compeers<sup>8</sup> the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should hus-  
band you. 70

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!

That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should  
answer

From a full-flowing stomach.<sup>9</sup>—General,  
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;  
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:  
Witness the world that I create thee here  
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good  
will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. [To Edmund] Let the drum strike, and  
prove my title thine. 81

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason. ]—Edmund, I  
arrest thee

On capital treason; and, in thine attaint,  
This gilded serpent [Pointing to Goneril].—

[For your claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife;

'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,

And I, her husband, contradict your bans.

If you will marry, make your loves to me;

My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. ] Thou art arm'd, Gloster:—let the  
trumpet sound: 90

If none appear to prove upon thy person

Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,

There is my pledge [Throwing down a glove];

I'll prove it on thy heart,

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less

Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

[Reg. Sick, O, sick!

Gon. [Aside] If not, I'll ne'er trust medi-  
cine. ]

Edm. There's my exchange [Throwing down  
a glove]: what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:

Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,

On him, on you, who not? I will maintain

My truth and honour firmly. 101

<sup>8</sup> Compeers, is the peer of.

<sup>9</sup> Stomach, anger.



[*Alb.* A herald, ho!

*Edm.* A herald, ho, a herald!

*Alb.* Trust to thy single virtue;<sup>1</sup> for thy soldiers,

All levied in my name, have in my name  
Took their discharge.

*Reg.* My sickness grows upon me.

*Alb.* She is not well; convey her to my tent.]

[*Exit Regan, led.*

*Enter a Herald.*

Come hither, herald, — Let the trumpet  
sound, —

And read out this.

*Off.* Sound, trumpet! [*A trumpet sounds.*

*Her.* [*Reads*] “If any man of quality or degree  
within the lists of the army will maintain upon Ed-  
mund, supposed Earl of Gloster, that he is a mani-  
fold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the  
trumpet: he is bold in his defence.”

*Edm.* Sound! [*First trumpet.*

*Her.* Again! [*Second trumpet.*

*Her.* Again! [*Third trumpet.*

[*Trumpet answers within.*

*Enter EDGAR, armed, and preceded by a  
trumpet.*

*Alb.* Ask him his purposes, why he appears  
Upon this call of the trumpet.

*Her.* What<sup>2</sup> are you?  
Your name, your quality? and why you answer  
This present summons?

*Edg.* Know, my name is lost;  
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit:  
Yet am I noble as the adversary 123  
I come to cope.

*Alb.* Which is that adversary?

*Edg.* What's he that speaks for Edmund  
earl of Gloster?

*Edm.* Himself:—what say'st thou to him?

*Edg.* Draw thy sword,  
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,  
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.  
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,  
My oath, and my profession: I protest, — 130  
Maugre<sup>3</sup> thy strength, youth, place, and emi-  
nence,

Despise thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,  
Thy valour and thy heart,—thou art a traitor;  
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;  
Conspirant<sup>4</sup> 'gainst this high illustrious prince;  
And, from th' extremest upward of thy head  
To the descent and dust below thy foot,  
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou “no,”  
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are  
bent

To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak, 140  
Thou liest.

*Edm.* In wisdom I should ask thy name;  
But, since thy outside looks so fair and war-  
like,

And that thy tongue some say<sup>5</sup> of breeding  
breathes,

What safe and nicely<sup>6</sup> I might well delay  
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:  
Back do I toss these treasours to thy head;  
With the bell-hated<sup>7</sup> lie o'erwhelm thy heart;  
Which,—for they yet glance by, and scarcely  
bruise,—

This sword of mine shall give them instant  
way,

Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets,  
speak! 150

[*Alarums. They fight. Edmund falls.*

[*Alb.* Save him, save him!

*Gon.* This is practice,<sup>8</sup> Gloster:  
By the law of arms thou wast not bound to  
answer

An unknown opposite;<sup>9</sup> thou art not van-  
quish'd,

But cozen'd and beguil'd.

*Alb.* Shut your mouth, dame,  
Or with this paper shall I stop it:—Hold, sir;  
Thou worse than any name, read thine own  
evil:—

No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.

[*Gives the letter to Edmund.*

*Gon.* Say, if I do, — the laws are mine, not  
thine: 158

Who can arraign me for't? [*Exit.*

*Alb.* Most monstrous! oh:—

Know'st thou this paper?

*Edm.* Ask me not what I know.

<sup>4</sup> Conspirant, plotter, conspirer. “

<sup>5</sup> Say, assay, proof.

<sup>6</sup> Nicely, punctiliously.

<sup>7</sup> Bell-hated, hated like hell.

<sup>8</sup> Practice, plotting.

<sup>9</sup> Opposite, opponent.

<sup>1</sup> Virtue, valour.

<sup>2</sup> What, who.

<sup>3</sup> Maugre, in spite of.

*Alb.* Go after her: she's desperate; govern<sup>1</sup> her. [*To an Officer, who goes out.*]

*Edg.* What you have charg'd me with, that have I done;

And more, much more; the time will bring it out:

'Tis past, and so am I.—But what art thou That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble, I do forgive thee.

*Edg.* Let's exchange charity.

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;

If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.

My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices

Make instruments to plague us: 171

[*The dark and vicious place where thee he got<sup>2</sup> Cost him his eyes.*]

*Edm.* Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true; The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

[*Alb.* Methought thy very gait did prophesy A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee:

Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I

Did hate thee or thy father!]

*Edg.* Worthy prince, I know't.

*Alb.* Where have you hid yourself?

How have you known the miseries of your father? 180

*Edg.* By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale;—

And when't is told, O, that my heart would burst!

The bloody proclamation to escape,

That follow'd me so near,—O, our lives' sweetness! 190

That we the pain of death would hourly die Rather than die at once!—taught me to shift

Into a madman's rags; t' assume a semblance

That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit

Met I my father with his bleeding rings,<sup>3</sup>

Their precious stones new lost; became his guide, 190

Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;

Never—O fault!—reveal'd myself unto him, Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd,

Not sure, though hoping, of this good success, I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last

Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd<sup>4</sup> heart, Alack, too weak the conflict to support, Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief, Burst smilingly.

*Edm.* This speech of yours hath mov'd me, And shall perchance do good: but speak you on; You look as<sup>5</sup> you had something more to say.

*Alb.* If there be more, more woeful, hold it in; For I am almost ready to dissolve, 208

Hearing of this.

*Edg.* This would have seem'd a period To such as love not sorrow; but another, To amplify too much, would make much more, And top extremity.

Whilst I was big<sup>6</sup> in clamour, came there a man,

Who, having seen me in my worst estate, Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding Who't was that so endur'd, with his strong arms 211

He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;

Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting

His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life Began to crack: twice then the trumpets sound'd,

And there I left him tranç'd.<sup>7</sup>

*Alb.* But who was this?

*Edg.* Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise

Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service Improper for a slave. 221

*Enter a Gentleman hastily with a bloody knife.*

*Gent.* Help, help, O, help!

*Edg.* What kind of help?

*Alb.* Speak, man.

*Edg.* What means that bloody knife?

*Gent.* 'Tis hot, it smokes; It came even from the heart of—O, she's dead!

*Alb.* Who dead? speak, man.

*Gent.* Your lady, sir, your lady: and hersister By her is poisoned; she hath confess'd it.

*Edm.* I was contracted to them both: all three

Now marry in an instant.

<sup>1</sup> Govern, restrain.    <sup>2</sup> Got, begot.    <sup>3</sup> Rings, sockets.

<sup>4</sup> Flaw'd, broken.

<sup>5</sup> As, as if.

<sup>6</sup> Big, loud.

<sup>7</sup> Tranç'd, in a faint.

*Edg.* Here comes Kent.

*Alb.* Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead:— 230

{ This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,

{ Touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gentleman.*]

*Enter KENT.*

O, is this he?

The time will not allow the compliment  
Which very manners urges.

*Kent.*

I am come



*Lear.* A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!  
I might have sav'd her: now she's gone for ever!—(Act v. 3. 258, 259.)

{ To bid my king and master aye good night:  
{ Is he not here?

*Alb.* Great thing of us forgot!—  
Speak, Edmund, where 's the king? and where's  
Cordelia?—

[*The bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in.*]

See'st thou this object, Kent?

*Kent.* Alack, why thus?

*Edm.* Yet Edmund was belov'd:  
The one the other poison'd for my sake, 240  
And after slew herself.

*Alb.* Even so.—Cover their faces.

*Edm.* I pant for life:—some good I mean  
to do,

Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send—  
Be brief in it—to the castle; for my writ  
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia:—

[Nay, send in time.]

*Alb.* [Run, run, O, run!

*Edg.* To who, my lord?—Who has the  
office? send

Thy token of reprieve. 249

*Edm.* Well thought on: take my sword;  
Give it the captain.

*Alb.* Haste thee, for thy life.

[*Exit Edgar.*]

*Edm.* He hath commission from thy wife  
and me

To hang Cordelia in the prison, and  
To lay the blame upon her own despair,  
That she fordid<sup>1</sup> herself.

*Alb.* The gods defend her!—Bear him hence  
awhile. [*Edmund is borne off.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Fordid*, destroyed.

*Re-enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his arms;  
EDGAR, Captain, and others following.*

*Lear.* Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are  
men of stones:

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so  
That heaven's vault should crack.—She's  
gone for ever!—

I know when one is dead, and when one  
lives; 260

She's dead as earth.—Lend me a looking-glass;  
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,  
Why, then she lives.

*Kent.* Is this the promis'd end?!

*Edg.* Or image of that horror?

*Alb.* Fall, and cease!

*Lear.* This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,  
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows  
That ever I have felt.

*Kent.* O my good master! [*Kneeling.*

*Lear.* Prithce, away.

*Edg.* 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

*Lear.* A plague upon you, murderers, traitors  
all!

I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for  
ever!— 270

Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever  
soft,

Gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in wo-  
man.—

I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.

*Cap.* 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

*Lear.* Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting fal-  
chion

I would have made them skip: I am old now,  
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are  
you?

Mine eyes are not o' the best:—I'll tell you  
straight.

*Kent.* If fortune brag of two she lov'd and  
hated, 280

One of them we behold.

*Lear.* This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?

*Kent.* The same,

Your servant Kent.—Where is your servant  
Caius?

*Lear.* He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;  
He'll strike, and quickly too:—he's dead and  
rotten.

*Kent.* No, my good lord; I am the very  
man,—

*Lear.* I'll see that straight.

*Kent.* That, from your first of difference<sup>2</sup>  
and decay,

Have follow'd your sad steps.

*Lear.* You're welcome hither.

*Kent.* Nor no man else:—all's cheerless,  
dark, and deadly.— 290

Your eldest daughters have fordone<sup>3</sup> them-  
selves,

And desperately<sup>4</sup> are dead.

*Lear.* Ay, so I think.

*Alb.* He knows not what he says; and vain  
it is

That we present us to him.

*Edg.* Very bootless.

[*Enter a Captain.*

*Cap.* Edmund is dead, my lord.]

*Alb.* [That's but a trifle here.—

You lords and noble friends, know our intent.

What comfort to this great decay may come

Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,

During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power:—[*To Edgar and*

*Kent*] you, to your rights; 300

With boot, and such addition as your honours

Have more than merited.—All friends shall  
taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes

The cup of their deservings.]—O, see, see!

*Lear.* And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no  
no life!

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,  
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no  
more,

Never, never, never, never, never:—

Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, sir.—

Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her  
lips,— 310

Look there, look there!— [*Dies.*

*Edg.* He faints!—My lord, my lord!—

*Kent.* Break, heart; I prithee, break!

<sup>2</sup> Difference, turn of fortune.

<sup>3</sup> Fordone, destroyed. <sup>4</sup> Desperately, in despair.

<sup>1</sup> End, end of the world.

*Edg.* Look up, my lord.

*Kent.* Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass!  
he hates him

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That would upon the rack of this tough world  
Stretch him out longer.

*Edg.* He is gone indeed.

*Kent.* The wonder is, he hath endur'd so  
long:

He but usurp'd his life.

*Alb.* Bear them from hence.—Our present  
business

Is general woe.—[*To Kent and Edgar*] Friends  
of my soul, you twain

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Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

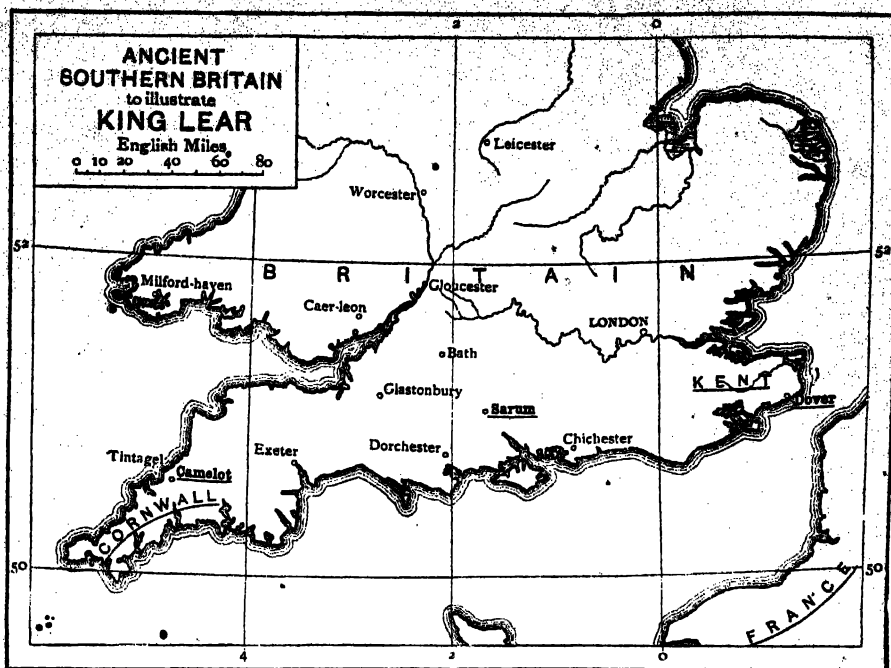
*Kent.* I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;  
My master calls me,—I must not say no.

*Alb.* The weight of this sad time we must  
obey;

Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.  
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young  
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*]





## NOTES TO KING LEAR.

### ACT I. SCENE I.

1.—It will be best, I think, to group together some of the smaller points of divergence between the Quartos and the Folios which occur in the course of this scene. The more important questions of reading are discussed in separate notes.

Line 35, Qq. have *my Lords*. Line 69, the Folio omits *speak*. Line 84, the Folios have *conferr'd*, the Quartos *conferm'd*. Line 112, Qq. read *mistresse*, the first Folio *miseries*, the other Folios *mysteries*. Line 120, *to my bosom*, omitted in Qq. Line 164, *Dear sir, forbear*, not in the Quartos. Line 167, the Quartos read *doom*, the Folios *gift*. Line 183, *for sith Q. 1 has since*, Q. 2 omits the *thus*. Line 184, *for freedom*, the Folio reading, the Quartos give *friendship*. Line 242, the Quartos read *respects*; probably the change to *regards* was made in the Folio in consequence of the recurrence of *respects* in line 251. Line 251, the Folio has *respect and fortunes*. Line 279, *for duty* the Quartos give *duties*, assigning the speech to Goneril and the next to Regan. Line 284, the Folios read *with shame detrites*.

2. Enter KENT, GLOSTER, &c.—F. 1 spells the latter name *Glouster* here, but in many places it has *Gloster*  
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or *Glouster*. In Q. 1 the name is regularly *Gloster*, as in the majority of more recent editions.

3. Line 2: ALBANY.—Hollushed (Chron. i. fol. 396, ed. 1577) explains the origin of the name thus: "The third and last part of the Island he (Brutus) allotted unto Albaucte hys youngest sonne. . . . This later parcel at the first, toke the name of Albanactus, who called it Albania." This district, as the chronicler goes on to state, included all the territory north of the Humber.

4. Line 5: *for EQUALITIES are so weigh'd*.—That is, equal conditions. I have followed Qq.; the Folio has *qualities*.

5. Line 6: *that CURIOSITY in neither can make choice*, &c.—The meaning of *curiosity* here is doubtful. Warburton makes it "exactest scrutiny," which, on the whole, is as probable as any sense that has been suggested. Steevens explains it as "scrupulousness or captiousness." The only other instance of the word in Shakespeare (outside the present play—see i. 2. 4, and i. 4. 75) is in *Timon of Athens*, iv. 3. 303, where it evidently means *nicety* or *fastidiousness*. The general sense of the passage is clear enough: the values are so nearly alike that careful scrutiny cannot discriminate between them.

6. Line 12: *I cannot CONCEIVE you.*—That is, *understand you*. The quibble in Gloucester's reply needs no explanation.

7. Line 20: *some year elder.*—Compare i. 2. 5, where Edmund makes it "some twelve or fourteen moonshines."

8. Line 21: *came SOMETHING saucily into the world.*—F. 3 and F. 4 have *somewhat*, which some modern editors adopt, though *something* in this adverbial sense is common in Shakespeare. See Abbott, *A Shakespearian Grammar*, p. 51, and compare, as he does, II. Henry IV. i. 2. 212: "a white head and *something* a round belly."

9. Line 33: *He hath been out nine years.*—His absence for nine years abroad sufficiently explains his not knowing a man so prominent in Lear's court as Kent was; and for the same reason Kent appears not to know him.

10. Line 34: *Attend the Lords of France and BURGUNDY, Gloucester.*—Walker (Versification, p. 240) says that the French *Bourgoigne* would satisfy the measure; but Shakespeare takes great liberties with proper names in his verse. See on this point Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, p. 352.

11. Line 37: *Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.*—"We have already made known in some measure our desire of parting the kingdom; we will now discover what has not been told before, the reasons by which we shall regulate the partition" (Johnson).

12. Line 54: *Where nature doth with merit challenge.*—"That is, where the claim of nature is superadded to that of merit; or where a superior degree of natural filial affection is joined to the claim of other merits" (Steevens). Qq. have the simpler reading, *where merit most doth challenge it*. *Challenge* in the sense of "claim as due" (Schmidt) is not rare in Shakespeare. See *Othello*, i. 3. 188; ii. 1. 213; *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5. 216; &c. We have another instance in iv. 7. 81 of the present play.

13. Line 54: GONERIL.—Moberly (Rugby ed. of *Lear*) derives this name from *Gwenar*, the British form of *Vener* (Venus); and REGAN he believes to be of the same origin as *Rience*, a name in the *Holy Grail*, *reian* meaning in Cornish "to give bounteously."

14. Line 56:

*Sir,*

*I love you more than words can wield the matter.*

This is printed as one line in all the early edd., but modern editors have made various attempts to improve the measure. Johnson, Dyce (2nd ed.), Grant White, and Furness adopt the above form. Collier's MS. Corrector strikes out *Sir*. Pope gave *I love you sir, &c.*

15. Line 62: *Beyond all manner of so much I love you.*—The simplest explanation is that which makes *so much* refer to the preceding comparisons. Johnson paraphrases thus: "Beyond all assignable quantity: I love you beyond limits and cannot say it is *so much*, for how much soever I should name, it would yet be more."

16. Line 63: *What shall Cordelia SPEAK?*—The reading of Ff. The Qq. have *do*, which implies that *Love*, and *be silent* is infinitive, not imperative. The majority of the editors have adopted *do*; but Rowe, Knight, Collier,

Dellus, Furness, and Rolfe have *speak* which is also approved by Schmidt.

17. Line 65: *with CHAMPAIGNS rich'd.*—The later Ff. have *Champions*, a spelling found also in *Deuteronomy* xl. 80 in the ed. of 1811. In *Twelfth Night*, ii. 5. 174, the Ff. have *champion*, and other old examples of this spelling have been pointed out; [for example, *Tamburlaine*, part i. ii. 2. 89, 40:

A hundred horsemen of my company  
Scouting abroad upon these *champion* plains.

—Bullen's *Marlowe*, i. p. 39.

And The Pilgrim, v. 1:

In all the *champion* country, and the villages.

—Dyce's *Beaumont and Fletcher*, vol. viii. p. 83.

Compare, too, Middleton's *A Trick to Catch the Old One*, iv. 4: "There's goodly parks and *champion grounds* for you" (Bullen's ed. vol. ii. p. 334). The same phrase occurs in *A Mad World, My Masters*, ii. 2 (Bullen, iii. p. 277).—A. W. V.]

18. Line 71: *that SELF metal.*—Compare iv. 3. 36 below: "*self* mate and mate." *Self*=*selfsame* occurs very often in Shakespeare.

19. Line 72: *And prize me at her worth.*—That is, reckon my affection equal to hers. Theobald put a comma after *worth*, explaining thus: "And so may you prize me at her worth, as in my true heart I find *that* she names," &c. Mason (Comments, p. 338) wished to read "*prize you* at her worth."

20. Line 73: *names my very deed of love.*—Describes my love as indeed it is, as it really is.

21. Line 76: *Which the most precious square of sense professes.*—This line is probably corrupt, but no satisfactory emendation has been proposed. The Ff. and Qq. agree in the puzzling *square of sense*, but the latter have *possesses* for *professes*. Warburton thought that *square of sense* referred to "the four nobler senses, sight, hearing, taste, and smell." Johnson says: "Perhaps *square* means only *compass, comprehension*." Moberly makes it "the choicest estimate of sense;" and Wright (Clarendon Press ed.) "The most delicately sensitive part of my nature." But wherefore *square* to express any of these meanings? The critics see the general sense, which is obvious enough, and try to express it in the way that will best square with *square*; but no one succeeds. I think, in making the connection really natural. Rolfe says: "If Shakespeare wrote the word, it must have one of these meanings—rule, estimate, compass, or range;" but he suspects corruption. Collier's Corrector has *sphere of sense*; and Singer reads *spacious sphere*. Grant White at first (*Shakes. Scholar*, p. 423) favoured *spacious square*, but in his edition of the dramatist he falls back on the old text, which, though "very obscure," may not be corrupt, and "seems to mean the entire domain of sensation." Furness, who reads *professes*, ends his review of the many comments on the passage thus: "Whatever meaning or no-meaning we may attach to *square of sense*, it seems clear to me that Regan refers to the joys which that *square professes* to bestow." As Schmidt says, "to object to a word because it occurs twice within two lines, appears to be, in the interpretation of Shakespeare, a custom

as ill-grounded as it is widespread, but from which, at all events, the poet himself was free." [On the other hand *professes* may conceivably have ousted *possesses* through the compositor's eye having caught the end of the last line but one. — A. W. V.]

22. Line 80: *More Ponderous than my tongue*.—The Qq. have *More richer*, which is preferred by the majority of editors. Grant White suggests *More precious*. Schmidt says: "Light was the usual term applied to a wanton, frivolous, and fickle love; 'light o' love' was a proverbial expression. But the opposite of this, *heavy*, could not be here employed, because that means uniformly, in a moral sense, melancholy, sad; nor is *weighty* any better; therefore Shakespeare chose *ponderous*."

23. Line 85: *Although the LAST, NOT LEAST*.—So the first Quarto. The Folio has: "our last and least." The *locus classicus*, so to speak, on *last, not least* is a note by Malone in the Life of Shakespeare which he included in the prolegomena to the Variorum Edition, vol. ii pp. 276, 277. *Last, not least*, he says, "seems to have been a common formula in that age; and is always applied to a person very highly valued by the speaker." Malone gives numerous passages in which the phrase occurs, including the present line, and Julius Caesar, iii. 1. 189:

Though *last, not least* in love, yours, good Trebonius.

Grant White supports the Folio reading in sentences of exquisite verbal felicity: "A happy change (i.e. from the Quarto reading to that of the Folio) [was] made from the commonplace of 'last, not least' to an allusion to the personal traits and family position of Cordelia. The impression produced by all the passages in which she appears or is referred to is, that she was her father's little pet, while her sisters were big, bold, brazen beauties." And so on. The critic, by the way, cherished the *idiot fixe* that the Cambridge editors plagiarized from him; this, however, in passing. Furness remarks: "If *last, not least* was a hackneyed phrase in Shakespeare's time, it is all the more reason why it should not be used here; though why it is used in Julius Caesar he does not explain. It seems to me that the critics who condemn the Quarto reading on the ground that it was an Elizabethan commonplace unconsciously adduce the real argument in its favour. Shakespeare has used the phrase once—in the Julius Caesar passage: *prima facie*, therefore, there is no reason why he should not have employed it again. Moreover, to take a proverbial saying and twist it round to mean something quite different while the *sound* is much the same, that surely is like misquoting a familiar line, or reversing a well-worn maxim; nothing is gained by the artifice; the effect produced is one of simple incongruity; the reader thinks for the moment that the poet has made a slip. I hold therefore that the Quarto is right. — A. W. V.

24. Line 86: *The vines of France and milk of Burgundy*.—Moberly observes: "In ascribing vines to France, and not to Burgundy, Shakespeare may have thought of the pastoral countries of Southern Belgium as forming part of Burgundy (as they did till the death of Charles the Bold, 1477), otherwise we should not understand the distinction; as in the French Burgundy wine-growing was of very old standing; the arms of Dijon and Beaune have

a vine upon them, and a great insurrection of vine-dressers took place there in 1699.—Michelet, *Hist. de France*, ii. 308."

25. Line 87: *Strive to be INTEREST'D*.—The Folios have *interest*, perhaps, as Schmidt says, a contracted form of *interested*. (See Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, pp. 242-245.) Most editors, however, read *interest'd*, which may be illustrated by several passages, e.g. Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*, iii. 1:

the dear republic,  
Our sacred laws, and just authority  
Are *interest'd* therein;

—Gifford's Ben Jonson, vol. iii. p. 71.

and Massinger's *Duke of Milan*, i. 1:

The wars so long continued . . .  
Have *interest'd* in either's cause the most  
Of the Italian princes.

—Gifford's Massinger, vol. i. pp. 241, 242, with note.

—A. W. V.

26. Line 94: *I love your MAJESTY*.—Walker (Versif. 174) and Abbott (*Grammar*, § 468) agree in making *majesty* a dissyllable here; but it would be better, perhaps, to say that the middle syllable is rapidly and lightly pronounced, as in *enemy*, *general*, and so many other words that are metrically equivalent to a dissyllable. Poets generally do not take this liberty except where the half-suppressed syllable is merely an unaccented vowel; but Shakespeare does it not unfrequently where the vowel, as here, is followed by a consonant in the same syllable.

27. Line 96: *How, how, Cordelia!*—The Qq. have *Goe to, goe to or go too, go too*; and Capell, who follows them, inserts *me* after *mend* to fill out the measure.

28. Line 99: *Return those duties back AS are right fit*.—Furness explains *as* as the relative (see Abbott's *Grammar*, § 280), which seems better than Abbott's own explanation of the expression as an ellipsis (*Grammar*, § 384). Keightley reads "as is right fit," and Moberly thinks that *are* is equivalent to *is* (changed by "attraction"). Whatever the true explanation be, compare Julius Caesar, i. 2. 33, 34:

I have not from your eyes that gentleness  
And show of love as I was wont to have.

29. Line 106: *To love my father all*.—Omitted in Ff.

30. Line 112: *THE MYSTERIES OF HECATE*.—*Ilcoate* is a dissyllable in Shakespeare except in I. Henry VI. iii. 2. 64, which, as Wright remarks, is "a significant fact as regards Shakespeare's share in that play."

31. Line 113: *the OPERATION of the orbs*.—The influence of the stars, on which Edmund comments at length in the next scene. The later Ff. have *operations*, and are followed by Capell, Jennens, Steevens, and a few other editors.

32. Line 118: *The barbarous Scythian*.—Compare Titus Andronicus, i. 1. 131: "Was ever *Scythia* half so barbarous?" Wright quotes Purchas, *Pilgrimage* (ed. 1614, p. 396): "These customes were generall to the Scythians in Europe and Asia (for which cause *Scytharum facinorosa patrare*, grew into a proverbe of immane crueltie, and their Land was iustly called Barbarous); others were more speciall and peculiar to particular Nations Scythian."



33. Line 124: *Come not between the DRAGON and his wrath.*—Moberly says: "A natural trope for Lear to use, as, like Arthur, he would wear a helmet,

On which for crest the golden dragon clung  
For Britain!"

34. Line 125: *thought to SET MY REST*, &c.—See Romeo and Juliet, note 186; and Henry V. note 88.

35. Line 126: *Hence, and avoid my sight!*—These words are probably addressed to Cordelia, as Rowe, Jennens, Malone, Wright, Furness, and Rolfe explain them, not to Kent, as Heath, Delius, and others argue. Rolfe remarks: "The only reason given for the latter view is that Cordelia does not go out, as, it is said, she would be likely to do upon such a command; but neither does Kent obey the order, and Cordelia would perhaps be no more likely to leave at the first impatient word of her father. Before she has fairly time to go, the order is given to call in France to take her if he will."

36. Line 128: *who stirs!*—Delius interprets this as a threat to terrify into silence any possible interference on the part of those present. Moberly says: "The courtiers seem unwilling to obey a command so reckless." Rolfe cites with approval Furness's suggestion: "May it not be that the circle of courtiers are so horror-struck at Lear's outburst of fury, and at Cordelia's sudden and impending doom, that they stand motionless and forget to move?" No better exegesis could be given.

37. Line 133: *the large effects.*—The grand insignia or attributes that accompany royalty.

38. Line 139: *execution OF THE REST.*—As Rolfe says, this is "antithetical to *The name*, &c., and includes all powers and attributes not thus reserved." Heath conjectures *execution, interest*; and Jennens suggests *all the rest*. Pope omits the words, and Capell has *and the rest*.

39. Lines 146, 147:  
*though the FORK invade  
The region of my heart.*

Wright cites Ascham, Toxophilus (ed. Arber, p. 135), where two kinds of arrow-heads are described: "The one he calleth *ελαγχος*, descrybyng it thus, hauyng two poyntes or barbes, looking backwarde to the stele and the fethers, which surely we call in Englishe a brode arrowe head or a swalowe tayle. The other he calleth *γλαγχίς*, hauyng .ii. poyntes stretchyng forwarde, and this Englysh men do call a forkehead." See As You Like It, note 35.

40. Line 148: *What wouldst thou do, old man?*—"This is spoken on seeing his master put his hand to his sword" (Capell).

41. Line 151: *When majesty FALLS to folly. RESERVE thy STATE.*—The reading of the Ff. The Qq. have: "When majesty *stoops* to folly. *Reverse thy doome.*" The majority of editors follow the Qq., but Knight, Delius, Singer, Schmidt, Furness, and Rolfe are on the other side. Furness defends the Ff. thus: "Kent is such a noble fellow that we who know Cordelia's truthfulness and honesty, and have heard her words spoken aside, cannot but think that he is here pleading her cause. But I am afraid we are too hasty. Kent is pleading, not for Cordelia, but for

Lear himself; he has not as yet made the slightest allusion to Cordelia. When Lear denounces her, Kent, who sees that Lear is crushing the only chance of future happiness, starts forward with 'Good my liege;' but before he can utter another word Lear interrupts him, and interprets his exclamation as an intercession for Cordelia; and we fall into the same error, so that when Kent speaks again we keep up the same illusion, whereas all that he now says breathes devotion to the king, and to no one else. The folly to which majesty falls is not the casting off of a daughter,—that is no more foolish in a king than in a subject,—but it is the surrendering of revenue, of sway, and of the crown itself,—this is hideous rashness, this is power bowing to flattery. Hence, Kent entreats Lear 'to reserve his state.' And to show still more conclusively that Lear, and not Cordelia, is chiefly in his thoughts, in his very next speech he says that the motive for which he now risks his life is the safety of the king. Furthermore, when Lear has been turned out of doors and his daughters have usurped all his powers, Gloucester (iii. 4. 163, 169) says,

ah, that good Kent!

He said it would be thus,

which cannot well refer to any other passage than the present. Moreover, had Kent been so devoted to Cordelia as to suffer banishment for her sake, would he not have followed her to France rather than followed as a servant his great patron whom he had thought on in his prayers? It need scarcely be added that 'Reserve thy state' means 'retain thy royal dignity and power.'

42. Line 153: *answer my life my judgment*, &c.—"That is, let my life be answerable for my judgment, or I will stake my life on my opinion" (Johnson).

43. Lines 160, 161:

*See better, Lear; and let me still remain  
The true blank of thine eye.*

"The white or exact mark at which the arrow is shot. 'See better,' says Kent, 'and keep me always in your view'" (Johnson).

44. Line 171: *That thou hast sought.*—The Qq. have *since*, which Schmidt regards as "less in the tone of suppressed passion which characterizes the speech, and leading, grammatically, less directly than *that* to the main point: *take thy reward.*"

45. Line 172: *with STRAIN'D pride.*—For the use of *strain'd*, compare II. Henry IV. i. 1. 161:

This *strained* passion doth you wrong, my lord.

The Qq. have *strayed*, which Johnson explained as "exorbitant, passing due bounds."

46. Line 175: *Our potency made good, take thy reward.*—To prove that our power is equal to our theft, take the due of thy deserts. Heath would read, "nor potency make good." Q. 2, followed by Pope and Warburton, has *make for made*.

47. Line 177: *from DISEASES of the world.*—A clear instance of *dis-ease* as opposed to *ease*. Compare I. Henry VI. ii. 5. 44:

And, in that *ease*, I'll tell thee *my disease*.

The Ff. have *disasters*, which is adopted by Capell, Knight, Delius, Dyce (1st ed.), and White. For the verb *disease*, see Macbeth, note 252.

48. Line 190: *He'll shape his old COURSE in a country new.*—He will spend his old age in a new country. This appears to be the simple and obvious meaning; but some have supposed that *course* should be *come*, and so good a critic as Wright thinks "there is evidently a play upon" these two words. [For *shape his course* Steevens aptly compares Peele, *The Battle of Alcazar*, ii. 4: •

Saint George for England! and Ireland now adieu,  
For here Tom Stukely *shapes his course* anew.

—Greene and Peele, Dyce's ed., p. 437.

—A. W. V.]

49. Line 193: *We first ADDRESS TOWARDS you.*—Rolle compares Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 92, 93:

*Towards* that shade I might behold *address*  
The king and his companions.

50. Line 201: *that LITTLE-SEEMING substance.*—The hyphen is not in the early eds., and some modern critics would omit it, making *seeming* mean "beautiful" (Johnson), "specious" (Steevens), &c. Moberly thinks that *little-seeming* means "seeming so slight and shallow;" but I prefer to regard it as an allusion to Cordelia's height.

51. Line 203: *may fitty LIKE your grace.*—Compare ii. 2. 96 below:

His countenance *likes* me not.

52. Line 209: *Election MAKES NOT UP on such conditions.*—That is, does not make up its mind, as we say, or "comes to no decision" (Schmidt).

53. Line 217: *your BEST object.*—The Ff. omit *best*, which Collier's Corrector changes to *best*. Schmidt defends the Ff., comparing cases in which *object* is used without an adjective; as in *Venus* and *Adonis*, 255:

The time is spent, her *object* will away.

54. Line 230: *It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness.*—So Qq; the Folios giving *murder* for *murder*, and though the reading is unsatisfactory I hardly think we are justified in adopting Collier's sweeping change—*now other foulness*. Hudson suggests that Cordelia purposely uses *murder* "out of place, as a glance at the hyperbolic absurdity of denouncing her as 'a wretch whom Nature is ashamed to acknowledge.'" Rolfe, commenting on this, says: "By 'out of place' we presume he refers to its being used in the speech, not to its strange position between *blot* and *foulness*, which, to our thinking, settles the question beyond a doubt. We can conceive of Cordelia's using the word in the way that Hudson suggests (indeed, it seems to us the best explanation of her using it—if she did use it—that has been offered), but not of her putting it so preposterously 'out of place' in the speech. One has only to read the line giving *murder* the sarcastic tone which this explanation requires, in order to see how awkwardly it comes in at that point."

55. Line 233: *But even for want of that for which I'm richer.*—Wright remarks: "The construction is imperfect, though the sense is clear. We should have expected 'even the want,' as Hammer reads, but Shakespeare was probably guided by what he had written in the line preceding, and mentally supplied 'I am deprived.' There is an obscurity about *for which*. It would naturally mean 'for having which,' but here it must signify 'for wanting which.'"

56. Line 232: *this UNPRIZED precious maid.*—Unprized may = "priceless;" but, as Rolfe remarks, "the other sense gives us an antithesis (unprized by others, but precious to me) instead of a mere repetition of epithets."

57. Line 233: *though UNKIND.*—The word clearly means *unnatural*, as in iii. 4. 73: "his *unkind* daughters."

58. Line 264: *Thou lovest HERE, a better WHERE to find.*—"*Here* and *where* have the power of nouns: Thou lovest this residence to find a better residence in another place" (Johnson).

59. Line 271: *YE jewels of our father.*—All the early eds. have *The jewels*, which Walker (Critical Exam. iii. 276) defends, though somewhat lamely. As Halliwell remarks, *Ye* and *The* were constantly written alike in MSS. and therefore liable to be confounded by the printer.

60. Line 275: *your PROFESSED BOSOMS.*—For *bosoms* in the sense of *love*, compare v. 3. 49 below. There is no necessity for reading *professing*, as Pope does, or explaining *professed* as "which had made professions" (Wright).

61. Line 282: *And well are worth the want that you have wanted.*—"And well deserve the want that you have brought upon yourself" (Rolfe and Schmidt), *want* being a "cognate accusative;" or "well deserve the want of that affection in which you yourself have been wanting" (Wright). The emendations that have been proposed are numerous, but not worth recording.

62. Line 292: *the observation we have made of it hath NOT been little.*—Line Ff. omit *not*, and are followed by Rowe, Knight, Delius (first ed.), and Schmidt, who explains *little* as "little in comparison with what we may expect in the future, to judge from Lear's treatment of Cordelia."

63. Line 300: *long-engraved condition.*—Well explained by Malone as "qualities of mind confirmed by long habit."

64. Lines 308-310: *if our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.*—If he goes on in this manner, taking back his authority the moment his will is crossed, we shall only be the worse off for his surrender of his kingdom to us.

65. Line 312: *We must do the proverb, and I THE HEAT.*—A version of the proverb, "Strike while the iron is hot." Compare II. Henry IV. ii. 4. 323-325: "My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat."—A. W. V.

#### ACT I. SCENE 2.

66. Line 1: *Thou, nature, art my goddess.*—Warburton says: "Shakespeare makes this bastard an atheist;" but Steevens aptly replies: "Edmund speaks of *nature* in opposition to *custom*, and not to the existence of a God." Moreover, the speech ends with an invocation to the gods.

67. Line 3: *Stand in the PLAGUE of custom.*—Be exposed to the plague, or vexation, of custom (Capell). Warburton reads *plage*, "that is, the place, the country, the boundary of custom;" and Staunton favours this inter-

pretation of *plague*, which he thinks may be the Latin *plaga*. Wright suggests that "Shakespeare had in his mind a passage in the Prayer Book Version of Psalm xxxviii. 17: 'And I truly am set in the *plague*;' where *plague* . . . evidently follows the Latin of Jerome's translation: 'Quia ego ad plagam paratus sum.'"

68. Line 4: *The CURIOSITY of nations to deprive me.*—Pope reads *nicety*; and Theobald, Warburton, Hanmer, Johnson, Capell, and Jennens, *curtesie* or *courtesy*. Walker (Versification, 201) believes that *curiosity* was pronounced *curiosity*. Compare Abbott's Grammar, § 456.

69. Line 18: *fine word, legitimate!*—Omitted in the Qq.

70. Line 21: *Shall TOP the legitimate.*—Capell's emendation for the *tooth* of the Qq. and *to th'* or *to th'* of the Ff. Hanmer gave *to th'*, as meaning "to come up to." Compare Coriolanus, ii. 1. 23: "*topping* all others in boasting;" and Macbeth, iv. 3. 57: "In evils to *top* Macbeth."

71. Line 24: *subscrib'd his power!*—Compare Sonnet cvii. 10-12:

My love looks fresh, and Death to me *subscribes*,  
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,  
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.

The Ff. have *Prescrib'd*, which is adopted by Rowe, Knight, and Schmidt.

72. Line 25: *Confin'd to EXHIBITION!*—See Two Gentlemen of Verona, note 33; and Othello, note 57.

73. Line 26: *Upon the GAD!*—Johnson took *gad* to be the gad-fly, but Ritson explained correctly that it is the iron used as a *goad*. In Titus Andronicus, iv. 1. 102, 103, it is the *stylus* used by the ancients in writing:

I will go get a leaf of brass,  
And with a *gad* of steel will write these words.

74. Line 47: *as an ESSAY or TASTE of my virtue.*—The meaning obviously is "as a trial or test of my virtue;" but there has been a difference of opinion as to the metaphor. Johnson was inclined to read "assay or test" (Collier, in his third ed. has *test*), as being "both metallurgical terms;" but it is quite certain, as Steevens thought, that they are "terms from royal tables," and refer to the practice of *taking the assay*, or *say*—a regular formality at the beginning of a meal at court. Nares says: "To *give the say* was for the royal taster to declare the goodness of the wine or dishes." Compare Richard II. v. 6. 99-104, and see the quotation from Holinshed in note 326. See also v. 3. 143 of the present play, where we have the same figure; as also King John, note 308, and Sonnet cxiv. 12, 13. Of course *essay* and *assay* are etymologically the same word, of which *say* in this special sense is a contraction. For *taste*=test, compare Hamlet, ii. 2. 452: "a *taste* of your quality."

75. Line 48: "*This POLICY and reverence of age.*"—*Policy* is not limited by *of age*, but is to be taken absolutely. Schmidt defines it as "the frame of civil government in a state;" Rolfe as "the established order of things," which seems to be its meaning. The phrase may, however, be explained as a hendiadys for "the policy of holding in reverence."

76. Line 65: *the casement of my CLOSET.*—For this sense of *closet*, compare Matthew vi. 6. In iii. 3. 10 of this play the meaning is probably the same, though Schmidt gives it the more familiar modern sense, which of course fits the context as well.

77. Lines 103-105:

\* Edm. *Nor is not, sure.*

Glo. *To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!*

All this is wanting in the Ff., and Schmidt believes that it was an interpolation of the theatre for sensational effect. He regards it as inconsistent with the character of Gloster, who shows no paternal affection for Edgar until after he has driven him away.

78. Line 108: *I would UNSTATE myself.*—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 29, 30:

Yes, like enough, high-battled Caesar will  
Unstate his happiness.

79. Line 112: *These late eclipses, &c.*—For other references to the superstition of the time concerning eclipses, see Hamlet, i. 1. 120; Othello, v. 2. 99; and Sonnet cvii. 6. Moberly remarks: "As to the current belief in astrology, we may remember that, at the time when this play was written, Dr. Dee, the celebrated adept, was grieving for his lost patroness, Queen Elizabeth; that the profligate court of James I. was in 1618 frightened by the appearance of a comet into a temporary fit of gravity; and that even Charles I. sent £500 as a fee to William Lilly for consulting the stars as to his flight from Hampton Court in 1647." Rolfe notes that Milton has several allusions to the ominous nature of eclipses; as in the grand image in Paradise Lost, l. 594-599:

as when the sun new-risen  
Looks through the horizontal misty air,  
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,  
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the nation, and with fear of change  
Perplexes monarchs.

From Sonnet xiv. we may infer that Shakespeare was not a believer in astrology, though he uses it for dramatic and poetic purposes, as writers of our own day still do. Edgar and Cassius (Julius Caesar, i. 2. 140) probably express his personal opinion on the subject.

80. Lines 113-115: *though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourg'd by the sequent effects.*—In *sequent effects* Gloster begs the question, confounding the *post hoc* and *propter hoc*. Aside from this, the statement is a truism; whatever we may say of the philosophy of these natural events, their consequences (or what are supposed to be their consequences) are none the less felt by us. Moberly remarks: "This curious view is repeated, with remarkable force of language, by Sir T. Browne, even in the less credulous times (Buckle, i. 336) when he wrote his Treatise on Vulgar Errors: 'That two suns or moons should appear, is not worth the wonder. But that the same should fall out at the point of some decisive action, that these two should make but one line in the book of fate, and stand together in the great Ephemerides of God, besides the philosophical assignment of the cause, it may admit a Christian apprehension in the signality' (l. 2). We learn also from

Bishop Burnet that Lord Shaftesbury believed in astrology, and thought that the souls of men live in the stars."

81. Lines 118-124: *This villain of mine . . . disquietly to our graves.*—This passage is not in the Qq. As Delius remarks, *disquietly* is used causatively: *disquieting us*. In *bias of nature* we have one of Shakespeare's frequent allusions to the game of bowls. Compare Richard II. iii. 4. 5; Henry V. ii. 2. 188; Taming of the Shrew, iv. 5. 25; Hamlet, ii. 1. 65; Coriolanus, iii. 1. 60, &c.

82. Line 132: *villains* BY necessity.—The Folio has *on*. Schmidt asserts that "Shakespeare has an unmistakable preference for *on* or *upon* to express that which gives the motive or impulse to anything;" but Rolfe shows by many quotations that the examples Schmidt gives "can be readily balanced by others in which other prepositions are used."

83. Line 133: *and TREACHERS.*—The Qq. have *trecherers*. Mr. Aldis Wright compares The Captain, v. 4:

Where art thou *trecherer*?

—Beaumont and Fletcher, Dyce's ed. vol. iii. p. 318.

and The Bloody Brother, iii. 1:

Play not two parts,

*Treacher* and coward both. —Ibid. vol. x. p. 414.

*Treachour*, I may note, is quite common in Spenser; cf. the following lines:

No knight, but *treachour* full of false desight;

—Faerie Queene, bk. i. c. iv. st. xli. l. 4.

Where may that *treachour* then . . . be found?

—Bk. ii. c. i. st. xli. l. 6.

The whiles to me the *treachour* did remove

His craftie engin. —Bk. ii. c. iv. st. xxvii. l. 3.

Spenser also employs the form *treachetour*; see Globe edition of his works, pp. 31, 81, 99, 136. —A. W. V.]

84. Line 134: *spherical* PREDOMINANCE.—The word (so the adjective *predominant*, for which see All's Well, i. 1. 211), like *disasters* and *influence*, was an astrological technicality; see Trolius and Cressida, note 140. For *influence*, compare Job xxxviii. 31.

85. Line 146: *like the catastrophe of the old comedy.*—"That is, just as the circumstance which decides the catastrophe of a play intervenes on the very nick of time, when the action is wound up to its crisis, and the audience are impatiently expecting it" (Heath). Scholars, of course, will recollect Horace's *deus ex machina* (Ars Poetica, 191, 192).

86. Line 149: *fa, sol, la, mi.*—Specialists are apt to read into Shakespeare a world of matter, derived from their pet science or profession. Dr. Burney (quoted by Wright in the Clarendon Press ed.) says: "Shakespeare shows by the context that he was well acquainted with the property of these syllables in solmization, which imply a series of sounds so unnatural that ancient musicians prohibited their use. The monkish writers on music say: *mi contra fa est diabolus*: the interval *fa mi*, including a tritone, or sharp 4th, consisting of three tones without the intervention of a semitone, expressed in the modern scale by the letters F G A B, would form a musical phrase extremely disagreeable to the ear. Edmund, speaking of eclipses as portents and prodigies, compares the disloca-

tion of events, the times being out of joint, to the unnatural and offensive sounds, *fa, sol, la, mi.*" Wright adds: "For this note, Mr. Chappell assures me, there is not the slightest foundation: Edmund is merely singing to himself in order not to seem to observe Edgar's approach." And to this Furness adds: "Just as Mistress Quickly sings 'And down, down, adown-a' in the Merry Wives (i. 4. 44) when Doctor Caius is approaching." [I expect *sol, fa, &c.* were used in any combination; compare Campaspe, iv. 3: "But what doth Alexander in the meane season; but use for tantars—*sol, fa, la*—for his hard couch, downe beds?" (Fairholt's Lilly, vol. i. p. 134). —A. W. V.]

87. Lines 157-166: *us of unnaturalness.* . . . *Come, come.*—All this is wanting in the Fl. As evidence that the passage is spurious, Schmidt notes that it contains no less than six words not used elsewhere by Shakespeare: *unnaturalness*, *menace* (noun), *malediction*, *dissipation*, *cohort*, and *astronomical*. Rolfe says: "He might have added that *sectary* occurs only in Henry VIII. v. 3. 70, a part of the play probably not written by Shakespeare."

88. Line 178: *with the mischief of your person.*—That is, mischief to your person. Hammer and Capell unnecessarily change *with* to *without*, and Johnson suggested *but with*.

89. Lines 181-187: *That's my fear. . . Arm'd, brother!*—The Qq. add *brother* to *That's my fear*, but omit the rest of this, and also the *Brother* at the beginning of the next speech.

90. Line 182: *a continent forbearance.*—"A forbearing restraint upon yourself" (Clarke).

#### ACT I. SCENE 3.

91. Line 14: *If he DISTASTE it.*—The Qq. have *dislike*, which is adopted by Capell, Stevens, the Globe editors, and Moberly. Rolfe compares Trolius and Cressida, ii. 2. 66:

Although my will *distaste* what it elected

92. Lines 16-20: *Not to be over-ru'd . . . they're seen abus'd.*—These lines are omitted in the Fl., and are printed as prose in the Qq. As Schmidt remarks, the fact that they can be arranged metrically is evidence of their authenticity.

93. Line 20: *With checks as flatteries.*—*when they're seen abus'd.*—The line may be corrupt, but no emendation that has been proposed is, on the whole, satisfactory. Schmidt's "With checks when flatteries are seen abus'd" is the most plausible. If the line is what Shakespeare wrote, we must accept Tyrwhit's interpretation: "With checks, as well as flatteries, when they (that is, flatteries) are seen to be abused."

94. Lines 24, 25:

*I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,  
That I may speak.*

This is not in the Fl.; but, although the verse is not very smooth, it fills out the regular lines, and is probably from Shakespeare's pen. Moberly thinks "the vixenish tone of Goneril" affects the measure of line 25 at least.

## ACT I. SCENE 4.

95. Line 2: *That can my speech DEFUSE*.—That is, disorder it, and so disguise it, as he had disguised his dress. Here (as in Henry V. v. 2. 61 and Richard III. i. 2. 78) the Folio has *defuse*, and there can be no possible reason for changing to *diffuse*. For *defuse* see Henry V. note 270, and Richard III. note 81. In the latter the present passage will be found with the wrong reading—*diffuse*. Rowe—and he was followed by Pope and Johnson—read *difuse*.

96. Line 18: *to eat no fish*.—That is, to be a Protestant. Warburton remarks that to eat fish on account of religious scruples was in Queen Elizabeth's time the mark of a Papist and an enemy to the government. He quotes Marston, Dutch Courtezan, i. 2: "I trust I am none of the wicked that eat fish a Fridays;" and Fletcher, Woman-Hater, iv. 2: "He should not have eaten under my roof for twenty pounds; and surely I did not like him when he called for fish" (Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. i. p. 74). Capell thinks the meaning is simply that Kent is a jolly fellow and no lover of such meagre diet as fish.

97. Line 48: Enter OSWALD. —Furness quotes Davies (Dramatic Miscellany, ii. 176): "He generally enters the stage in a careless, disengaged manner, humming a tune, as if on purpose to give umbrage to the king by his neglect of him."

98. Line 50: *Call the CLOTPOLL back*.—We find *clotpoll* in its original sense of *head* in Cymbeline, iv. 2. 184:

I have sent Cloten's *clotpoll* down the stream.

99. Line 75: *mine own jealous CURIOSITY*.—"A punctilious jealousy, resulting from a scrupulous watchfulness of his own dignity" (Steevens). Compare note 5 above.

100. Line 80: *the fool hath much pined away*.—Clarke remarks that this speech "serves to excite a tender interest in the fool before he enters," and "to depict Cordelia's power of attaching and endearing those around her."

101. Line 92: *Do you BANDY looks with me?*—"A metaphor from tennis," as Steevens notes. Compare Romeo and Juliet, ii. 5. 14, where it is carried out in detail, and Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 29.

102. Line 104: Enter FOOL.—Mr. C. A. Brown (Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems, 1838, p. 292) remarks: "Now, our joy, though last, not least, my dearest of all Fools, Lear's Fool! Ah, what a noble heart, a gentle and a loving one, lies beneath that parti-coloured jerkin! . . . Look at him! It may be your eyes see him not as mine do, but he appears to me of a light delicate frame, every feature expressive of sensibility even to pain, with eyes lustrously intelligent, a mouth blandly beautiful, and withal a hectic flush upon his cheek. Oh that I were a painter! Oh that I could describe him as I knew him in my boyhood, when the Fool made me shed tears, while Lear did but terrify me! . . . When the Fool enters, throwing his coxcomb at Kent, and instantly follows it up with allusions to the miserable rashness of Lear, we ought to understand him from that moment to the last. Throughout this scene his wit, however varied, still aims at the same point, and in spite of threats, and regardless

how his words may be construed by Goneril's creatures, with the eagerness of a filial love he prompts the old king to 'resume the shape which he had cast off.' 'This is not altogether fool, my lord.' But, alas! it is too late; and when driven from the scene by Goneril, he turns upon her with an indignation that knows no fear of the 'halter for himself:'

A fox when one has caught her,  
And such a daughter,  
Should sure to the slaughter,  
If my cap would buy a halter.

That such a character should be distorted by players, printers, and commentators! Observe every word he speaks; his meaning, one would imagine, could not be misinterpreted; and when at length, finding his covert reproaches can avail nothing, he changes his discourse to simple mirth, in order to distract the sorrows of his master. When Lear is in the storm, who is with him? None—not even Kent—"None but the Fool; who labours to outjest his heart-struck injuries." The tremendous agony of Lear's mind would be too painful, and even deficient in pathos, without this poor faithful servant at his side. It is he that touches our hearts with pity, while Lear fills the imagination to aching." Furness, after quoting this and Charles Cowden-Clarke's comments on the Fool, in which he describes him as "a youth, not a grown man," says: "After these long and good notes by my betters I wish merely to record humbly but firmly my conviction that the Fool, one of Shakespeare's most wonderful characters, is not a boy, but a man—one of the shrewdest, tenderest of men, whom long life had made shrewd, and whom afflictions had made tender; his wisdom is too deep for any boy, and could be found only in a man, removed by not more than a score of years from the king's own age; he had been Lear's companion from the days of Lear's early manhood." Grant White and Rolfe also believe the Fool to be a man rather than a boy.

103. Line 109: *take my COXCOMB*.—Minshew (Guide, 1617, s.v. *cockes-combe*) says: "Englishmen use to call valne and proud braggars and men of meane discretion *Coxcomber*. Because naturall Idlotts and Fooles haue, and still doe accustomed themselves to weare in their Cappes, cock's feathers, or a hat with a necke and head of a cocke on the top and a bell thereon, &c., and thinke themselves finely fitted and proudly attired therewith, so we compare a presumptuous bragging fellow, and wanting all true Iudgement and discretion, to such an Idlote foole, and call him also *Coxecombe*."

104. Line 110: *Why, fool!*—The Qq. read thus, giving the speech to Kent. F. 1 and F. 2 read *Why my Boy?* and assign it to Lear. White says: "Lear had taken no one's part that's out of favour, but Kent had."

105. Line 117: *How now, NUNCLE!*—"A familiar contraction of *mine uncle* . . . the customary appellation of the licensed fool to his superiors" (Nares). Compare *Ned* (mine Ed), *Nell* (mine Ellen), and similar nicknames. *Fedward* (I. Henry IV. i. 2. 149) is of course for *my Edward*.

106. Line 123: *Take heed, sirrah,—the whip*.—Whipping was often the punishment of fools when they happened

to offend their masters. See *As You Like It*, i. 2. 91: "you'll be whipp'd for taxation [satire] one of these days." Compare also line 197 of this scene: "An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipp'd;" and the Fool's reply.

107. Line 128: *Lady, the brach*.—Compare I. Henry IV. iii. 1. 240, 241: "I had rather hear *Lady, my brach*, howl in Irish." *Lady* seems to have been a common name (or epithet, perhaps) of female hounds.

108. Line 135: *Learn more than thou TROWEST*.—Warburton and others explain *trowest* as "believe, think, or conceive;" but Capell is right in making it here equivalent to *know*. In line 234 of this scene the Qq. have *trow* instead of the *know* of the Ff. Rolfe compares *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 189: *Trow* you who hath done this?" and Taming of the Shrew, i. 2. 164, 165:

*Trow* you

Whither I am going?

109. Line 136: *Set less than thou throwest*.—Stake less than thou throwest for; or, perhaps, as Schmidt makes it, "than thou hast won by thy last throw."

110. Lines 154-169: *That lord that counsel'd thee . . . they'll be snatching*.—All this is omitted in the Ff.—"perhaps for political reasons, as the lines seemed to censure the monopolies" (Johnson). [As a rule it is not very wise to attempt to read political and contemporary allusions into the text of Shakespeare: Warburton's rhapsody on *Midsommer Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 150-154, is a lasting warning against such proceedings. I expect, however, that Johnson is right here in his suggestion. The monopolies had long been a burning question: their history was as follows; I give the admirable summary in Feilden's *Short Constitutional History*, pp. 186, 187: "Monopolies . . . arose from the prerogative of the crown to regulate all matters of trade. Privileges, and exclusive rights of trade, were granted to merchants as early as the reign of William I. in return for money. The system was much abused under Elizabeth, who granted her favourites monopolies for dealing exclusively in different articles. . . . In 1571 a question was asked in Parliament about the abuse, but the proposer was summoned before the council, and the subject dropped until 1597, when an address on the subject was presented to the Queen, who promised to recall the illegal monopolies. The abuse, however, continued; and in 1601, a bill against them was introduced by Lawrence Hyde, and so strongly supported that the Queen had to yield. Monopolies however, continued, and were freely sold by James I.; in 1621, Sir Giles Mompesson was impeached for abusing his monopoly of gold and silver thread by manufacturing it of a baser metal. In 1624, monopolies were abolished by Parliament.\* Note that the first Folio appeared in what must have been the most critical year in the long struggle, viz. 1623. Many people, I imagine, who heard the lines which the Folio omits could have thought of this standing grievance; and to not a few "lords and great men" would have suggested this same Sir Giles Mompesson above alluded to. Critics are agreed that he was the prototype of Massinger's Sir Giles Overreach in *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*; and in *The Bondman*, ii. 3, there is a pretty clear reference to him (see Cunningham's *Massinger*, p. 172). This famous monopolist

long continued to be regarded as the type of evil and avarice in high places; compare two curious references in the works of Thomas Randolph: *Aristippus*, p. 16, in Hazlitt's ed.; and *Hey for Honesty*, p. 456.—A. W. V.]

111. Line 157: *Do thou for him stand*.—The defective measure has been eked out by various emendations: *Or do* (Hammer), *And do* (White), *Do thou there* (Cambridge editors), &c.

112. Line 168: *and LADIES too*.—The reading of Q. 1, for which Q. 2 has *and lodes too*, which Collier adopted and defended in his 1st and 2nd eds. Dyce in his 1st ed. followed Collier, and then ridiculed him for the reading.

113. Line 179: *If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so*.—Eccles (in his ed. of 1792) paraphrases the passage thus: "If I speak on this occasion like myself—that is, like a fool, foolishly—let not me be whipped, but him who first finds it to be as I have said—that is, the king himself, who was likely to be soonest sensible of the truth and justness of the sarcasm, and who, he insinuates, deserved whipping for the silly part he had acted."

114. Line 181: *Fools had ne'er less grace in a year*.—"There never was a time when fools were less in favour; and the reason is that they were never so little wanted, for wise men now supply their place" (Johnson). For *grace* the Qq. have *wit*, which is preferred by Wright and Moberly.

115. Line 182: *For wise men are grown foppish*.—For the rhyme with *apish*, compare that of *Tom* and *am* in ii. 3. 20, 21. See also Ellis, *English Pronunciation*, iii. 953, where similar rhymes are cited and commented upon.

116. Lines 191-194: *Then they for sudden joy did weep, &c.*—Steevens compares Heywood, *Rape of Lucrece*, 1608:

When Tanquin first in court began,  
And was approved king.  
Some men for sudden joy gan weep,  
But I for sorrow sing.

—Heywood's *Select Plays*, *Mermaid* ed. p. 346.

117. Line 206: Enter GONERIL.—Coleridge (*Shakspere Lectures*, Bohn's ed. 1884, p. 338) remarks: "The monster Goneril prepares what is necessary, while the character of Albany renders a still more maddening grievance possible—namely, Regan and Cornwall in perfect sympathy of monstrosity. Not a sentiment, not an image, which can give pleasure on its own account is admitted. Whenever these creatures are introduced, and they are brought forward as little as possible, pure horror reigns throughout. In this scene, and in all the early speeches of *Lear*, the one general sentiment of filial ingratitude prevails as the mainspring of the feelings;—in this early stage the outward object causing the pressure on the mind, which is not yet sufficiently familiarized with the anguish for the imagination to work upon it."

118. Line 207: *what makes that frontlet on!*—What causes that frown like a frontlet on your brow? A *frontlet* was a band of cloth worn at night on the forehead to keep it smooth (Malone). Steevens quotes *The Four P's*, where the Pardoner has asked why women are so long dressing

in the morning, and the pedler replies, with a play on the word *let*=hindrance:

Forsooth, women have many nettes,  
And they be masked in many nettes;  
As *frontlettes*, *fyllettes*, *parlettes*, and *bracelettes*;  
And then theyr bonettes, and theyr poynettes.  
By these nettes and nettes, the lette is suche,  
That spede is small, when haste is much;  
—Dodsley, vol. i. p. 350, Hazlitt's ed.

and Zepheria, 1594 (canzon 27):

But now my sunne it fits thou take thy set,  
And vayne thy face with frownes as with a *frontlet*.

—Arber's English Garner, vol. v. p. 79.

Malone adds from Lilly's Euphues (ed. Arber, p. 285): "she was solitarily walking, with hir *frowning cloth*, as sick lately of the solens" (that is, sullens); and Clarke cites Chapman, Hero and Leander:

E'en like the *forehead cloth* that in the night,  
Or when they sorrow, ladies us'd to wear.

—Bullen's Marlowe, i. p. 102.

[See, too, I Henry IV. note 67, and add the following example from Lilly's Mydas, i. 2: "The purtenances (i.e. of a lady's head): it is impossible to reckon them up, much lease to tell the nature of them. Hoods, *frontlets*, tires, caules, &c."—Fairholt's Lilly, vol. ii. p. 13.—A. W. V.]

119. Line 211: *now thou art an O without a figure*.—Shakespeare uses the *O* either for zero or for anything round. Thus we find it applied to small-pox marks (Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 45), to the stars (Mid. Night's Dream, iii. 2. 188), to the Globe Theatre (Henry V. prol. 13), and to the earth (Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 81). The present is the only reference to its arithmetical use.

120. Line 219: *SHEALED peascod*.—*Shealed* is the old spelling of *shelled*, which is substituted by Capell, Grant White, and some other editors.

121. Line 221: *But other of your insolent retinue*.—*Retinue* is probably to be accented on the second syllable, though we could give it the usual accent by a slightly different scansion. It is the only instance of the word in verse in Shakespeare. Milton makes it *retinue* in the only two instances in which he uses it (Paradise Lost, v. 355, and Paradise Regained, ii. 419). Tennyson gives it the same accent; as in Guinevere:

Of his and her *retinue* moving they;

Aylmer's Field:

The dark *retinue* reverencing death;

and The Princess, iii. 179:

Went forth in long *retinue* following up.

122. Lines 228-233: *which if you should, the fault, &c.*—Moberly remarks: "The rest of the sentence labours under a plethora of relatives. The meaning, however, is simple: "If you instigate your men to riot I will check it, even though it offends you; as that offence, which would otherwise be a shame, would be proved by the necessity to be a discreet proceeding."

123. Line 236: *That it's had it head bit off by it young*.—For *it's* the Qq. have it. Most editors change the possessive *it* to *its*, but this is to take an unwarrantable liberty with Shakespeare's English. There are sixteen examples of this *it* in F. 1, and there is another in Q. 1 and Q. 2 of Lear in iv. 2. 32:

That nature which contains *it* origin.

In the only instance in which *its* is now found in the Authorized Version of the Bible (Leviticus xxv. 5) the edition of 1611 has "*it owne accout.*" In six of the examples in F. 1 (as Rolfe notes) the form occurs in this combination of *it own*.

124. Line 237: *So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling*.—Knight remarks that Shakespeare found the almost identical image applied to the story of Lear as told by Spenser, Faerie Queene, ii. 10. 30:

But true it is that, when the oyle is spent,  
The light goes out, and weeke [wick] is throwne away:  
So when he had resign'd his regiment,  
His daughter can despise his drouping day,  
And wearie wax of his continuall stay.

—Globe ed. p. 134.

Perhaps, as Farmer suggested, the Fool's remark is a snatch of some well-known ballad. For *darkling*, see Midsummer Night's Dream, note 140.

125. Line 245: *Whoop, Jug! I love thee*.—Probably a quotation from some old song. As to *jug*; Skeat says, "*Jug* and *Judge* were usual as pet female names, equivalent to *Jenny* or *Joan*. . . . But they can hardly represent *Joanna*; I suppose they stand for *Judith*, once a common name." Whatever its derivation, the meaning of *jug* is quite clear; it signifies a mistress; and sometimes, less offensively, a friend. Compare the following instances from Dodsley's Old Plays:—

King Cambyeses, by Thomas Preston:

doest thou think I am a sixpenny *jug*?

—Hazlitt's Dodsley, iv. p. 173.

A Merry Knack to Know a Knave (1594):

"There comes a soldier counterfeit and with him was his *jug*."

—Ibid. vol. vi. p. 511.

Grim the Collier of Croydon:

the collier chooseth well;

For beauty *jug* doth bear away the bell.

—Ibid. vol. viii. p. 409.

and William Rowley's A Woman Never Vexed, i. 1:

Bring him away, *jug*.

—Ibid. vol. xii. p. 115.

In the two last quotations the word obviously bears its more complimentary sense.—A. W. V.

126. Line 248: *his NOTION WEAKENS*.—The Qq. have *notion*, *weaknes*. In the only other instances of *notion* in Shakespeare (Coriolanus, v. 6. 107; and Macbeth, iii. 1. 83) it means *mind*, as here.

127. Line 249: *Ha! waking! 't is not so*.—The Qq. read "Sleeping or waking; ha! sure 't is not so;" and they print the whole speech as prose.

128. Lines 252-255: *I would learn that . . . an obedient father*.—These two speeches are not in the Ff.

129. Line 261: *you should be wise*.—The Reading of Q. 2. The other early editions omit *you*; and Stevens would strike out *you should*.

130. Line 263: *so debosh'd*.—This old spelling of *debauched* is the one regularly used in the Ff. in the four instances in which Shakespeare employs the word. Here the Qq. have *deboynt*.

131. Lines 265, 266:

EPICURISM and LUST

Make it more like a TAVERN or a BROTHEL

"An instance of what Corson calls a *respective construction*. The first word refers to the third, and the second to the fourth" (Furness).

132. Line 279: *A LITTLE to disquantity your train*.—Pope reads of *fifty*, &c., on the ground that Lear shortly afterwards specifies this as the number to be cut off, and yet Goneril had not stated it; but, as Furness suggests, this was probably a simple oversight on Shakespeare's part.

133. Line 288: *Than the SEA-MONSTER!*—The comparison is probably a general one; but there has been much dispute whether the hippopotamus or the whale is meant. One critic has suggested that the reference may be to the *sea-monster* mentioned in *The Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2. 57.

134. Line 284: *Detented KITE!*—*Kite* was a conventional term of abuse; cf. Henry V. ii. 1. 80, 81:

Fetch forth the lazard kite of Cressid's kind,  
Doll Tearsheet.

135. Line 290: *like an ENGINE*.—Alluding to the rack. Wright notes that Chaucer has *engined for racked* in the *Nonne Prestes Tale*, 15006.

136. Line 296: *Of what hath mov'd you*.—Not found in the Qq.

137. Line 305: *a THWART DISSATUR'D torment*.—The word is not used elsewhere as an adjective by Shakespeare; but Milton has it twice as such. See *Paradise Lost*, viii. 132; and x. 1075. *Dissatur'd* is used by Daniel in *Hymen's Triumph* (ii. 4. p. 291, ed. 1623): "I am not so *dissatur'd* a man." (Compare also Field's *A Woman is A Weathercock*, ii. 1:

This sour *thwart* beginning may portend good,

—Nero and other Plays in *Mermaid* ed. p. 370.

—A. W. V.]

138. Line 307: *With CADENT tears*.—So the Folio. The Quartos have *accent* or *accient*.

139. Line 308: *her mother's pains and benefits*.—Her maternal pains and loving attentions to her child.

140. Lines 310, 311:

*How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is  
To have a thankless child!*

Malone cites Psalm cxi. 3: "They have sharpened their tongues like a *serpent*: adders' poison is under their lips." Moberly observes: "We should have to go to the book of Deuteronomy to find a parallel for the concentrated force of this curse. Can it be Lear who so sternly and simply states to the very inward heart of woman's blessedness, leaving his wicked daughter blasted and scathed for ever by this withering words?"

141. Lines 326, 327:

*Ha! is it come to this?  
Let it be so:—I have another daughter.*

The Ff. omit *is it come to this?* and the Qq. omit *Let it be so*, reading also *yet have I left a daughter*.

142. Line 332: *thou shalt, I warrant thee*.—Omitted in the Ff.

143. Lines 348, 349:

*If my cap would buy a HALTER:  
So the fool follows AFTER.*

Ellis (p. 963) says that these rhymes with *daughter* are remarkable. *Daughter* and *after* (apparently pronounced *arter*) are also rhymed in *Taming of the Shrew*, i. 1. 244, 245, and *Winter's Tale*, iv. 1. 27, 28. In the former instance, as here, the rhyme may be meant to be ridiculous.

144. Lines 356, 357:

HOW NOW, OSWALD!  
WHAT, have you writ that letter?

The Qq. have:

Gon. What Oswald, ho.  
Oswald. Heere madam,  
Gon. What, &c.

145. Line 360: *my PARTIUCULAR fear*.—Capell refers this, and rightly in all probability, to "the business threatened by Lear." Delius makes it mean "the particulars of my fear." Schmidt defines *particular* as "personal, individual," comparing v. 1. 30 of this play.

146. Line 362: *As may COMPACT it more*.—"Unite one circumstance with another so as to make a consistent account" (Johnson). *More* may be a disyllable here.

147. Line 364: *This milky gentleness and course of yours*.—"This milky gentleness of your course" (Schmidt); or, quite as naturally, this milky gentleness and this consequent behaviour of yours.

148. Line 369: *Striving to better, oft we mar what's well*.—Malone quotes Sonnet ciii. 9, 10:

Were it not sinful then, *striving to mend*,  
To mar the subject that before was well?

#### ACT I. SCENE 5.

149. Line 1: *Go you before to GLOSTER*.—Capell refers the name to the *city* of Gloucester, as *there* in line 5 suggests. Tyrwhitt remarks: "Shakespeare chose to make Gloucester the residence of the Duke of Cornwall and Regan, in order to give a probability to their settling out late from thence on a visit to the Earl of Gloster, whose castle our poet conceived to be in the neighbourhood of that city."

150. Line 8: *If a man's BRAINS were in's heels, were't not*, &c.—Pope changed *brains* to *brain* on account of the singular pronoun. Rolfe remarks: "Shakespeare unakes *brains* plural, except in All's Well, iii. 2. 18: 'the brains of my Cupid's knocked out,' where the intervening singular may perhaps account for the irregularity. As *brain* and *brains* were used indiscriminately (except, as Schmidt notes, in such phrases as 'to beat out the brains'), it is not strange that the pronoun referring to the words should be used somewhat loosely, at least in vulgar parlance."

151. Line 11: *thy wit shall ne'er go slipshod*.—"For you show you have no wit in undertaking your present journey" (Singer).

152. Line 25: *I did her wrong*.—John Weiss (Wit, Humor, and Shakespeare, p. 281) remarks: "The beautiful soul of Cordelia, that is little talked of by herself, and is but stingly set forth by circumstance, engrosses our feeling



in scenes from whose threshold her filial piety is banished. We know what Lear is so pathetically remembering; the sisters tell us in their cruellest moments; it mingles with the midnight storm a sigh of the daughterhood that was repulsed. In the pining of the Fool we detect it. Through every wall or gust of this awful symphony of madness, ingratitude, and irony, we feel a woman's breath."

153. Line 38: *the seven stars*.—The Pleiades. "Furness thinks that the reference may be to the seven stars of the Great Bear; but that group was commonly known as 'Charles' Wain.' Cf. 1. Henry IV. ii. 1. 2: 'Charles' wain is over the new chimney.' The Pleiades have been familiar as household words from the earliest times, and 'the seven stars' has always been the popular English name for them" (Rolfe).

154. Line 43: *To tak' again perforce!*—"He is meditating on his resumption of royalty" (Johnson). Steevens says (but wrongly, I think): "Rather he is meditating on his daughter's having in so violent a manner deprived him of those privileges which before she had agreed to grant him."

155. Line 50: *O, let me not be mad!*—Dr. Bucknill remarks (p. 183): "This self-consciousness of gathering madness is common in various forms of the disease. . . . A most remarkable instance of this was presented in the case of a patient, whose passionate, but generous, temper became morbidly exaggerated after a blow upon the head. His constantly expressed fear was that of impending madness; and when the calamity he so much dreaded had actually arrived, and he raved incessantly and incoherently, one frequently heard the very words of Lear proceeding from his lips: 'Oh, let me not be mad!'"

156. Lines 55, 56:

*She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,  
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.*

These gross lines have been justly suspected of being an interpolation of some actor who "spoke more than was set down for him." As more than one critic has noted, they are palpably dragged in; and it is not Shakespeare's way to introduce anything of the sort unless it is naturally linked to the context.

## ACT II. SCENE 1.

157.—Line 9. For *ear-kissing* the Quartos have *ear-bussing*. Lines 11-13, omitted in two Quartos. Line 20, the line is made nonsense of in Qq., which read, *Which must ask brevity and future help*. Line 47, *revenging* appears in the form *revengue* in the Quartos; in the next line the Folio has *all the thunder*. Line 78, for *spurs* the Folios have *spirits*. Line 80, *I never got him*, omitted in the Folios. Line 91, *How dost, my lord?* so the First Folio; the others have *how does my lord?* Line 129, the Quartos give the singular *business*, which might quite well scan as a triyllable.

158. Line 28: *Upon his party*.—On his side. Delius (quoted by Furness) says: "In order to confuse his brother and urge him to flight, Edmund asks him first whether he has not spoken against Cornwall, and then, reversing

the question, whether he has not said something on the side of Cornwall against Albany."

159. Lines 36, 37:

*I've seen drunkards*

*Do more than this in sport.*

Steevens quotes Marston, *Dutch Courtesan* [iv. 1]: "Nay, tooke you; for my owne part, if I have not as religiously vovd my hart to you,—been drunk to your healthe, swallowd flap-dragons, eate glasses, drunke urine, stabd arms, and don all the offices of protested gallantrie for your sake" (Halliwell's ed. ii. p. 163). Halliwell cites Cooke, Greene's *Tu Quoque*: "I will fight with him that dares say you are not fair: stab him that will not pledge your health, and with a dagger pierce a vein, to drink a full health to you."

160. Line 44: *Fled this way, sir*.—"A wrong way should be pointed to" (Capell). Many editors put a period after *sir*, but all the early editors have the comma.

161. Line 52: *in fell motion*.—"An attack in fencing, opposed to guard or parrying" (Schmidt). Compare Hamlet, iv. 7. 101-103 (see also 158):

*the scrimers of their nation,*

*He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,*

*If you opposed them.*

Furness quotes Vincentio Saviolo, *His practice*, 1595 (see As You Like It, note 180): "hold your dagger firm, marking (as it were) with one eye the *motion* of your adversarie" (sig. \*\*\*. p. 1, line 4).

162. Line 54: *LANCED mine arm*.—The Qq have *lanched* or *lanucht*, and the Fl. *latched*. *Lance* and *lanuch* are often used indiscriminately. Wright quotes Hollyband (French Dict. 1593): "*Poindre*, to prick, to stick, to *lanch*."

163. Line 55: *But WHEN he saw my best alarm'd spirits*.—The Fl. have *And when*, &c. Staunton conjectures *But whe'r* (whether), which Furness adopts; but Rolfe suggests that there may be a change of construction in *Or whether* (see Abbott's Grammar, §415), or an ellipsis: "Or whether (it was that he was) gasted," &c.

164. Line 57: *Or whether GASTED by the noise I made*.—For *gasted*, see Othello, note 241.

165. Line 61: *My worthy ARCH and patron*.—Steevens quotes Heywood, "If you Know not Me," &c. (p. 48, ed. Shak. Soc.): "Poole, that *arch*, for truth and honesty." Wright refers to the present use of the word <sup>by</sup> Odd-fellows and Masons.

166. Line 67: *And found him FIGHT to do it*.—"Fixed, settled." Compare Troilus and Cressida, v. 10. 23, 24:

*You vile abominable terms,*

*Thus proudly fight upon our Phrygian plains.*

*Straight-pight* (= erect) occurs in Cymbeline, v. 5. 164. Wright, Moberly, and others say that *pight* is the participle of *pitch*. It is clearly a participle, but probably from the verb *pight* (related to *pitch*), of which Nares cites an example from Warner, Albions England: "his tent did Aaser *pight*." The same form was used for the past tense; as in a poem of the time of Elizabeth (we quote it from memory):

*He who earth's foundations pight,  
Pight at first, and still sustains.*

Cf. also Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, I. 2. 42:

Then brought she me into this desert waste,  
And by my wretched lovers side me *fight*" (Rolfe).

167. Line 70: *would the REPOSAL*.—The Qq. have *could the reposeure*. *Reposal* is analogous to *disposal*, as *reposure* to *exposure*. Wright says here: "The words *virtue*, or *worth* are in loose construction with the rest of the sentence; 'the reposeure of any trust, (or the belief in any) virtue or worth, in thee.'"

168. Line 78: *very PREGNANT and potential spurs*.—"Ready." Wright says that it is used in this sense 'without any reference to its literal meaning;' and Furness appears to think that this is not a natural figurative use of the word. He considers that Nares came nearer the truth in saying that the ruling sense of the word is that of 'being full or productive of something.' We think that 'ready,' or *about to appear* (in action, as truth, &c., according to the connection) likewise expresses the metaphorical sense of the word; and this will explain some instances of it in Shakespeare which, as Furness admits, do not come clearly under Nares's definition. See, for example, *Winter's Tale*, v. 2. 34. Certain other instances, we admit, are better explained by the other interpretation; while some, like the present, may, in our opinion, be explained equally well by either" (Rolfe).

169. Line 79: *STRONG and fasten'd villain*!—The reading of the Qq., and to be preferred to the *strange* of the Ff. For the bad sense of the word Wright compares Richard II. v. 3. 59:

O heinous, *strong*, and bold conspiracy!

and Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 45: "*strong* thief." Rolfe remarks that here the word seems in perfect keeping with the *fasten'd* (confirmed, hardened) which follows.

170. Lines 83, 84:

*his picture*

*I will send far and near, &c.*

Lord Campbell remarks: "One would suppose that photography, by which this mode of catching criminals is now practised, had been invented in the time of Lear." Furness adds that photography has merely been called to our aid in continuing a practice common in the time of Shakespeare; and he cites the old play of *Nobody and Somebody*, 1606 (privately reprinted by Alexander Smith, Glasgow, 1877):

● Let him be straight imprinted to the life:

His *picture* shall be set on every stall,

And proclamation made, that he that takes him,

Shall haue a hundred pounds of *Somebody*.

171. Line 87: *To make thee CAPABLE*.—Lord Campbell says: "In forensic discussions respecting legitimacy, the question is put, whether the individual whose *status* is to be determined is 'capable,' i.e. capable of inheriting; but it is only a lawyer who would express the idea of legitimizing a natural son by simply saying,

I'll work the means

To make him *capable*."

172. Line 99: *he was of that CONSORT*.—Omitted in the Qq. For *consoirt*, in the sense of *company*, compare *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iv. 1. 64: "wilt thou be of our *consoirt*?" With this meaning the word is accented on

the last syllable; when it means a company of musicians (as in the same play, *II. 2. 84*, *Folio*), on the first.

173. Line 102: *th' expense and waste of his*.—The reading of F. 1. Q. 1 has *the wast and spoyle of his*; Q. 2, *these —and waste of this his*. Furness suggests that the dash indicates the haste and carelessness with which the Quarto was printed. It was inserted either by the stenographer because he misheard the word and afterwards failed to supply it, or by the compositor because he could not make out the copy.

174. Line 121: *THREADING dark-ey'd night*.—The Qq. have *threatning*, and Theobald wished to read *treading*; but compare *Coriolanus*, iii. 1. 124: "They would not *thread* the gates." Wright refers, for the figure, to *King John*, v. 4. 11.

175. Line 126: *from our home*.—Away from our home. Compare *Macbeth*, iii. 4. 35, 36:

to feed were best at *home*;

From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony.

## • ACT II. SCENE 2.

176. Line 1: *Good DAWNING to thee*.—The Qq. have *euen* (even), and Pope and Theobald *evening*. The other references to time in the scene indicate that it was before daybreak, with the moon still shining, as Malone rightly explains. The use of *dawning* may suggest that it is very early, when the dawn is just appearing.

177. Line 9. *in LIPSURRY pinfold*.—No other reference to *Lipsbury* has been discovered, and the word has been changed to *Ledbury*, *Finsbury*, &c. Nares suggests that it is a coined name, possibly referring to the "teeth, as being the pinfold within the *lips*." Wright favours this interpretation, adding that "similar names of places which may or may not have any local existence occur in proverbial phrases, such for instance as 'Needham's Shore,' 'Weeping Cross.'" For *pinfold*, compare *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, i. 1. 114: "You mistake; I mean the pound,—a *pinfold*." Rolfe cites Milton, *Comus*, 7:

Confin'd and pester'd in this *pinfold* here.

178. Line 16: *three-smiled*.—Delius thinks this is equivalent to *foppish*, and cites iii. 4. 141 below: "who hath *three suits* to his back." Steevens, who regards it as in keeping with *beggarly*, quotes Ben Jonson, *Silent Woman*, iv. 2: "thou wert a pitiful poor fellow. . . . and hadst nothing but three suits of apparel." (Routledge's ed. p. 227). Wright remarks: "If the terms of agreement between master and servant in Shakespeare's time were known, they would probably throw light upon the phrase. It is probable that three suits of clothes a year were part of a servant's allowance. In *The Silent Woman*, iii. 1. Mrs. Otter, scolding her husband whom she treats as a dependant, says, Who gives you your maintenance, I pray you? Who allows you your horse-meat and man's-meat, your three suits of apparel a year? your four pair of stockings, one silk, three worsted?" (Routledge's ed. p. 217).

*Hundred-pound* was also a "term of reproach," as Steevens notes, comparing Middleton's *Phoenix*, iv. 3: "How s this? am I used like a *hundred-pound* gentleman?"

179. Line 17: *worsted-stocking*.—In Shakespeare's day the better class of people wore silk stockings, and regarded worsted ones as cheap and poor. Steevens quotes Talford, *The Hog Hath Lost His Pearl*, i. 1: "Good parts, without habiliments of gallantry, are no more set by in these times than a good leg in a *woollen stockings*;" and The Captain, iii. 3: "serving-men . . . with woollen stockings." Malone adds from Middleton, *Phoenix*, iv. 2: "Metreza Auriola keeps her love with half the cost that I am at; her friend can go afoot, like a good husband, walk in *worsted stockings*, and inquire for the sixpenny ordinary." [I may note that I have observed two passages which rather make the other way. Stubbes, describing the extravagant costume affected by the contemporary gallant, says: "Then haue they *nether-stocks* to these gay hosen, not of cloth (though neuer so fine) for that is thought to base, but of *Jarney worsted*, silk, thred, and such like" (*Anatomy of Abuses*, New Shakespeare Society Reprint, p. 57); so again, page 56. Compare also the following:

These *worsted* stockes of bravest die,  
And silken garters fring'd with gold.

—Stephen Gosson, *Pleasant Quippes for Vpstart  
Newfangled Gentlewomen*, Hazlitt, 1866, p. 258.

Fashion, presumably, had changed.—A. W. V.]

180. Line 18: *action-taking*.—"A fellow who, if you fast him, would bring an action for the assault, instead of resenting it like a man of courage" (Mason).

181. Line 20: *one-trunk-inheriting*.—"With all his worldly belongings in a single trunk" (Wright). *Inheriting* may be equivalent to *possessing* (as in iv. 6. 128), but Steevens and others give it the ordinary meaning here. Johnson took *trunk* to mean *trunk-hose*.

182. Line 35: *sop o' the moonshine*.—This probably alludes to the dish called *eggs in moonshine*, for which Nares quotes a receipt from an ancient cook-book. [It is also, I think, just possible that the reference is to the custom of soaking toast or sweet-cakes in wine; see Trolius and Cressida, note 53. For an allusion to these delicacies, cf. *Mother Bomie*, i. 3: "And you, pretty minx, that must be fed with love upon *sops*, I'll take an order to cram you with sorrowes" (Fairholt's *Lilly*, vol. ii. p. 86).—A. W. V.]

183. Line 35: *draw, you CULLIONLY barber-monger*.—For a note on *cullion* see Henry V. note 153. The word is not uncommon; cf. Edward II. i. 4. 408, 400:

he jets it in the Court,

With base outlandish *cullions* at his heels.

—Bullen's Marlowe, ii. p. 148.

So again, in The Jests of George Peele: "Hath the knave no more wit than at this time to go, knowing I have no horse here, and would he base *cullian* go afoot" (Dyce's *Greene and Peele*, p. 610); and in The Guardian, ii. 3:

Long live Severino,

And perish all such *cullions* as repine

At his new monarchy;

—Cunningham's Massinger, p. 469.

and The Black Book: "the true counterfeit of a dying *cullion*" (Bullen's Middleton, viii. p. 33).—A. W. V.

184. Line 38: *Vanity the puppet's part*.—Alluding to the old moralities, in which Vanity, Iniquity, &c., figured

as characters. Compare Ben Jonson, *The Devil is an Ass*, i. 1:

*Satan*. What Vice?

What kind wouldst thou have it off?

*Pag*. Why, any; Fraud,

Or Covetousness, or *Lady Vanity*,

Or old Iniquity. —Routledge's ed. p. 344.

185. Line 40: *I'll so CARBONADO your shanks*.—Compare Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 268: "to eat adders' heads and toads *carbonadoed*." For the noun, see I. Henry IV. v. 3. 61, and Coriolanus, iv. 5. 199.

186. Line 44: *you NEAT slave*.—"Mere slave, very slave" (Johnson). Staunton believes there is a play on *neat* as applied to cattle, and compares Winter's Tale, i. 2. 128; but, as Wright says, this "would have no special point as addressed to Oswald." Rolfe remarks: "It is perhaps an objection to Johnson's explanation that Shakespeare nowhere else has *neat*=pure, unmixed. On the other hand, he seems to use it contemptuously=spruce, finical, in I. Henry IV. i. 3. 33: 'Came there a certain lord, *neat*, and trimly dress'd, &c.'"

187. Line 47: *What's the matter?*—The Ff. add *Part*.; but this is probably a stage-direction accidentally transferred to the text, as Dyce considers it.

188. Line 48: *With you, GOODMAN boy*.—*Goodman* was regularly used as a term of contempt; cf. Twelfth Night, iv. 2. 141:

*Adieu, goodman devil*;

a passage most needlessly emended in various ways. So again, Romeo and Juliet, i. 5. 79: "What! *goodman boy*!" —A. W. V.]

189. Line 60: *a tailor made thee*.—Compare Cymbeline, iv. 2. 81-83:

No, nor thy *tailor*, rascal,

Who is thy grandfather; he made these clothes,

Which, as it seems, make thee.

190. Line 65: *TWO HOURS o' the trade*.—The reading of the Qq. The Ff. have *two yeares*, which Schmidt reckons a brief apprenticeship for a sculptor or painter. The editors, with the exception of Rowe, Capell, and Schmidt, follow the Qq.

191. Line 69: *Thou whoreson ZED! thou unnecessary letter!*—Farmer quotes Mulcaster: "Z is much harder among us, and seldom seen:—S is become its lieutenant-general. It is lightlie't expressed in English, saving in foren enfranchisements." Baret, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, omits the letter.

192. Line 70: *I will tread this UNBOLTED villain into mortar*.—Toilet says: "*Unbolted mortar* is mortar made of unsifted lime, and to break the lumps it is necessary to tread it by men in wooden shoes." We find *bolted* in the sense of "refined" in Henry V. ii. 2. 137, and Coriolanus, iii. 1. 322.

193. Line 80: *the holy cords*.—Warburton remarks: "By those *holy cords* Shakespeare means the natural union between parents and children. The metaphor is taken from the cords of the sanctuary."

194. Line 81: *too INTRINSE & unloose*.—Theobald substitutes *intrinsicate*, which Shakespeare uses in Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 307, 308:

With thy sharp teeth this knot *intrinsecate*  
Of life at once untie.

Malone notes that the word was new at this time, and quotes the preface to Marston's *Scourge of Villanie*, 1598 (vol. iii. p. 245, ed. Halliwell): "new-minted epithets (as really, *intrinsecate*, Delphicke)." *Intrinsc* is probably the poet's own contraction of *intrinsecate*.

195. Line 83: *BEING oil to FIRE*.—The Qq. have *Bring oil to stir*. Rowe, Schmidt, Furness, and Rolfe retain the *Being*, but all others adopt *Bring*.

196. Line 84: *RENEGE*, affirm, and turn their HALCYON backs.—*Renegé* (spelled *Reneay* in the Qq.) is from the Late Latin *renegoy*, whence also the Spanish *renegado*. It is used again in Antony and Cleopatra, i. 1. 8: "*reneges all temper*." Nares quotes Du Bartas, *The Battall of Yury* (p. 351, ed. 1633):

All Europe nigh (all sorts of rights *reney'd*)  
Against the Truth and Thee, un-holy League'd.

F. 1 misprints *Reuenge* here.

For the allusion to the *halcyon*, or kingfisher, Steevens quotes Thomas Lupton's *Notable Things*, B. x.: "A lytle byrde called the Kings Fyshier, being hanged vp in the ayre by the neck, his nebbe or byll wyll be alwayes dyrect or straght against ye winde;" and Marlowe, *Jew of Malta*, l. 1:

But now how stande the wind?  
Into what corner peers y<sup>e</sup> *halcyon's* bill?

—Bulen's Marlowe, vol. ii. p. 12.

Sir Thomas Browne discusses the superstition in his *Vulgar Errors*, iii. 10, remarking: "the eldest custom of hanging up these birds was founded upon a tradition that they would renew their feathers every year as though they were alive." According to Charlotte Smith's *Natural History of Birds* (quoted by Dyce), the belief in a connection between the *halcyon* and the wind still lingered among the common people of England in 1807; and Dyer, *Folklore of Shakespeare*, p. 123, says that "one may still see this bird hung up in cottages, a remnant, no doubt, of this old superstition."

197. Line 87: *your EPILEPTIC visage*.—Your face "distorted by grinning" (Dyce).

198. Line 88: *SMILE you my speeches, as I were a fool?*—That is, do you smile at them? All the early editions have *Smoule* or *Smoyle* except F. 4, which the modern editors follow without exception.

199. Line 90: *I'd DRIVE YE cackling home to CAMELOT*.—The Qq. have *send you* and *Camulet*. "Camelot, famed in the Arthurian legends, was Cadbury in Somersetshire, according to Selden; and near it, Hanmer says, 'there are many large moors, upon which great numbers of geese are bred.' Staunton supposes that the reference was to the custom among Arthur's knights of sending their conquered foes to Camelot to do homage to the king. Dyce thinks that there may be a double allusion, to the geese of Somersetshire and to the vanquished knights" (Rolfe).

200. Line 95: *What is his fault?*—The reading of the Ff., that of the Qq. being *What's his offence?*

201. Lines 103, 104:  
*and constrains the garb*  
*Quite from his nature.*

"Forces his outside, or his appearance, to something totally different from his natural disposition" (Johnson). Staunton takes *his* to be *its*; in which case the meaning is: "distorts the style of straightforward speaking quite from its nature, which is sincerity; whereas he makes it a cloak for craft" (Clarke).

202. Line 109: *silly-ducking observants*.—The hyphen in *silly-ducking* is in the Ff. For the contemptuous use of *ducking* (bowing) compare Richard III. i. 3. 49, and Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 18. Schmidt defines *observants* as "obsequious attendants."

203. Line 110: *That stretch their duties nicely*.—That is, perform them with the most fastidious nicety or precision. For *nicely*, compare v. 3. 144 of this play.

204. Lines 119, 120: *though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to 't*.—"Though I should win you, displeased as you now are, to like me so well as to entreat me to be a knave" (Johnson).

205. Line 125: *When he, COMPACT, &c.*—The Qq. have *coniuinct* (conjunct). There is little choice between the readings, which mean the same. We find *conjunct* in v. 1. 12, and *compact* (in this sense of "in concert with") in Measure for Measure, v. 1. 242: "*Compact with her that's gone*."

206. Line 141: *There shall he sit till noon*.—"Very artfully is this speech thrown in. Not only does it serve to paint the vindictive disposition of Regan, it also serves to regulate dramatic time by making the subsequent scene where Lear arrives before Gloucester's castle and finds his faithful messenger in the stocks appear sufficiently advanced in the morning to allow of that same scene closing with the actual approach of 'night,' without disturbing the sense of probability. Shakespeare makes a whole day pass before our eyes during a single scene and dialogue, yet all seems consistent and natural in the course of progression" (Clarke).

207. Lines 149-152: *His fault is much, . . . Are punish'd with*.—All this is wanting in the Ff. For the words that follow, *the King must take it ill*, they have *The King his Master needs must take it ill*.

208. Line 157: *For following her affairs*.—Put in his legs.—Omitted in the Ff.

209. Line 167: *APPROVE the common SAW*.—Prove the truth of the common saying; namely, "Out of God's blessing into the warm sun." Capell (notes, vol. iii. p. 40) quotes Heywood's Dialogue on Proverbs (book ii. chap. 5):

In y<sup>e</sup> rennyng from him to me, ye runne  
Out of gods blessing into the warme sunne.

Malone cites Howell's English Proverbs, 1660: "He goes out of God's blessing to the warm sun, viz. from good to worse." Various explanations of the proverb have been given, but probably it was first applied to persons turned out of doors.

210. Lines 172, 173:

*Nothing almost sees miracles*  
*But misery.*

"The wretched are almost the only persons who can be said to see miracles." Delius says: "That Cordelia should have thought of him, or that her letter should have reached him, seems to him such a miracle as only those in misery experience."

211. Lines 175-177:

*and shall find time  
From this enormous state, seeking to give  
Losses their remedies.*

"And who (that is, Cordelia) will find opportunity in this abnormal state of affairs to set things right again. The style is disjointed, partly because he is soliloquizing, partly because he can hardly keep his eyes open for weariness. Here he gives way to his drowsiness, bids his eyes take advantage of their heaviness not to see how poor a resting-place he has, and, with a good-night prayer for better fortune, falls asleep. *Enormous* (which has the same etymology as *abnormal*, except that *norma* is compounded with *e* instead of *ab*) is rightly explained by Johnson as 'unwonted, out of rule, out of the ordinary course of things'" (Rolfe).

Jennens was the first to suggest that Kent reads fragments of Cordelia's letter (*and shall find time . . . their remedies*), and he has been followed by Steevens and others; but, as Malone notes, Kent cannot read the letter, but wishes for the rising of the sun that he may read it. Mason connects *and shall find with I know*; and Mr. J. Crosby (as quoted by Rolfe) paraphrases that part of the passage thus: "From this anomalous state of mind, I shall gain time to communicate and co-operate with Cordelia in her endeavour to restore the kingdom to its former condition; to give losses their remedies, that is, to reinstate Lear on the throne, Cordelia in his favour, and myself in his confidence, and in my own rights and titles."

For *o'er-watch'd* (worn out with watching), compare Julius Cæsar, iv. 3. 241:

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art *o'er-watch'd*.

### ACT II. SCENE 3.

212. Line 8: *in contempt of man*.—"Wishing to degrade a man" (Moberly).

213. Line 10: *elf all my hair in knots*.—Compare Romeo and Juliet, i. 4. 90:

And bakes the *elf-locks* in foul sluttish hairs;

whereby there hangs many a tale of popular superstition.

214. Line 14: *Of BEDLAM BEGGARS*.—Steevens quotes from Dekker's *Belman of London*, of which three editions appeared in 1608, the same year in which Lear was first printed, the following description of "an Abraham man." "He swears he hath been in Bedlam, and will talke frankly of purpose: you see pinnes stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh, especially in his armes, which paine he gladly puts himselfe to, only to make you believe he is out of his wits. He calls himselfe by the name of *Poorre Tom*, and comming near any body cries out, *Poorre Tom is a-cold*. Of these Abraham-men, some be exceeding merry, and doe nothing but sing songs fashioned out of their own braines: some will dance, others will doe nothing but either laugh or weepe: others are dogged, and so sullen both in loke and speech, that spying but a

small company in a house, they boldly and bluntly enter, compelling the servants through feare to give them what they demand." (Hunter, again, has an interesting extract from Aubrey's *Natural History of Wiltshire*: "Till the breaking out of the Civil Wars, Tom o' Bedlams did travel about the country. They had been once distracted men that had been put into Bedlam, where recovering to some sobreness they were licentiated to go begging. They had on their left arms an armilla of tin, about four inches long; they could not get it off. They wore about their necks a great horn of an ox in a string or bawdrick, which when they came to a house for alms they did wind; and they did put the drink given them into this horn, whereto they did put a stopple. Since the wars I do not remember to have seen any of them" (Illustrations of Shakespeare, vol. ii. p. 271). Later on (iii. 6. 79), we have a reference to the horn which Edgar carried: "Poor Tom, thy horn is dry," the meaning obviously being, that no one has put any liquor into it. For a diverting collection of old scraps of information on the subject of these Tom o' Bedlams, the judicious reader should turn to *Diaræll's Curiosities of Literature*, vol. ii. pp. 311-317, Chandos ed. There is also a good note in Dyce's *Beaumont and Fletcher*, vol. ix. p. 22; and another in Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, vol. iii. pp. 170, 171, *apropos* of the fact that a character in Gammer Gurton's Needle is called Diccon, "the *Bedlam*."—A. W. V.]

215. Line 15: *STRIKE in their munn'd and mortified bare arms*, &c.—Walker (Crit. Exam. ii. 36) suggests *stick*, which Furness adopts; but *strike in* is simply *strike into*, or drive into.

216. Line 20: *Poor TURLYGOD!*—Warburton would read *Turlypin*, the name given to a fraternity of gypsies or beggars. According to Douce, the name was corrupted into *Turlygod*, though Nares doubts whether the two names are connected.

217. Line 21: *Edgar I NOTHING am*.—That is, I am in no wise Edgar (having become a Bedlam beggar).

### ACT II. SCENE 4.

218.—Line 1, for *home* the Quartos reads *hence*. Line 7, in the Quartos we have *crewell* or *crewill*. Line 9, in the Quartos *by the heeles*. (Line 79, some editors follow the fourth Folio in reading *That, sir, which*; but *si*; occurs elsewhere in Shakespeare as an ordinary noun; e.g. *Othello*, ii. 1. 176. Line 97, the Quartos give: *what fiery quality*. Line 191, in the Quartos the speech is assigned to Goneril; for *stock'd* they read *struck* or *struck*. Line 226, *boil*: spelt, says Aldis Wright, *byle* or *bile* in the early editions, and in the Authorized Version. Line 274, the line is redundant; of the various suggestions Pope's seems to me the best, viz. *that patiente which I need*. Line 304, for *ruffle*, Qq. have *russel*.

219. Line 7: *he wears CRUEL garters*.—Collier suggested that we should read *crewell*, in order to make the pun more obvious. Halliwell remarks: "This word was obvious to the punster, and is unmercifully used by the older dramatists. A pun similar to that in the text is in one of L'Estrange's anecdotes: 'A greates zelote for the

Cause would not allow the Parliament's army to be *beaten* in a certain fight, but confess he did believe they might be *worsted*. To which linsy-wolsley expression, a merry cavalere reply'd, Take heede of that, for worsted is a *cruell* peece of stiffe."

220. Line 11: *wooden nether-stocks*.—For *nether-stocks* (short stockings), compare I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 131: "I'll *sew nether stocks*."

221. Lines 19, 20:

Lear. *No, no, they would not.*

Kent. *Yes, they have.*

These two speeches are wanting in the Ff.

222. Line 35: *munnon'd up their MEINY*.—The word is common in Chaucer and other early writers; also in Spenser. Compare Faerie Queene, iii. 9. 11:

That this faire *many* were conpeld at last  
To fly for succour to a little shed;

and iii. 12. 23: "That all his *many* it affraide did make," &c. Wright quotes Cotgrave, Fr. Dict.: "Mesnie: f. A *meynie*, familie, household, household companie, or servants."

223. Lines 54, 55: *as many dolours . . . as thou canst TELL in a year*.—"Count, or recount; according to the sense in which *dolours* is understood" (Wright).

224. Line 56: *O, how this MOTHER swells up toward my heart!*—*Mother* is synonymous with the following *Hysterica passio*, or hysteria. Kitson quotes Harsnet, Declaration of Popish Impostures (p. 25). "Ma: Maynic had a spice of the *Hysterica passio*, as it seems from his youth, hee himselfe termes it the *Moother* (as you may see in his confession)." Master Richard Mainy, who was persuaded by the priests that he was possessed of the devil, deposes as follows, p. 263: "The disease I spake of, was a spice of the *Mother*, where-with I had bene troubled (as is before mentioned) before my going into Fraunce: whether I doe rightly terme it the *Mother* or no, I know not."

225. Line 68: *We'll set thee to school to an ANT, &c.*—"If, says the Fool, you had been schooled by the ant, you would have known that the king's train, like that sagacious animal, prefer the summer of prosperity to the colder season of adversity, from which no profit can be derived (Malone)."

226. Line 90: *Mere FETCHES*.—*Fetches*=pretexts, devices; cf. Hamlet, ii. 1. 38. For instances outside Shakespeare we may note the interlude of the Disobedient Child:

O, I have such *fetches*, such toys in this head,

Such crafty *defects*; —Hazlitt's Dodsley, ii. p. 399.

and Antonio and Mellida, ii. 1:

And I do fear a *fetch*:

—Bullen's Marston, l. p. 127.

—and again, the anonymous play (printed 1658) of The Old Couple, v.:

Another *fetch*! this may be worth the hearing.

—Dodsley, xii. p. 79.

—A. W. V.

227. Line 108: *commands her service*.—The Ff. read *commands, tends, service*, which Rowe adopted with the omission of the commas (1st ed.), afterwards restoring the

first comma. Schmidt reads *commands, tends service*, which he defends at considerable length, but inconclusively.

228. Line 120: *Till it cry sleep to death*.—The meaning seems obvious enough—"till its clamour murders sleep," as Wright paraphrases it; but Steevens explains it "till it cries out, 'Let them awake no more.'" Johnson put *sleep to death* in italics, as if it were the cry of the drum; and Mason changed the phrase to *death to sleep*.

229. Line 123: *as the COCKNEY did to the eels*.—Here *cockney* may be equivalent to *cook*, as Tyrwhitt and others have explained it; or a *cockney cook* (or a London cook), as others make it. The only other instance of the word in Shakespeare is in Twelfth Night, iv. 1. 15. See note 239 of that play.

230. Line 124: *she KNAPP'D'em o the coxcombs with a stick*.—The Ff. have *knapt*, and the Qq. *rapt*, which some have preferred, assuming that *knapp* means only to "snap or break asunder," as in the Merchant of Venice, iii. 1. 10 [a use which Mr. Aldis Wright well illustrates by the Prayer-book Version of Psalm xli. 9: "he *knappeth* the spear in sunder." For *knapp*=strike cf. the following couplet from the old Interlude, Thersites:

And plucketh off her hose,  
She *knappeth* me in the nose.

—Dodsley's Old Plays, Hazlitt's ed. l. p. 428.

In the same play we have the substantive *knapp*=a blow: "whose knee caught a *knapp*" (ibid. p. 422).—A. W. V.]

231. Line 134: *SEPULCHRING an adulteress*.—"Compare Lucrece, 805: 'May likewise be *sepulchred* in thy shade'; and Two Gentlemen of Verona, iv. 2. 118: 'Or at the least, in hers *sepulchre* thine.' In both passages the accent is on the penult, as here. The noun has the modern accent in Shakespeare except in Richard II. l. 3. 196. Milton makes the same distinction. Compare the verb in the Epitaph on Shakes. 15: 'And, so *sepulchred*, in such pomp dost lie'; and the noun in Samson Agonistes, 102: 'My self my *sepulchre*, a moving grave'; and Comus, 471: 'Oft seen in charnel vaults and *sepulchres*'" (Rolfe).

232. Lines 141, 142:

*You less know how to value her desert  
Than she to scant her duty.*

We must interpret according to the sense, as classical commentators say, rather than the literal meaning of the words, and the general purport of what Regan replies is simple enough: "The fault lies with you, not with my sister; you are more likely to undervalue her services than she is to come short in paying them." For *scant*, see Othello, iv. 3. 92:

*Or scant our former having in despite.*

—A. W. V.

233. Line 148: *O, sir, you are old, &c.*—Coleridge remarks here: "Nothing is so heart-cutting as a cold, unexpected defence or palliation of a cruelty passionately complained of, or so expressive of thorough hard-heartedness. And feel the excessive horror of Regan's 'O, sir, you are old!'—and then her drawing from that universal object of reverence and indulgence the very reason for her frightful conclusion—'Say you have wrong'd her.' All Lear's

faults increase our pity for him. We refuse to know them otherwise than as means of his sufferings and aggravations of his daughters' ingratitude."

234. Line 155: *mark how this becomes THE HOUSE*.—No change is really called for, but Theobald reads *the use*, and Jennens *me now*. Collier's Corrector has *the mouth*, which is plausible and favoured by Furness, though he retains the old text.

235. Line 159: *these are unsightly tricks*.—This probably refer to Lear's kneeling, though Knight and others do not believe that he kneels. According to Davies (Dram. Miscell. ii. 190, quoted by Furness), "Garrick threw himself on both knees, with his hands clasped, and in a supplicating tone repeated this touching, though ironical, petition."

236. Line 165: *her young bones*.—Jourdain (Trans. Philological Soc. 1800-61, p. 141) explains this as referring to "infants just born, which fairies then had power over, but not afterwards;" but Mr. J. Addis, jr (Notes and Queries, 1867, 3rd series, vol. xi. p. 251), suggests that it means "unborn infant;" and Wright, Furness, and Rolfe endorse this explanation, which is pretty clearly the correct one. Compare the old play of King Lear (printed by Furness in his Appendix):

Alas, not I: poore soule, she breeds yong bones,  
And that is it makes her so tutchy sure.

237. Line 156: *You TAKING airs*.—For *taking* (bewitching, malignant) compare iii. 4. 61 of this play; and see note on Hamlet, i. 1. 163.

238. Line 170: *To FALL and blast her pride!*—Malone takes *fall* to be used causatively, as it often is in Shakespeare; but Wright, Furness, and Rolfe believe it to be intransitive. This, as Wright says, is more in keeping with *drawn* and *blast*. Compare Tempest, ii. 2. 1-3:

All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him  
By inch-meal a disease!

and Measure for Measure, v. 1. 121-123:

Shall we thus permit  
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall  
On him so near us?

For *blast her pride* the Ff. have only the word *blister*.

239. Line 174: *Thy TENDER-HEFTED nature*.—The puzzling compound is explained in a general way by the *tender*; but the *hefted* has never been satisfactorily defined. The Qq. have *tender hefted*, which is equally perplexing, though it has been taken to mean "governed by gentle dispositions." Steevens paraphrased *tender-hefted* by "whose bosom is agitated with tender passions." *Heft* is used as synonymous with *heft*, or handle; but it is not found in Shakespeare, and to attempt to connect it with this compound is arbitrary and absurd. *Tender-hearted* has been proposed as an emendation, but, with *nature* following, it is impossibly weak. The corruption, if it be corruption, is apparently hopeless.

240. Line 178: *to scant my SIZES*.—That is, my allowances. Wright remarks: "The words *sizar* and *sizing* are still well known in Cambridge; the former originally de-

noting a poor student, so called from the *sizes* or allowances made to him by the college to which he belonged."

[For instances of the verb compare The Returne from Parnassus, iv. 2: "one that *sizeth* the Deull's batteries" (Arber's Reprint, p. 55); and again (at page 66), "I use to *size* my musick." Now to *size* bears chiefly one sense at Cambridge, viz. to order at one's own expense extra things which are not provided at the dinner in the College Hall. The Returne from Parnassus, by the way, was an essentially Cambridge play, and it, appropriately enough, furnishes two other instances of this curious and interesting word. In act iv. scene 2 we have:

Which that one ey'd *subsiser* of the skie,  
Don Phaeus empties by calidity?

—Arber's ed. p. 51.

and again, there is the strange expression *size que*: "you are at Cambridge still with *size que*" (iv. 3), which Macray in his edition of the Parnassus trilogy explains (p. 139) to mean: "farthing allowances of food and drink."

Arber, I may observe, has got this last reference all wrong; he prints with *sie(k)e kue(e)*, p. 59.

For another reference cf. Eachard, Contempt of the Clergy, 1670: "They took therefore, heretofore, a very good method to prevent *sizars* overheating their brains" (Arber's English Garner, vol. vii. p. 257). Eachard draws a dismal picture of the *Sizar's* life, which was "not a happy one." *Size*, according to Skeat, is short for *assize*, an allowance of provisions; *assize* itself coming from the O. F. *assize* = a tax, impost. — A. W. V.]

241. Line 219: *to be slave and SUMPTER*.—Probably *Sumpter* here = packhorse; cf. The Noble Gentleman, v. 1:

You should have had a *sumpter*.

—Beaumont and Fletcher, x. p. 184.

It also signified a burden; as in The Woman's Prize, iii. 2:

What are we married for? to carry *sumpters*!

—Beaumont and Fletcher, vii. p. 166.

Professor Skeat, I should note, takes *sumpter* in the present passage to mean pack-horse-driver, which, he says, was the original sense of the word. Derivation: O. F. *sommetier*. — A. W. V.

242. Line 260: *When others are more wicked*.—Some editors join this to what follows, putting a period at the end of the preceding line. The early editions have no point there, and a comma after *wicked*. The pointing in the text is Theobald's, and is generally adopted.

243. Line 273: *But, for true need*.—Moberly remarks: "To imagine how Shakespeare would have ended this sentence, one must be a Shakespeare. The poor king stops short in his definition: it is too plain that his true need is patience."

244. Line 295: *For his particular*.—As to him personally, compare Coriolanus, iv. 7. 12-14:

Yet I wish, sir,—

I mean for your *particular*,—you had not  
Join'd in commission with him;

and Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 8-10:

Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I  
As far as toucheth my *particular*,  
Yet, dread Priam, &c.

## ACT III. SCENE 1.

245.—Line 4, the Quartos reads *element*, i.e. the sky. Lines 7-15, omitted in the Folios. Lines 22-29, wanting in the Quartos. Line 23, some editors read *throne*. Line 24, Johnson proposed *speculators*; Collier's MS. Corrector had *spectators*. Lines 30-42, omitted in the Folios. Line 32, Q. 2, has *secret fee*; Q. 3, *secret sea*; *feet* is quite satisfactory.

246. Line 6: *Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main*.—That is, above the mainland. Elsewhere Shakespeare uses *main* for the sea. Stevens quotes Bacon, "Considerations touching a War with Spain" (Spedding's ed. vii. 490): "In the year that followed, of 1589, we gave the Spaniards no rest, but turned challengers, and invaded the main of Spain;" where the context shows that he is speaking of landing an army on the Spanish coast.

247. Line 12: *wherein the CUB-DRAWN bear would couch*.—We may remember *As You Like It*, iv. 3. 115:

A lioness, with *udders* all *drawn dry*;

and line 127:

Food to the *suck'd* and *hungry* lioness.

The dugs of the animal are sucked dry by her young, and she is left starving.—A. W. V.

248. Line 43: *I will talk further with you*.—This implies a courteous postponement or dismissal of a request; hence Kent's reply (Delius).

## ACT III. SCENE 2.

249. Line 2: *You cataracts and HURRICANOES*.—For the meaning of *hurricanes* compare Troilus and Cressida, v. 2. 171, 172:

the dreadful *spout*,  
Which shipmen do the *hurricane* call

Nares quotes Drayton, *Mooncalf*, 168:

And downe the shower impetuously doth fall,  
Like that which mer the *Hurricane* call

Wright notes that in Raleigh's *Guiana* it is called *hurlecan* and *hurlecaino*.

250. Lines 4, 5:

*You sulphurous and thought-executing FIRES,*  
*VAUNT-COURIERS of oak-cleaving THUNDERBOLTS.*

Compare *The Tempest*, i. 2. 201, 202:

Jove's *lightnings*, the *precursors*  
O' the dreadful *thunder-claps*.

For the rare word *vaunt-courier* Hunter refers us to Harsnet, edit. 1695, p. 12: "the harbinger, the host, the steward, the *vaunt-courier*, the sacrist, and the pander" to the priests (Illustrations of Shakespeare, vol. ii. p. 270). Cotgrave has, "*Ayant-courreur* m. A forerunner, Avant-cursor." To these instances I can add one from Bullen's *Old Plays*; it occurs in Sir Gyles Goosecappe, i. 4: "I have a *vaunt-carrying* desire shall make them digest it most healthfully" (vol. iii. p. 21). For the form *vaunt* where we should write *van*, cf. Troilus and Cressida, Prologue 27:

Leaps o'er the *vaunt* and firstlings of those broils.

So Marston writes in his *Pygmalion*:

Hath not my goddess, in the *vauntguard* place?—

—Bullen's Marston, iii. p. 261.

and Spenser has *vaunting* = advancing:

*vaunting* forth from all the other band

Of knights, address his maiden headed shield.

—Fairie Queene, bk. iv. c. iv. st. xvii. 3, 4, Globe ed. p. 249.

—A. W. V.

251. Line 7: *STRIKE flat the thick rotundity of the world!*—The Qq. have *emits*. As Delius notes, *rotundity* suggests "the roundness of gestation," as the context indicates.

252. Line 8: *all germens SPILL at once*.—*Spill* is used in its strict sense; that is, destroy; see Skeat *s.v.* Compare the old morality of Every Man:

My condition is man's soul to kill,

If I save one, a thousand I do *spill*.

—Dodsley, Hazlitt's ed. vol. i. p. 119.

So in Ralph Roister Doister, iii. 5:

Why did ye not promise that ye would not him *spill*?

—Arber's Reprint, p. 56.

—A. W. V.

253. Line 10: *court holy-water*.—"Ray (p. 84), among his proverbial phrases, mentions *court holy-water* to mean *fair words*. The French have the same phrase: *Eau benite de cour*" (Steevens). Cotgrave, cited by Malone, has "*Eau beniste de Cour*. Court holy-water; complements, faire words, flattering speeches," &c. [The following is from Florio, 1598: "*Faggiolata*, *Fagiolata*, a slim-flam tale, as women tell when they shale peason, which hath neither head nor foote, nor rime nor reason; a flap with a foxe-taile: *court holie water*, a tittle-tattle, or such." As to the original French phrase, Littré says (*s.v. benit*): "*eau benite de cour*, de vaines protestations de service;" and again (*s.v. eau*): "*Eau benite de cour*, expression proverbiale pour exprimer les vaines protestations d'amitié ou de protection. Donneur d'eau benite, faiseur de promesses en l'air."—A. W. V.]

254. Lines 29, 30:

*The head and he shall LOUSE*;—

So BEGGARS MARRY many.

Thiselton Dyer treats this as a reference to the proverb: "A beggar marries a wife and lice;" a saying which partially appears in another form: "A beggar payeth a benefit with a louse" (Folk-lore of Shakespeare, p. 417).

—A. W. V.

255. Lines 31-34:

*The man that makes his toe*

*What he his heart should make*

*Shall of a corn cry woe,*

*And turn his sleep to wake.*

Furness paraphrases thus: "A man who prefers or cherishes a mean member in place of a vital one shall suffer enduring pain where others would suffer merely a twinge. Lear had preferred Regan and Goneril to Cordelia."

256. Line 35: *for there was never yet fair woman, &c.*—"This is the Fool's way of diverting attention after he has said something a little too pointed; the idea of a very pretty woman making faces in a looking-glass raises a smile" (Furness).



257. Line 50: *this dreadful POTHER*.—The Folios read *pudder*, for which Steevens supplied a parallel from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, II. 2: "Some fellows would have cried now . . . and kept a *pudder*." It seems best to adopt the ordinary form *pother*, which one of the Quartos comes very near in reading *powther*. Some Quartos have *thundring*.—A. W. V.

258. Line 60: *More SINN'D against than SINNING*.—This is a curiously close parallel to *Œdipus'* words in the *Œdipus Coloneus*: "these deeds of mine are deeds of *suffering* more than of *doing*."—A. W. V.

259. Line 64: *More harder than the stones*.—The Qq. have *More hard then is the stone* (where *then* is equivalent to *than*), and are followed by some editors.

260. Lines 67-73: *My wits begin to turn*. . . *That's sorry yet for thee*.—Dr. Bucknill (p. 195) remarks: "The import of this must be weighed with iv. 6. 100-104, when Lear is incoherent and full of delusion. Insanity arising from mental and moral causes often continues in a certain state of imperfect development; . . . a state of exaggerated and perverted emotion, accompanied by violent and irregular conduct, but unconnected with intellectual aberration; until some physical shock is incurred,—bodily illness, or accident, or exposure to physical suffering; and then the imperfect type of mental disease is converted into perfect lunacy, characterized by more or less profound affection of the intellect, by delusion or incoherence. This is evidently the case in Lear, and although we have never seen the point referred to by any writer, and have again and again read the play without perceiving it, we cannot doubt from these passages, and especially from the second, in which the poor madman's imperfect memory refers to his suffering in the storm, that Shakespeare contemplated this exposure and physical suffering as the cause of the first crisis in the malady. Our wonder at his profound knowledge of mental disease increases, the more carefully we study his works; here and elsewhere he displays with prolific carelessness a knowledge of principles, half of which would make the reputation of a modern psychologist."

261. Lines 74-77: *He that has and a little tiny wit, &c.*—Compare *Twelfth Night*, v. 1. 398, fol. Furness suggests that this may be the same song, changed by the Fool to suit the occasion. The music of the song in *Twelfth Night* is given by Chappell, *Popular Music*, p. 225. The redundant and is common in ballads

262. Lines 79-95: *This is a brave night to cool a courtesan*.—*I'll speak a prophecy, &c.*—All this is wanting in the Qq., and it is probably an interpolation of the actors, as Clarke and others have suggested. The prophecy is an imitation of one formerly ascribed to Chaucer, but none of his:

Whan prestis faylin in her sawes,  
And turnin Goddis lawes  
Ageynis ryt;  
Than schall the lord of Albion  
Turnin to confusion, &c.

*Merlin* is mentioned in I. Henry IV. III. 1. 150: "the dreamer *Merlin* and his prophecies." [He was taken as the type of seers and prophets; so, to give a single in-

stance, Greene writes in the Address prefixed to *Perimedes the Blacke-smith*, 1588: "Mad and scoffing poets, that haue prophetically spirits as brad of *Merlins* race" (Dyce's *Greene & Peel*, p. 35). We need scarcely note that the Birth of *Merlin* was the subject of one of the pseudo-Shakespearian plays, for which see the convenient Tauchnitz edition.—A. W. V.]

## ACT III. SCENE 3.

263. Line 5: *PERPETUAL displeasure*.—The Qq. have *their displeasure*, and some editors read *their perpetual displeasure*.

264. Line 12: *my CLOSET*.—See note 76.

265. Line 20: *There is STRANGE THINGS toward*.—The Qq. have *There is some strange thing toward*, which some editors adopt.

## ACT III. SCENE 4.

266.—Lines 17, 18: *In such . . . endure*, wanting in the Quartos. Lines 26, 27, not in Qq. Line 29, for *storn* the Quartos have *night*. Line 49, the Qq. read, *Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?* Line 83, *keep thy word justly*, so Pope; Qq. have *words justly*, and Ff. *words justice*. Line 114, for *come*, *unbutton here*, the Folio reading, some Quartos give *come on*, and others *Come on be true*. Line 117, *a wild field*; both Ff. and Qq. have *wild*, and there can be no reason for changing to *wide* as do some editors. Line 141, *who hath three suits*; the Quartos give *Who hath had*.

267. Line 48: *go to thy cold bed, and warm thee*.—Compare *The Taming of the Shrew*, Induction 10, where the words are quoted, with the prefatory oath "by Jeronimy;" for an elaborate account of which see note 3 to that play.—A. W. V.

268. Line 54: *laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his paw*.—To tempt him to suicide. Malone cites Harnet's Declaration: "The exam: further saith, that one *Alexander* an Apothecarie, hauing brought with him from *Leudon* to *Denham* on a time a new halter, and two blades of knives, did leaue the same, vpon the gallerie floare in her Masters house."

269. Line 56: *Bless thy FIVE WITS!*—"The wits," says Johnson, "seem to have been reckoned five, by analogy to the five senses, or the inlets of ideas;" and Dyce, *Glossary to Shakespeare*, p. 507, quotes from Malone: "From Stephen Hawes's poem called *Grande Amours*, ch. xxiv. edition 1554, it appears that the *five wits* were 'common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, (æst. judgment) and memory.' *Wit* in our author's time was the general term, for the intellectual power." As a matter of fact the *five wits* are often equivalent to the five senses. This is clear from two passages which Hunter gives in his *Illustrations*, vol. II. p. 271. He says: "*Five wits* were undoubtedly the five senses. Thus in *Larke's Book of Wisdom*, 'And this knowledge descendeth and cometh of the five corporal senses and wits of the pgrons, as the eyes, understanding, and hearing of the ears, smell of the nose, taste of the mouth,' and more plainly in *King Henry the Eighth's Primer*, 1548, 'My *Age wits* have I fondly mis-

used and spent, in hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting and also feeling, which thou hast given me to use unto thy honour and glory, and also to the edification and profit of my neighbours." For similar references cf. Twelfth Night, iv. 2. 92 (note 258 to that play); Much Ado, I. 1. 66 (note 15); and Sonnet cxli. 9.—A. W. V.

270. Line 75: *Should have thus little mercy on thy flesh*.—Delius refers this to the sticking of pins into the mortified bare arms, Clarke to the exposure of poor Tom's body to the storm. In Edwin Booth's Prompt-Book (quoted by Furness) there is a stage-direction: "Draws a thorn, or wooden spike, from Edgar's arm, and tries to thrust it into his own;" and after line 73: "Edgar seizes Lear's hand and takes away the thorn."

271. Line 77: *Those PELICAN daughters*.—Wright quotes Batman vpon Bartholome (ed. 1582), fol. 186 b: "The Pellican loueth too much her children. For when the children bee haught, and begin to waxe hoare, they smite the father and the mother in the face, wherfore the mother smiteth them againe and slaieth them. And the thirde daye the mother smiteth her selfe in her side that the blood runneth out, and sheddeth that hot blood vpon the bodies of her children. And by virtue of the blood the birdes that were before dead, quicken againe." (Compare also Richard II. ii. 1. 126, and Hamlet, iv. 5. 140, where the first Folio has the most curious misprint—*politician* for *pelican*. I find the same reference in William Rowley's Woman Never Vexed:

I'll feed my father; though, like the pelican  
I peck mine own breast for him.

—Dodsley's Old Plays, Hazlitt's ed. vol. xii. p. 174;

also twice in Middleton's Solomon Paraphrased:

You like to *pelicans* have fed your death. —Ch. xvi.;

and chap. xix.:

Why did you suck your *pelican* to death,  
Which fed you too, too well with his own breath.

—Middleton's Works, Bullen's ed. vol. viii. p. 263, and p. 203.

—A. W. V.]

272. Line 78: *Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill*.—Collier cites Ritson's Gammer Gurton's Garland:

● *Pillicock, Pillicock* sat on a hill;  
If he's not gone, he sits there still.

*Pillicock* was often used as a term of endearment. Dyce quotes Florio: "*Pinchino*, a prime-cocke, a pillicocke, a darlin, a beloued md."

273. Line 83: *swear not*; COMMIT not.—Compare Othello, iv. 2. 72, 73:

What committed!  
Committed!—O thou public commoner!

So Field's *A Woman is a Weathercock*, I. 2:

Why, should they not admit you, my lord, you  
Cannot *commit* with 'em my lord.

—Nero and other plays (including Field's two Comedies)  
in Mermaid Series, p. 350.

—A. W. V.

274. Line 88: *curl'd my hair*.—Malone quotes Harsnet (p. 54): "Ma: Maynie the Actor, comes mute vpon the stage, with his hands by his side, and his *haire curled* vp. Loe heere (cries Weston the Interpreter) comes vp the spirit of pride." Curling the hair seems to have been

the mark of a swaggerer, for in the same book (p. 139) we are told that the devil was said to appear "sometimes like a Buffian, with *curled haire*." Wright cites Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 180: "*make curl'd-pate rufians bald*." See, too, Othello, note 34.

275. Line 88: *wore gloves in my cap*.—"As the favour of a mistress" (Theobald). [Compare Richard II. v. 3. 17, 18:

And from the commonest creature pluck a *glove*,  
And wear it as a favour;

and Troilus and Cressida, note 290. Outside Shakespeare we may note, The Woman in the Moone, II. 1:

And he that first presents me with his head,  
Shall wear my *glove* in favour of the deed.

—Lilly's Works, Fairholt's ed. vol. II. p. 267;

and Campaspe, iv. 3: "O Philip, wert thou alive to see this alteration, thy men turned to women, thy souldiers to lovers, *gloves worn in velvet caps*, in stead of plumes in graven helmets" (Lilly, vol. I. p. 135). So Dekker in his Satiromastix:

Thou shalt wear her *glove* in thy worshipful hat.

—A. W. V.]

276. Line 94: *light of ear*.—"Credulous of evil, ready to receive malicious reports" (Johnson).

277. Lines 94-96: *hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey*.—Wright says: "Mr. Skeat has pointed out to me that in the Ancrer Riwele, p. 198, the seven deadly sins are typified by seven wild animals; the lion being the type of pride, the serpent of envy, the unicorn of wrath, the bear of sloth, the fox of covetousness, the swine of greediness, and the scorpion of lust."

278. Line 102: *HA, NO, NONNY*.—The text is a combination of the Quarto and Folio readings; in the former the line runs: *hay no on ny*; in the latter, *sayes suum mun, nonny*.

For the burden *hay, no nonny*, compare Ophelia's song in Hamlet, iv. 5. 165, and see Much Ado, note 150; and As You Like It, note 174. Compare, too, the following from Deuteronomia (1609), by Thomas Ravenscroft:

For where shall now this wedding be?  
For and *hey-nanny-no* in an old ivy-tree.  
And where now shall we bake our bread?  
For and *hey-nanny-no* in an old horse head.

—Bullen's Lyrics (1887), p. 118.

So, again, a song in the same editor's More Lyrics of the Elizabethan Age (1888), pp. 45, 46:

*Hey nonny no!*  
Men are fools that wish to die!  
Is't not fine to dance and sing?  
When the bells of death do ring?  
Is't not fine to swim in wine,  
And turn upon the toe  
And sing *hey nonny no*,  
When the winds blow and the seas flow?  
*Hey nonny no!*

This song was probably written by an Elizabethan composer named Nathaniel Giles, once chorister of Magdalen College, Oxford.—A. W. V.

279. Line 103: *Dolphin my boy, boy, seasu! let him trot by*.—Steevens quotes, as heard from an old gentleman, the following:

Dolphin my boy, my boy,  
Cease, let him trot by;  
It seemeth not that such a foe  
From me or you would fly.

Farmer cites Jonson, Bartholomew Fair, v. 3: "he shall be *Dolphin my boy*." *Sessa* is Malone's emendation for the *Sessey* or *Seney* of the Ff. The Qq. have *cease* or *cease*. Johnson believes that *sezza* is the French *cessez*, equivalent to "be quiet, have done."

280. Line 113: *Off, off, you lendings!*—Moberly says: "The latent madness against which Lear has been struggling bursts into violence at sight of the strange and awful object which Edgar has made of himself, and he longs to reduce himself, like him, to a state of absolute and unmitigated nature."

281. Line 118: *here comes a walking fire*.—This refers to Gloster with his torch; but, as Furness remarks, it is somewhat premature to mark his entrance here (as the Qq. and the Cambridge editors do), for he is still in the distance.

282. Line 120: *This is the foul fiend FLIBBERTIGIBBET*.—This, like the other names of the demons mentioned by Edgar (Modo, Mahu, &c.), is from Harsnet, who says (p. 49): "Frateretto, Fleberdigibet, Hoberdidance, Tocobatto, were four devils of the round, or Morrice, whom Sara in her fits *tuned* together, in measure and sweet cadence." Cotgrave (French Dict.) gives it as one of the definitions of *Coquette*: "a fiskeing, or fliperous mixx, a cocket or tating housewife; a titill, a *flebergibet*."

283. Line 121: *walks AT first cock*.—The Qq. reads *walks till the first cock*. *Walk* is often equivalent to *go away* (Schmidt); as in Measure for Measure, iv. 5. 12; Othello, iv. 3. 4; &c. See also iv. 7. 83 of this play. [For the old superstition that spirits and supernatural beings had to retire at cockcrow, cf. Hamlet, i. 1. 149-161, and The Tempest, i. 2. 326-328. On the other hand, the sound of the curfew bell was the regular signal for them to begin their walks abroad; cf. Measure for Measure, iv. 2. 76-78:

*Duke*. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night  
Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late?  
*Prov.* None, since the curfew rung.

So The Tempest, v. 1. 38-40. In Romeo and Juliet, iv. 4. 4, *curfew-bell* appears to mean the matins-bell; see note 181 to that play.—A. W. V.]

284. Line 122: *he gives the WEB and the PIN*.—Compare the Winter's Tale, i. 2. 290, 291:

all eyes  
Blind with the fun and web.

Florio (Ital. Dict.) has: "Cataralta . . . a dimnesse of sight occasioned by humores hardened in the eies called a cataract or a *pin and web*;" and Dyer quotes from Markham's Cheap and Good Husbandry, bk. i. chap. 37: "But for the wart, pearle, *pin or web*, which are evils grown in or upon the eye, to take them off, take the juyce of the herb betin and wash the eye therewith, it will weare the spots away" (Folklore of Shakespeare, p. 253). The disease is referred to by Marston in his Mountebank's Masque; see Bullen's ed. vol. iii. p. 423.—A. W. V.

285. Line 125: SAINT WITHOLD *footed* thrice the OLD.—The Ff. have *Swithold*, and the Qq. *swithold*. The emen-

dation is Theobald's, and is generally accepted by the editors. For the *old* or *olde* of the early editions, Theobald and most of his successors read *wold*, which is merely another form of the same word. Warburton quotes Fletcher, Monsieur Thomas, iv. 6:

St. George, St. George, our Ladies Knight,  
He walks by day, so does he by night,  
And when he had her found,  
He her beat, and her bound.  
Until to him her troth he plight,  
She would not stir from him that night.

This is also to be found, with slight changes, in Scott's Discoverie of Witchcraft, book iv. chap. xi.

286. Line 129: *aroint thee!*—Away with thee! For *aroint*, see Macbeth, note 20.

287. Line 137: *for SALLETS*.—We have the same form in Hamlet, ii. 2. 462. Compare, too, Fletcher in the dedicatory lines to Sir Robert Townshend, prefixed to The Faithful Shepherdess:

Only for to please the pallet,  
Leave great meat and choose a *sallet*.  
—Beaumont and Fletcher, in Mermaid Series, ii. p. 320.

Cotgrave has: "Salade . . . a *Sallet* of hearbes."—A. W. V.

288. Lines 144, 145:

*But mice and rats, and such small deer,  
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*

Capell quotes the old romance of Sir Bevis of Hamptoun:

Rattes and myce and such small deer  
Was his meate that seven y

*Deer* was sometimes used in the general sense of game. Malone quotes Barclay, Eclogues, 1570.

Fervic sorte of dere  
Shrunk under shadowes abating all their chere.

289. Line 146: *Peace, SMELKIN!*—See note 282 above. The Qq. have *smulbing*.

290. Line 148: *The prince of darkness*.—Reed quotes from Suckling's Goblins, ii. 1:

The prince of darkness is a gentleman,  
Mahu, Mahu is his name;

suggesting that it may be part of the original ballad from which Edgar sings snatches. Aldis Wright, however, is probably right in regarding Suckling's catch as simply a quotation from Lear; for Suckling, we may note, knew his Shakespeare well. Thus in a single scene in this play, The Goblins, viz. scene 1, act iii. he refers to Shakespeare by name, gives a palpable variation on Falstaff's "men in buckram," and quotes Othello, iii. 3. 349, 350. See Hazlitt's edition, vol. ii. pp. 30, 33, and 49.—A. W. V.

291. Line 167: *His wits begin to unsettle*.—Steevens quotes a note by Horace Walpole, in the postscript to his Mysterious Mother, where he observes that when "Belvidera talks of 'Lutes, laurels, seas of milk, and ships of amber,' she is not mad, but light-headed. When madness has taken possession of a person, such character ceases to be fit for the stage, or, at least, should appear there but for a short time; it being the business of the theatre to exhibit passions, not distempers. The finest picture ever drawn, of a head discomposed by misfortune, is that of

King Lear. His thoughts dwell on the ingratitude of his daughters, and every sentence that falls from his wildness excites reflection and pity. Had frenzy entirely seized him, our compassion would abate: we would conclude that he no longer felt unhappiness. Shakespeare wrote as a philosopher, Otway as a poet." [Belvidera is the heroine of Otway's *Venice Preserved*.—A. W. V.]

292. Line 176: *I do beseech your grace*.—"Here Gloucester attempts to lead Lear towards the shelter he has provided in the farm-house adjoining the castle; but the king will not hear of quitting his 'philosopher.' Gloucester then induces the Bedlam-fellow to go into the hovel, that he may be out of Lear's sight; but Lear proposes to follow him thither, saying 'Let's in all.' Kent endeavours to draw Lear away, but, finding him resolved to 'keep still with' his 'philosopher,' begs Gloucester to humour the king, and 'let him take the fellow' with him. Gloucester accedes, and bids Kent himself take the fellow with them in the direction they desire to go; and this is done. We point out these details, because, if it be not specially observed, the distinction between the 'hovel' and the 'farm-house' would hardly be understood. The mention of 'cushions' and a 'joint-stool' in scene 6, shows it to be some place of better accommodation than the 'hovel;' and probably some cottage or farm-house belonging to one of Gloucester's tenants" (Clarke).

293. Line 187: *Child Roland to the dark tower came*.—The ballad quoted has not been found, though other allusions to it have been pointed out, and fragments of it are given by Jamieson in his *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities* (p. 397), and by Child in *English and Scottish Ballads* (l. 245). It is scarcely necessary to say that "*Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came*" has supplied Browning with the title and subject of a poem.

## ACT III. SCENE 5.

294. Line 8: *a provoking merit*.—"A merit he felt in himself which irritated him against a father that had none" (Mason); "a consciousness of his own worth which urged him on" (Wright).

295. Line 13: *that this treason were not*.—The Qq. have *that his treason were* (omitting *not*).

296. Line 21: *COMFORTING the king*.—*Comforting* is almost a technical word. Aldis Wright quotes from Lord Campbell: "The indictment against an accessory after the fact for treason charges that the accessory *comforted* the principal traitor after the knowledge of the treason." Wright continues: "in this technical sense the word retains its old meaning of strengthening and supporting."—A. W. V.

## ACT III. SCENE 6.

297. Line 7: *FRATERRETTO calls us*.—See note 282 above.

298. Line 8: *Pray, INNOCENT, and beware the foul fiend*.—Steevens says: "He is here addressing the Fool. Compare *All's Well*, iv. 3. 213: 'a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.'"

299. Lines 18-59: *The foul fiend bites my back*—*hast thou let her scape!*—All this is wanting in the Ff.

300. Line 19: *He's mad, &c.*—This, according to Thielston Dyer, was a proverbial saying (Folklore of Shakespeare, p. 427); he also gives (p. 441) another maxim—"trust not a horse's heel," and Warburton proposed to substitute *heels* in the present passage. I cannot doubt, however, that *health* is the right reading; see *Taming of the Shrew*, note 54.—A. W. V.

301. Line 27: *Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me*.—Wright quotes Chappell, *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 506, note: "The allusion is to an English ballad by William Birch, entitled 'A Song betwene the Quenes Majestie and Englande,' a copy of which is in the library of the Society of Antiquaries. Englande commences the dialogue, inviting Queen Elizabeth in the following words:

Come over the bourn, Bessy, come over the bourn, Bessy,  
Sweete Bessy, come o'er to me.

The date of Birch's song is 1558, and it is printed in full in the *Harleian Miscellany*, x. 290. Halliwell gives the music of the song from a MS. of the 16th century in the British Museum."

302. Line 33: *Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee*.—Malone quotes Harsnet (p. 195): "One time shee remembreth, that shee having the said *croaking* in her belly, they said it was the *devil* that was about the bed,\* that spake with the voice of a toad."

303. Line 43: *Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?*—Steevens quotes The Interlude of the Four Elements: "*Sleepest thou, wakyst thou, Geoffrey Coke?*" (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, i. p. 49).

304. Line 45: *thy MINIKIN mouth*.—Aldis Wright quotes from Cotgrave: "Mignonnet: A prettie, or young minion; a *minikin*." Florio uses the word to translate Ital. *mignone*; Skeat compares Dutch *minnekyn*, a cupid. The French *mignon* is cognate with Middle High German *minne*=love. How, by the way, did *minikin* come to mean a violin? or is that *minikin* a different word? It occurs frequently; cf. the following instances: Glapthorne's *The Lady Mother*, ii. 1: "thou dost tickle *minikin*"=play the fiddle (Bullen's *Old Plays*, vol. ii. p. 131); Nabbes' *Totenham Court*, ii. 4: "my guts will shrink all to *minikins*, which I will bequeath the poor fiddlers" (Bullen's ed. of Nabbes, i. p. 127). Compare, again, the same editor's *Marston*, vol. i. p. 51, and vol. ii. p. 401, *minikin-tickler*.—A. W. V.

305. Line 54: *Cry you mercy, &c.*—This was a proverbial saying, given by Ray in his *Proverbs*; see Thielston Dyer, *Folklore*, p. 423. Steevens quotes from *Mother Bombie*, iii. 4:

I crye you mercy, I took you for a joynt stoole.  
—Fairholt's *Lilly*, ii. p. 122.

Shakespeare had previously used the joke in the *Taming of the Shrew*, ii. i. 199.—A. W. V.

306. Line 72: *brach* or *LYM*.—The Qq. have *him* or *Him*, and the Ff. *Hym*; corrected by Hammer. The word meant a lime-hound, or one led in a *lime* or leash. Ritson quotes *Harrington, Orlando Furioso*, xii. 30:

His cosin had a *Lyme* hound argent bright,  
His *Lyme* laid on his back, he couching down.

[See Hunter's Illustrations, vol. ii. p. 272, and cf. The Bashful Lover, i. 1:

I have seen him  
Smell out her footing like a *time*-hound.  
—Cunningham's Massinger, p. 599.

—A. W. V.]

307. Line 79: *thy HORN is dry*.—See note 214.

308. Line 85: *you will say they are PERSIAN*.—The Qq. add *attire*. Moberly says: "A Persian embassy had been sent to England early in James I.'s reign, and a tomb-stone still remains in the churchyard of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate Street, erected to the memory of the secretary of this embassy, with the following inscription: 'If any Persian come here, let him read this and pray for his soul. The Lord receive his soul; for here lieth Maghmote (Mohammed) Shaughsware, who was born in the town Noroy in Persia.' The joke on outlandish dress arises probably from the presence of these Persians in London."

309. Line 89: *Make no noise, make no noise*, &c.—Bucknill (p. 207) remarks: "Lear is comparatively tranquil in conduct and language during the whole period of Edgar's mad companionship. It is only after the Fool has disappeared, and Edgar has left to be the guide of his blind father, that the king becomes absolutely wild and incoherent. The singular and undoubted fact is, that few things tranquillize the insane more than the companionship of the insane. It is a fact not easily explicable, but it is one of which, either by the intuition of genius, or by the information of experience, Shakespeare appears to be aware."

310. Line 92: *And I'll go to bed at noon*.—Omitted in the Qq. Clarke says: "This speech is greatly significant, though apparently so trivial. It seems but a playful rejoinder to his poor old royal master's witless words of exhaustion, but it is, in fact, a dismissal of himself from the scene of the tragedy and from his own short day of life. The dramatist indeed has added one slight passing touch of tender mention (Kent's saying, 'Come, help to bear thy master; thou must not stay behind') ere he withdraws him from the drama altogether; but he seems by this last speech to let us know that the gentle-hearted fellow who 'much pined away' at Cordelia's going into France, and who has since been subjected to still severer fret at his dear master's miseries, has sunk beneath the accumulated burden, and has gone to his eternal rest even in the very noon of his existence."

Grant White (Atlantic Monthly, July 1880) remarks: "About the middle of the play the Fool suddenly disappears, making in reply to Lear's remark, 'We'll go to supper in the morning,' the fitting rejoinder, 'And I'll go to bed at noon.' Why does he not return? Clearly for this reason: he remains with Lear during his insanity, to answer in antiphonic commentary the mad king's lofty ravings with his simple wit and homespun wisdom: but after that time, when Lear sinks from frenzy into forlorn imbecility, the Fool's utterances would have jarred upon our ears. The situation becomes too grandly pathetic to admit the presence of a jester, who, unless he is professional, is nothing. Even Shakespeare could not make sport with the great primal elements of woe. And so the poor Fool sought the little corner where he slept, turned

his face to the wall, and went to bed in the noon of his life for the last time—*functus officio*."

311. Line 102: *take up, take up*.—Q. 1 has *Take up the King*, and Q. 2 *Take up to keep*.

312. Lines 104-108: *Oppress'd nature sleeps* . . . *Come, come, away*.—Omitted in the Ff.

313. Lines 109-122: *When we our betters see* . . . *Lurk, lurk*.—"This speech is not in the Ff., and the Cambridge editors consider that 'internal evidence is conclusive against the supposition' that Shakespeare wrote it; but, as Delius remarks, it is difficult to comprehend how a spurious passage could get into the Quartos. The publisher would not be likely to attempt to amplify and improve the MS. of the play as then performed, especially when he was in such haste to bring it out. It must be confessed, however, that the style is not like that of the rest of the play; but this difference is to be noted in other of the poet's rhymed passages. The expression 'He childed as I father'd' is thoroughly Shakespearian" (Rolfe).

314. Lines 118-120: *Mark the high noises*; . . . *and reconciles thee*.—Johnson paraphrases the passage thus: "Attend to the great events that are approaching, and make thyself known when that *false opinion* now prevailing against thee shall, in consequence of *just proof* of thy integrity, revoke its erroneous sentence and recall thee to honour and reconciliation."

#### ACT III. SCENE 7.

315. Line 3: *the VILLAIN Gloucester*.—The Ff. have *traitor*, which is accepted by the majority of the editors.

316. Line 18: *the lord's dependants*.—Some editors have *lords dependants* (dependant lords), but the reference is evidently to Gloucester's dependants. There were *knight*s dependent on the king, but no *lords*.

317. Line 29: *Bind fast his CORKY arms*.—Percy quotes Harsnet, p. 23: "It would (I fear me) pose all the cunning Exorcists, that are this day to be found, to teach an old corkie woman to writhe, tumble, curuet, & fetch her Morice gamboles, as Martha Brossier did."

318. Line 43: *Be SIMPLE-ANSWER'D*.—The Qq. have *simple answerer*, which Wright and Moberly adopt.

319. Line 60: *would have BUOY'D up*.—Q. 1 has *bad* and Q. 2 *laid*. Warburton suggested *bold'd*, as did Collier's Corrector. *Buoy'd up* must mean "lifted itself up," though Schmidt takes *fires* to be the object of the verb.

320. Line 61: *And quench'd the STELL'd fires*.—*Stelled* is usually explained to mean *starry*, as if it came from the Latin *stellatus*, and probably this is the right explanation. It may, however, be worth while to suggest that here, as in Lucrece 1444, and Sonnet xxiv. 1, *stelled* is the past participle of to *stell*=to figure, or paint. The stars are hung as pictures in the sky. For the rhetorical description we may compare Othello, ii. 1. 14, 15, and The Winter's Tale, iii. 3. 85-90.—A. W. V.

321. Line 63: *that STERN time*.—The Qq. have *dear* (which occurs in Pericles, iii. Prol. 15), and Capell and Singer follow them.

322. Line 65: *All cruels thee subscrib'd*.—The Folios read *subscribe*. The passage is rather puzzling. Myself I think that *cruels*=cruelties, and that *subscrib'd* is equivalent to *forgiven, overlooked*, or some such kindred word. In l. 2. 24 *subscribed*=surrendered; in *Troilus and Cressida*, 1*h*. 5. 105, the word means to yield. Now from this sense of yielding, surrendering, comes the idea of waiving or not pressing a point, which, to my mind, just suits the context here. The wolves are to be let in: their savageness and cruelty are to be overlooked. They might be kept out on the score of their "cruels;" but the charge is not to be pressed; the "cruels" are to be passed over. Various other explanations have been offered: e.g. Moberly says: "All harshness otherwise natural being forborne, or yielded from the necessity of the time;" and Schmidt, following the Folio and taking *cruels*=cruel creatures, paraphrases: "Everything which is at other times cruel shows feeling or regard; you alone have not done so."—A. W. V.

323. Line 77: *What do you mean?*—Furness suggests that this is spoken by Cornwall.

324. Line 78: *My VILLAIN!*—The word is here used in its original sense of *serv*.—Moberly says: "As a villain could hold no property but by his master's sufferance, had no legal rights as against his lord, and was (perhaps) incapable of bearing witness against freemen, that one should raise his sword against his master would be unheard-of presumption, for which any punishment would be admissible. The lord's making war against his superior lord would entail no such consequences."

325. Lines 99-107: *I'll never cure . . . heaven help him!*—All this wanting in the Ff.

326. Line 101: *The old course of death*.—That is, the ordinary course, a natural death. Wordsworth (*Shakespeare and the Bible*, 2nd ed. p. 72) compares Numbers xvi. 29: "die the common death of all men."

327. Line 106: *some FLAX and WHITES of EGGS*.—A common cure, as Gifford shows. At one time it was supposed that Ben Jonson had parodied this passage in his play, *The Case is Altered*, ii. 4: "Go, get a *white of an egg* and a *little flax*, and close the breach of the head." Ben Jonson's piece was written in 1599.—A. W. V.

## ACT IV. SCENE 1.

328. Line 2: *To be worst*.—Both Qq. and Ff. join these words to what precedes, and Tyrwhitt thought *worst* should be *worse*. Pope made the correction in the text.

329. Line 6-Q: *Welcome, then . . . who comes here?*—The Qq. omit all this except *who comes here?*

330. Line 22: *Our means secure us*.—A much-disputed passage; but Schmidt's explanation may be accepted: "The advantages we enjoy make us secure or careless." For the use of *secure*, compare Timon of Athens, ii. 2. 184, 185:

Canst thou the conscience lack,  
To think I shall lack friends? *Secure* thy heart.

Wright explains thus: "Things we think meanly of, our mean or moderate condition, are our security." He says he knows no instance of the verb *secure* in the sense

of "to render careless." Rolfe, quoting this, says: "We know of no instance of *means*=mean things, or 'moderate condition.'" Knight says: "The means, such as we possess, are our securities, and, further, our mere defects prove advantages." Various emendations have been proposed, but they are not worth recording.

331. Lines 61-60: *five fiends . . . bless thee, master*.—Omitted in the Ff.

332. Line 71: *That SLAVES your ordinance*.—"Who, instead of paying the deference and submission due to your ordinance, treats it as his *slave*, by making it subservient to his views of pleasure or interest" (Heath). For *slaves* the Qq. have *stands*, and Collier's Corrector suggests *braves*.

333. Lines 73, 74: *So distribution, &c.*—Compare Comus, 768-774:

If every just man that now pines with want  
Had but a moderate and beseming share  
Of that which lowly-jammer'd Luxury  
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,  
Nath're full blessings would be well dispens'd  
In unsuperfluous even proportion,  
And she no whit encumber'd with her store.

—A. W. V.

334. Lines 76, 77:

*There is a cliff, whose high and bending head  
Looks fearfully in the confined deep, &c.*

Moberly says: "It is remarkable that Gloucester goes to Dover, not, as Regan laughingly says, that he may now do his worst in treason, but simply that he may throw himself from the cliff in utter despair. The fact is, that this interpolated part of the plot is one of the many instances of Shakespeare's homage to Sir Philip Sidney; to pay which he does not hesitate to make a certain sacrifice of probability. In the *Arcadia* (p. 160) we have 'a prince of Paphlagonia, who, being ill-treated by his son, goes to the top of a high rock to cast himself down.' But how slight is the hint in the romance compared with the magnificent use which Shakespeare makes of it!" The cliff is generally assumed to be that which is now known as *Shakespeare's Cliff*, just outside Dover to the south-west, pierced by the tunnel of the South-Eastern Railway.

## ACT IV. SCENE 2.

335.—Line 12, the Quartos mostly read *curre* instead of *terror*; some, however, have *terror*. Aldis Wright suggests that the true reading is *curious terror*. Line 17, for *arms* the Folios have *names*. Line 28, the Quartos vary between: *My foote usurpes my head; My foote usurpes my body*; and *A foole usurpes my bed*. Lines 31-50, omitted in Ff. Lines 53-59, not in the Folios. Line 58, the Quartos have *sits* and *cries*. Lines 62-68, wanting in the Folios. Line 79, the Folios and most of the Quartos have *justices*.

336. Line 22: *Decline your head*.—To receive the kiss. Delius thinks that it is to have a chain put about his neck.

337. Line 28: *My fool usurps my body*.—A contemptuous reference to her husband, and the reading of the Ff.

338. Line 29: *I have been worth the whistle*.—Stevens

quotes Heywood's Proverbs: "A poore dogge that is not worth the whistlyng."

339. Line 32: *contemns* *IT* *origin*.—Compare i. 4. 238, and see note. Heath paraphrases the passage thus: "That nature which is arrived to such a pitch of unnatural degeneracy as to *contemn* its *origin* cannot from thenceforth be restrained within any certain bounds whatever, but is prepared to break out into the most monstrous excesses every way, as occasion or temptation may offer."

340. Line 35: *her* *MATERIAL* *sap*.—Theobald reads *material*, and Schmidt says: "From Shakespeare's use of *material* elsewhere, in the sense of *full of matter*, and hence of *importance*, it is not easy to explain it here." Rolfe replies: "But here it is = 'full of matter,' in a sense in which Shakespeare often uses *matter* (= substance, materials)."

341. Line 36: *to deadly use*.—The use suited to a dead thing, that is, burning. Warburton sees an allusion to the use made of withered branches by witches in their charms.

342. Line 54: *Fools do those VILLAINS pity*, &c.—There has been much dispute whether this refers to Gloucester or Lear, as some believe, or to Albany himself. Furness is apparently right in saying: "She cannot refer to Gloucester, because Albany is ignorant of what had been done to him, and she herself had left Gloucester's castle before the blinding was accomplished: and it is difficult to believe that she refers to Lear."

343. Line 57: *thy state begins to threat*.—Q. 1 reads "thy state begins thereat," and Q. 2 "thy slaier begins threats." The emendation was made by Junenus.

344. Line 62: *SELF-COVER'D* *thing*.—The meaning of *self-cover'd* has been much discussed. I am inclined to agree with Rolfe, who says: "If this be what Shakespeare wrote, it seems to us that it must mean 'whose genuine self is covered or concealed.' The only question is whether she 'has hid the woman under the fiend,' as Johnson, Malone, Clarke, and Wright understand it, or the fiend under the woman, as Delius and Furness make it. Either can be made to suit the context; but we prefer the former. The meaning then is: Thou perverted creature, who hast lost thy proper self (either thy womanly self, or thy self as it has seemed to me, the ideal of my affection) and hast become a fiend, do not thus make a monster of thyself. Were it becoming in me to yield to the angry impulse, I could tear thee limb from limb; but fiend though thou art, thy woman's shape doth shield thee. Furness has well put the other interpretation, which differs from this only in part: 'Is it over-refinement to suppose that this revelation to Albany of his wife's fiendlike character transforms, in his eyes, even her person? She is changed, her true self has been covered; now that she stands revealed, her whole outward shape is be-monstered. No woman, least of all Goneril, could remain unmoved under such scathing words from her husband. Goneril's "feature" is quivering and her face distorted with passion. Then it is that Albany tells her not to let her evil self, hitherto covered and concealed, betray itself in all its hideousness in her outward shape.'"

Many emendations have been suggested, as *false-cover'd*, *self-govern'd*, *self-colour'd*, *self-cover'd*, &c.; but no one of them is really more plausible than the old text.

345. Line 68: *Marry, your manhood now!*—Aldis Wright reads *new*=restrain, keep in. "*New*," he says, "followed by a dash is the reading of the corrected copies of the earliest Quarto. The others have *now*." *New* is certainly tempting.

346. Lines 73-75:

*A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,  
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword  
To his great master.*

Schmidt makes *oppos'd* the participle "used adjectively;" but Rolfe seems to be right in taking it to be the past tense ("made opposition, opposed himself"). This is paralleled by Winter's Tale, v. 1. 44-46:

"T is your counsel  
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,  
Oppose against their wills.

347. Line 83: *One way I like this well*.—Mason says: "Goneril's plan was to poison her sister,—to marry Edmund,—to murder Albany,—and to get possession of the whole kingdom. As the death of Cornwall facilitated the last part of her scheme, she was pleased at it; but disliked it, as it put it in the power of her sister to marry Edmund."

#### ACT IV. SCENE 3.

348.—This entire scene is wanting in the Ff. Johnson believed it was omitted in order to shorten the play.

349. Line 20: *SUNSHINE and RAIN at once*.—Compare All's Well That Ends Well, v. 3. 33, 34:

For  
In  
—A. W. V.

350. Lines 20, 21:

*her smiles and tears  
Were like a better way.*

This has been the subject of much controversy. Taking it as it stands, a *better way* is apparently one better than either *patience* or *sorrow* could afford separately, each striving to express her best. Schmidt points thus: *Were like, a better way*, paraphrasing the words by "resembled sunshine and rain, but in a more beautiful manner." Warburton proposed a *better May*, Tollet a *better May*, Theobald a *better day*, &c.

351. Line 33: *And, CLAMOUR* *MOISTEN'D*, *then away she started*.—The Qq. have *And clamour moisten'd her*. The emendation is Walker's (Crit. Exam. i. 157). He makes *clamour* equivalent to *wealing*. The passage is doubtless corrupt, and no emendation that has been proposed is quite satisfactory. Capell reads *And clamour moisten'd*; that is, allayed with tears her grief ready to burst out into clamour. Moberly explains it "shed tears upon her cry of sorrow." Theobald reads *And, clamour-motion'd, then*, Johnson says: "The sense is good of the old reading, 'Clamour moisten'd her,' that is, her outcries were accompanied with tears."

352. Line 44: *A sovereign shame so ELBOWS him*.—Wright explains this, "stands at his elbow and reminds

him of the past;" Moberly, seems to buffet him." Furness calls this scene "perhaps the most corrupt throughout Shakespeare's plays," and this is probably one of the corrupt lines in it.

## ACT IV. SCENE 4.

353. Line 3: rank FUMITORY.—Hammer's correction of the *feniter* and *Fenitar* of the old editions.—Compare Henry V. v. 2. 45:

The daniel, hemlock and rank fumitory.

354. Line 4: With BURDOCKS, *hemlock*, *netties*, CUCKOO-FLOWERS.—For *burdocks* (Hammer's suggestion) the Qq. have *hordocks*, and the Ff. *Hardokes* or *Hardocks*. Farmer reads *harlocks*. The *cuckoo-flowers* are the *cuckoo-buds* of Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 906. See note 225 of that play.

355. Lines 11-15: *There is means, madam . . . the eye of anguish*.—Dr. Kellog (Shakespeare's Delinements of Insanity, p. 26) remarks: "The reply of the Physician is significant, and worthy of careful attention, as embracing a brief summary of almost the only true principles recognized by modern science, and now carried out by the most eminent physicians in the treatment of the insane. We find here no allusion to the scourgings, the charms, the invocation of saints, &c., employed by the most eminent physicians of the time of Shakespeare: neither have we any allusion to the rotary chairs, the vomitings, the purgings by hellebore, the showerings, the bleedings, scalp-lavings, and blisterings, which, even down to our own times, have been inflicted upon these unfortunates by 'science falsely so called,' and which stand recorded as imperishable monuments of medical folly; but in place of all this, Shakespeare, speaking through the mouth of the Physician, gives us the principle, simple, truthful, and universally applicable."

356. Line 26: *My mourning and IMPORTANT tears*.—For *important*, in the sense of *important*, compare Much Ado, ii. 1. 73-75: "if the prince be too *important*, tell him there is measure in every thing." The Folios read *importun'd*.

## ACT IV. SCENE 5.

357. Line 4: *spake not with your LORD*.—The Qq. have *Lady*, which, as Malone suggests, may have been due to the ambiguous abbreviation L. in the MS.

358. Line 22: *Madam, I had rather*.—Johnson says: "I know not well why Shakespeare gives to Oswald, who is a mere factor of wickedness, so much fidelity. He now refuses the letter; and afterwards, when he is dying, thinks only how it may be safely delivered." Verplanck, the American editor (1847), as quoted by Rolfe, remarks: "Shakespeare has here incidentally painted, without the formality of a regular moral lesson, one of the very strange and very common self-contradictions of our enigmatical nature. Zealous, honourable, even self-sacrificing fidelity,—sometimes to a chief or leader, sometimes to a party, a faction, or a gang,—appears to be so little dependent on any principle of virtuous duty, that it is often found strongest amongst those who have thrown off the common restraints of morality. It would seem that when man's obligations to his God or his kind are rejected or

forgotten, the most abandoned mind still craves something for the exercise of its natural social sympathies, and as it loses sight of nobler and truer duties becomes, like the Steward, more and more 'duteous to the vices' of its self-chosen masters."

359. Line 25: *She gave strange ELLIADS*.—The Qq. have *aliads*, and the Ff. *Eliads* or *liads*. Compare Merry Wives, i. 3. 64-66: "Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious *elliads*." Wright quotes Cotgrave: "*Oellade*: An amorous looke, affectionate winke, wanton aspect, lustfull tert, or passionate cast, of the eye; a Sheepes eye."

360. Line 29: *take this NOTE*.—"Not a letter, but a remark" (Johnson). Delius thinks a letter is meant, and also in line 33 below. Grey says it could not be a letter, because only Goneril's is found in his pockets when they are rifled after his death. See iv. 6. 267.

361. Line 40: *What PARTY I do follow*.—The Qq. have *lady*, which Pope adopts.

## ACT IV. SCENE 6.

362.—Line 2, Qq. have *climb it up*. Line 21, Ff. and Q. 1 read the singular *pebble*. Line 71, for *enridged* the Folios give *enraged*. Line 83, the Folios have *crying* instead of *coining*. Line 92, the Quartos have in the *ayre*. Lines 109-174, all from *Plate sin to accusers tips* is missing in the Quartos. Line 190, *surgeons*, so the Folios; the Quartos vary between a *churgion* and a *chirurgion*. Line 201, omitted in Ff. Line 246, for *the* Qq. have *ile* and Ff. *ice*. Line 247, *ballow*, a north county word, is the Folio reading; Qq. give *bat*. Line 278, Q. 1 reads *indistinguisht*, the other Quartos *undistinguisht*; the Folios have *indinguish'd* and *indistinguish'd*. Line 289, for *sever'd* the Quartos have *fenced*.

363.—The materials of the scene are from Sidney's Arcadia, as Johnson pointed out. See Introduction, p. 98.

364. Line 15: *Hangs one that gathers SAMPIRE*.—The spelling of the early editions, commonly changed to *sampfire*, which is less consistent with its derivation from the French "*Uerbe de Saint-Pierre*." Malone remarks that the reference is to "a trade or common occupation" of the time, *sampire* being much used as a pickle. It was often obtained from Dover Cliff. Compare Drayton, Polyolbion, xviii:

Rob Dover's neighbouring cleaves of *sampfire*, to excite  
His dull and sickly taste, and stir up appetite;

[and Gerarde's Herball, p. 428: "Rocke *Sampier* groweth on the rocky cliffs at *Douer*"]—quoted by Mr. Aldis Wright. We may remember that *sampfire* was long one of the articles cried in the London streets; cf. A Chaste Maid in Cheapside, i. 1: "What had us wives been good for? to make salads, or else *cried up and down for sampfire*" (Bullen's Middleton, vol. v. p. 5).

Again, at the end of Heywood's Rape of Lucrece we have a rollicking song on The Cries of Rome, &c. London, in which one stanza runs:

I ha' *rocksampire*, *rocksampire*!

Thus goes the cries in Rome's fair town;

First they go up street, and then they go down;

—Heywood, Select Plays in Mermaid ed. p. 495.



and Mr. Tuer in his smaller work on London Cries refers to a broadside in the British Museum, "undated and of foreign workmanship but attributable to the time of Charles II.," in which a list of London calls is given, the list including *Camphires*. The form *camphire*, by the way, is used by Fletcher in the Faithful Shepherdess, v. 5:

Censers filled with frankincense and myrrh,  
Together with cold *camphire*.  
—Beaumont and Fletcher, *Mermaid* ed. ii. 404.

A. W. V.]

365. Line 19: *her COCK*.—*Cock* = a cockboat; not found elsewhere in Shakespeare. Wedgwood says: "The *Fin* has *kokka*, the prow of a vessel, perhaps the part which cocks or sticks up, and hence the name may have passed to the entire vessel." Skeat, however, connects with *coucha* = a shell, and Welsh *cuch* = a boat; cf. *coz-svain* = cock-swain. The word was evidently in common use. Parish in his *Sussex Dialect* gives an interesting list of sea-terms from the Brighton Costumal, 1580: "a book of certain customs relating to fishing, which received Royal confirmation at that date;" and amongst the terms is this word *cock*, on which he remarks: "Small boats, from two to six tons burden, used in the herring fishing. Their period of fishing was called *cockfare*."—A. W. V.

366. Line 53: *Ten masts AT EACH make not the altitude*.—Many emendations have been proposed; as at least, *attacht*, *at length*, *at eke*, *astretch*, *at reach*, &c. The editors generally retain the old reading, with the sense "fastened together."

367. Line 81: *The SAFER sense*.—Warburton proposed *sober*, and Johnson *senner*. Wright quotes Othello, ii. 3. 205.

368. Line 86: *There's your press-money*.—Lear's insane thoughts run upon warlike matters.

369. Line 100: *To say "ay" and "no" to every thing that I said!*—Clarke says: "Lear first exclaims indignantly: 'To say 'ay' and 'no' to everything I said!' recollecting the facility with which his courtiers veered about in their answers to suit his varying moods, just as Osric does to Hamlet; and then he goes on to say that this kind of 'ay' and 'no' too is no good divinity. In proof that 'ay' and 'no' was used by Shakespeare with some degree of latitude, as a phrase signifying alternate reply, and not merely in strictness 'yes and no,' compare As You Like It, iii. 2. 231-240, where, if the questions Rosalind asks be examined, it will be perceived that neither 'ay' nor 'no' will do as answers to any of them, except to 'Did he ask for me?'"

370. Line 140: *Dost thou SQUINY at me!*—Malone quotes Armin, Nest of Ninnies (p. 6, ed. Shakes. Soc.): "The World, queasie stomackt, . . . squinies at this, and looks as one scorning." Wright says the word is still used in Suffolk; and Furness adds that it is also used in America. Rolfe says: "We have heard a New England mother say to a boy, 'Don't squiny up your eyes.'"

[Apparently the word survives in Saxon. Parish in his *Sussex Dialect* gives: "*Squinney*: To squint; to pry about. According to Skeat there is a Suffolk form, *squink*."—A. W. V.]

371. Lines 157, 158: *and, HANDY-DANDY, which is the ju-*

*stice, which is the thieft!*—*Handy-dandy* is a children's game, in which, by a sort of sleight of hand, a thing is passed quickly from one hand to the other. Douce quotes an old MS., A free discourse, &c.: "They . . . play with your majestie as men play with little children at *handye dandye*, which hand-will you have, when they are disposed to keep any thinge from them."

372. Line 178: *O, matter and IMPERTINENCY mis'd!*—Douce says that *impertinency* "was not used in the sense of *rude* or *unmannerly* till the middle of the 17th century, nor in that of *saucy* until a considerable time afterwards."

373. Line 187: *To this great STAGE of fools*.—It is curious to note how fond Shakespeare was of this comparison of the world to a theatre; cf. the famous passage in As You Like It, ii. 7. 130-142, with the note thereon. We have the same idea in Sonnet xv. 1-3:

When I consider everything that grows  
Holds in perfection but a little moment,  
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows,

—A. W. V.

374. Line 187: *This' a good block*.—This is a good block. The reading was suggested by Singer, and is adopted by Dyce, Wright, Furness, and Rolfe. *Block* is that on which a hat is shaped, and hence means *fashion*. "The editors generally adopt Capell's explanation here: that when Lear says he will *preach*, he takes off his hat, on which his eye happens to fall a moment after, starting another train of ideas. But, as Collier remarks, Lear probably had no hat on his head, but only his fantastic crown of weeds. Furness says that in Edwin Booth's Prompt Book, there is the stage direction, 'Lear takes Curan's hat,' which is certainly better than to suppose that he took his own" (Rolfe).

375. Lines 188, 189:

*It were a delicate stratagem to shoe  
A troop of horse with felt.*

Malone says: "This 'delicate stratagem' had actually been put in practice fifty years before Shakespeare was born, as we learn from Lord Herbert's Life of Henry the Eighth, p. 41: 'the ladye Margaret, . . . caused there a iuste to be held in an extraordinary manner; the place being a fore-room raised high from the ground by many steps, and paved with black square stones like marble; while the horses, to prevent sliding, were shod with felt or flocks (the Latin words are *feltro sine tomento*): after which the ladies danced all night.'"

376. Line 197: *I am cut to the brains*.—Clarke says: "This, one of the most powerfully, yet briefly expressed, utterances of mingled bodily pain and consciousness of mental infirmity ever penned, is not the only subtle indication in this scene that Lear not merely feels himself to be insane, but also feels acute physical suffering. 'I am not ague-proof' tells how severely shaken his poor old frame has been by exposure throughout that tempestuous night; 'pull off my boots; harder, harder,' gives evidence of a sensation of pressure and impeded circulation in the feet, so closely connected with injury to the brain; and 'I am cut to the brains' conveys the impression of wounded writhing within the head, that touches us with deepest sympathy. Yet, at the same time, there

are the gay irrationality and the incoherency that mark this stage of mania."

377. Line 225: *made TAME to fortune's blows*.—The Qq. have *made lame by*; and Malone compares Sonnet xxxvii. 3: "*made lame by fortune's dearest spite*."

378. Line 240: *CHILL not let go*.—In Grose's Provincial Glossary, *chell* is said to be used for *I shall* in Somerset and Devon, and *cham* for *I am* in Somerset. In Whetstone's Promos and Cassandra we find *cham, chy, chawe, chui* (Wright). (*Chill*, of course = *I will*; cf. the following couplet from a song in Bullen's Elizabethan Lyrics (1887), p. 132:

Yet since their eyes make heart so sore,  
Hey ho! *chil* love no more.

Peele uses *should*=*I would* in Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamundes; and *chawe*=*I have*:

*Chawe* but one daughter, but *should* not vor vorty pence she were so sped.  
—Dyce's Greene and Peele, p. 510.

One of the *dramatis personæ*, indeed, in that dreariest of pieces is A Shepherd Corin, and these contracted, provincial forms occur quite frequently in his speeches; see, for instance, page 515, where *cham, chawe, chill* are found in three consecutive lines. Again, in the pseudo-Shakespearean play, The London Prodigal, there is "a Devonshire clothier," Oliver, whose speeches are full of dialectal eccentricities, such curious forms as we have noted above being repeated over and over again in the scenes where he is introduced.—A. W. V.]

379. Line 249: *Out, dunghill!*—Compare King John, iv. 3. 87:

*Out, dunghill!* dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

380. Line 254: *the LETTERS which thou find'st about me*.—Meaning a single letter, as in i. 5. 1 of this play. "Malone says it is used like the Latin *epistolæ*, but he probably meant *litteræ*, as *epistolæ* is a quasi-singular only in post-classical writers" (Rolfe).

381. Line 256: *the ENGLISH party*.—The Qq. have *British*. The change, no doubt, was due to the union of the English and Scotch crowns in James I., through which, in course of time, *British* partially ousted *English*.

382. Line 260: *Sit you down*, FATHER.—Often used in addressing an old man, without reference to relationship. See note 136 of Merchant of Venice.

383. Line 264: *LEAVE, gentle WAX*.—Compare Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 102: "*By your leave, wax*;" and Cymbeline, iii. 2. 35, "Good *wax*, thy *leave*."—A. W. V.]

384. Line 278: *O INDISTINGUISH'D SPACE of woman's will!*—"O, unmarked, boundless range of woman's will!" (White); *indistinguish'd* is for *indistinguishable*. Theobald agreed that the fickleness of a woman is the point emphasized; what, however, really excites the wonder of Edgar is "the enormous wickedness of the plot which Goneril's letter revealed" (Wright).

#### ACT IV. SCENE 7.

385.—Line 16, for *jarring*, the Quartos have *hurrying*. Line 20, after this line Ff. have the stage-direction *Enter Lear in a chair carried by servants*. Line 21, Qq. give this speech to Doct. Q. 1 assigns the next speech to Gent.,

Q. 2 to Kent. Ff. unite the two speeches, giving them to Gent. Lines 24, 25, *Very well*. . . . *Louder the music there!* not in the Folios. Line 32, for *uppos'd* Qq. read *expos'd*. Lines 33-36, *To stand*. . . . *this helm*, not in the Folios. Line 38, for *enemy's* Qq. read *inturious*, whence Capell conjectured *injurer's*. Line 40, *In short*, &c., some editors would read in *dirt*. Line 59, Ff. omit *No, sir*. Line 61, not *an hour more nor less*, not in the Quartos. Lines 79, 80, and yet . . . *has lost*, omitted in the Folios; Qq. have *cured for kill'd* in line 79. Lines 85-98, *Holds it . . . battle's fought*, not in Ff.

386. Line 7: *These weeds are MEMORIES*.—*Memory*=*memorial*, as in As You Like It, ii. 3. 3, 4:

O you *memory*  
Of old Sir Roland,

So perhaps Sonnet lxxvii. 6:

Of mouth'd graves will give thee *memory*.

—A. W. V.

387. Line 17: *this CHILD-CHANGED father*.—"Changed to a child," as Stevens, Schmidt, and Abbott (Grammar, § 430) explain it; or, perhaps, "changed by the conduct of his children," as Malone and Halliwell interpret.

388. Lines 24, 25:

Cor.

*Very well.*

Doct. *Please you draw near*.—*Louder the music there!*

Dr. Bucknill says (p. 222): "This seems a bold experiment, and one not unfringed with danger. The idea that the insane mind is beneficially influenced by music is, indeed, an ancient and general one; but that the medicated sleep of insanity should be interrupted by it, and that the first object presented to the consciousness should be the very person most likely to excite profound emotion, appear to be expedients little calculated to promote that tranquillity of the mental functions which is, undoubtedly, the safest state to induce, after the excitement of mania. A suspicion of this may have crossed Shakespeare's mind, for he represents Lear in imminent danger of passing into a new form of delusion."

389. Line 35: *poor PERDU!*—Shakespeare was probably thinking of the expression *enfant perdu*, of which Littré gives the following account, sub voce *enfant*: "*Enfants perdus*, soldats qui marchent, pour quelque entreprise extraordinaire, à la tête d'un corps de troupes commandé pour les soutenir: ainsi nommés parce que leur service est particulièrement périlleux. Cette locution provient peut-être de *los infantes* expression espagnole, d'où est né le mot *infanterie*." Littré quotes a good (and very early) instance of the use of the expression from La Syrugie de maître Lanfranc de Millan. Lanfranc, we may note, was born "vers le milieu du xiii<sup>e</sup> siècle." *Perdu* in the above sense found its way into English and occurs not unfrequently. So in The Loyal Subject, i. 1, we find:

Putte. How stand you with him?

Theod. A *perdu*, captain.

—Beaumont and Fletcher, Dyce's ed. vol. vi. p. 9.

Compare, again, The Little French Lawyer, ii. 3:

I am set here like a *perdu*

To watch.

In the Woman's Prize, i. 4—"I'll stand *perdu* upon 'em"—the sense is different, there *perdu*=in ambush; see Dyce's

Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. vii. p. 124. Cotgrave has: "*Enfance perdue*. *Perdus*; or the forlorne hope, of a campe;" and two instances from later seventeenth-century literature may be given: Cartwright's play, *The Ordinary* (1651), ii. 1:

as for *perdus*  
Some choice sous'd fish . . .  
Shows how they lie i' the field;

—Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. xii. p. 235.

and Suckling's Goblins, iii. 1: "Come, call in our *perdus*."

—Hazlitt's ed. vol. ii. p. 33.

—A. W. V.

390. Line 41: *'Tis WONDER that thy life, &c.*—*Wonder* = wonderful. The former, says Skeat, "is short for *wonderlie*, adj. = A. S. *Wonderlie*, wonderful, the *ly* being dropped because it seemed like an adverbial ending." *Wonder* as an adjective is quite common in Chaucer; cf. the following instances: Prioresse End-Link, 1882:

When seyde was al this miracle, every man  
As sobre was, that *wonder* was to se;

The Squires Tale, 247, 248:

that swich a *wonder* thing  
Of craft of ringes herde they neuer non.  
—Prioresse Tale, &c., Skeat's ed. in Clarendon Press  
Series, pp. 17 and 111.

For *wonder* as an adverb, cf. the old Interlude, *The World and The Child*:

*W'onder* wide shall wax my fame.

—Dodsley, Hazlitt's ed. vol. i. p. 250.

—A. W. V.

391. Lines 60-75: *I am a very foolish fond old man . . . they have not.*—Dr. Ray (*American Journal of Insanity*, April, 1847) says: "A more faithful picture of the mind, at the moment when it is emerging from the darkness of disease into the clear atmosphere of health restored, was never executed than this of Lear's recovery. Generally, recovery from acute mania is gradual, one delusion after another giving way, until, after a series of struggles, which may occupy weeks or months, between the convictions of reason and the suggestions of disease, the patient comes out a sound, rational man. In a small proportion of cases, however, this change takes place very rapidly. Within the space of a few hours or a day he recognizes his true condition, abandons his delusions, and contemplates all his relations in an entirely different light."

#### ACT V. SCENE 1.

392.—Lines 11-13, *That thought . . . call hers*, not in Ff. Lines 18, 19, not in Ff. Lines 23-28, *Where I . . . speak nobly*, not in Ff. Line 30, for *and particular brvills* Qq. have the strange reading *dore* (or *doore*, or *door*) *particulars*. Line 33, omitted in the Folios.

393. Lines 25-27: *It toucheth us, as France invades our land . . . causes make oppose*.—Wright explains the passage thus: "Albany is marching against the French as invaders of his country, not as the supporters of Lear. France is the subject of *holds* as well as of *invades*, and not it, the business, as Steevens explains it."

394. Line 32: *With the ANCIENT of WAR*.—"Such as are grown old in the practice of the military art" (Eccles). Walker and Schmidt conjecture "ancient men of war."

Moberly thinks that an officer is meant, "the adjutant general, as we should say."

395. Line 37: *I know the riddle*.—"I understand your game; you want to keep watch of me" (Rolfe).

396. Line 61: *carry out my SIDE*.—Aldis Wright shows that *side* had a technical sense at cards; he quotes *The Unnatural Combat*, ii. 1:

And if now,  
At this downright *game*, I may but hold your *cards*,  
I'll not pull down the *side*.

—Cunningham's Massinger, p. 41.

—A. W. V.

397. Lines 68, 69:

for my *state*  
*Stands on me to defend, not to debate.*

For it concerns me to defend my state, not to waste time in deliberation.

#### ACT V. SCENE 2.

398. Line 1: *the shadow of this TREE*.—The Qq. have *btish*.

399. Line 11: *Ripeness is all*.—Steevens compares Hamlet, v. 2. 232-234: "If it be now, 't is not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the *readiness* is all."

#### ACT V. SCENE 3.

400. Line 2, for *first Qq. have best*. Lines 38, 39, *I cannot . . . I'll do't*; not in the Folios. Line 47, and *appointed guard*, omitted in Ff. Lines 54-58, *At this time . . . fitter place*, not in Ff. Line 70, *That were, &c.*, Qq. assign the speech to Goneril. Line 81, for *thine*, Qq. have *good*; they give the line to Edmund. Line 83, *in thine attain*, so the Quartos; the Folios have *in thy arrest*. Line 93, for *proove* Ff. read *make*, that is, the proof. Line 96, the Quartos have *poysoun*. Line 102, *A herald, ho, a herald!* not in the Folios. Line 109, *Sound, trumpet!* not in Ff. Line 111, for *within the lists* Qq. have *in the hoast*. Line 135, Qq. read *Conspicuate*. Line 137, *below thy foot*, Qq. have *beneath thy feet*. Line 170, for *vices* Qq. read *Vertues*; in the next line they have *scourge* instead of *plague*. Lines 204-221, all this is wanting in the Folios.

401. Line 17: *As if we were God's SPIES*.—"As if we were angels commissioned to survey and report the lives of men, and consequently endowed with the power of prying into the original motives of action and the mysteries of conduct" (Johnson).

402. Lines 20-25: *Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia . . . we'll see 'em starv'd first*.—Dr. Backnill says (p. 230): "This is not mania, but neither is it sound-mind. It is the emotional excitability often seen in extreme age, as it is depicted in the early scenes of the drama, and it is precisely true to the probabilities of the mind's history, that this should be the phase of infirmity displaying itself at this moment. Any other dramatist than Shakespeare would have represented the poor old king quite restored to the balance and control of his faculties. The complete efficiency of filial love would have been made to triumph over the laws of mental function. But Shakespeare has represented the exact degree of improvement which was

probable under the circumstances, namely, restoration from the intellectual mania which resulted from the combined influence of physical and moral shock, with persistence of the emotional excitement and disturbance which is the incurable and unalterable result of passion exaggerated by long habitude and by the malign influence of extreme age."

403. Line 23: *And fire us hence like foxes.*—"An allusion to the practice of forcing foxes out of their holes by fire" (Heath). There is no reference to Samson's foxes, as Upton supposed. Stevens quotes Harrington's translation of Ariosto (book xxviii. st. 17):

Ev'n as a *Fox*, whom *smoke and fire* doth fright,  
So as he ~~dash~~ not in the ground remaine,  
Bolts out, and through both *smoke and fire* he dieth  
Into the *Tartars* mouth, and there he dieth.

404. Line 24: *The GOOD-YEARS shall devour them.*—See Much Ado, note 67. Here, at any rate, the reference is to the disease known as the *Morbus Gallicus*; probably we have the same allusion in *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 1. 18.—A. W. V.

405. Line 76: *the walls are thine.*—It is a question whether this is to be taken literally (referring to Regan's castle) or figuratively ("I surrender at discretion"). Warburton explains it in the latter way, Wright in the former. Theobald conjectured *they all are thine*, and Lettsom *Fea, all is thine*.

406. Line 79: *The set-alone lies not in your good will.*—"Whether he shall not or shall, depends not on your choice" (Johnson).

407. Line 110: *"If any man of quality or degree,"* &c.—For the formalities of the combat, compare Richard II. i. 3.

408. Line 129: *Behold, it is the PRIVILEGE OF MINE HONOURS.*—The reading of Pope. The Qq. have *the privilege of my tongue*, and the Ff. *my privilege, The privilege of mine honours*.

409. Line 142: *In wisdom: I should ask thy name.*—Because he could decline the combat if his opponent was not of equal rank with himself.

410. Line 144: *some SAY of breeding.*—See note 74.

411. Lines 145, 146:

*What safe and nicely I might well delay  
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn.*

The delay which by the law of knighthood and the punctilios of chivalry I might make, I scorn to make. *Safe and nicely* is probably one of the cases in which the adverbial ending *does* double duty—*safely and nicely*. Compare Julius Caesar, ii. i. 224: "look *fresh and merrily*." *Safe*, however, is occasionally an adverb in Shakespeare.

412. Line 151: *Save him, save him!*—Theobald gave this speech to Goneril, and Walker approves the change. Johnson says: "Albany desires that Edmund's life may be spared at present, only to obtain his confession, and to convict him openly by his own letter."

413. Line 159: *Most monstrous!* OH!—The Qq. omit *oh!* but, as Furness says, it is the groan that breaks from Albany at the revelation of his wife's abandoned effron-

tery, and is as needful to the character as it is to the rhythm.

414. Line 160: *Ask me not what I know.*—The Qq. give this speech to Goneril. Knight refers to line 157, as proving that the Ff. are right. After saying, "I perceive you know it," Albany would not ask Goneril if she knew the paper.

415. Line 174: *The wheel is come full circle.*—Compare ii. 2. 180:

Fortune, good night: smile once more; turn thy wheel.

Wright quotes Twelfth Night, v. 1. 385.

416. Line 185: *That the pain of death would hourly die.*—The Qq. have *That with the pain, &c.* Jennens, following them, changed *would to we'd*.

417. Lines 205-207:

*but another,  
To amplify too much, would make much more,  
And top extremity.*

Rolle remarks: "Malone takes this in opposition to *such as love not sorrow*, as if it were 'but another, less sensitive, would make.' &c. But, as Wright remarks, Stevens is right in referring it to what Edgar has yet to tell as the climax of his story. He understands *but* in the usual adversative sense. It seems better to take it as qualifying *another*, as if he said 'one more such circumstance only, by amplifying what is already too much, would add to it and so exceed what seemed to be the limit of sorrow.'"

418. Line 216: *the STRINGS OF LIFE.*—That is, the heart-strings. Compare Richard III. iv. 4. 364, 365:

*K. Rich.* Harp not on that string, madam: that is past.

*Q. Eliz.* Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings break.

—A. W. V.

419. Line 231: *The JUDGMENT of the heavens.*—The Qq. have *Iustice*. Tyrwhitt says here: "If Shakespeare had studied Aristotle all his life, he would not perhaps have been able to mark with more precision the distinct operations of *terror* and *pity*."

420. Lines 250, 251:

*take my sword;  
Give it the captain.*

Q 1 inserts *the Capitaine* after *sword*; and Jennens reads thus:

Take my sword,  
The captain—give it the captain.

421. Line 264: *Fall, and cease!*—"Fall, heavens, and let all things cease!" (Capell). Dellus makes *fall* and *cease* nouns in apposition with *horror*; and this is approved by Moberly and Schmidt. It may be the right interpretation.

422. Line 265: *This feather stirs; she lives!*—Compare II. Henry IV. iv. 5. 31-34:

By his gates of breath  
There lies a downy feather which stirs not;  
Did he aspire, that light and weightless down  
Perforce must move.

423. Lines 272, 273:

*Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman.*

Moberly's comment is a happy one: "This wonderfully

quiet touch seems to complete the perfection of Cordelia's character, evidently the poet's best loved creation, his type of the ideal Englishwoman. Her voice was the outward signature of her graciously tempered nature. Burke's description of his wife is a master's variation on Shakespeare's theme: 'Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe you when she pleases; they command, like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue. Her smiles are inexpressible. Her voice is a soft, low music, not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd. It has this advantage, you must be close to her to hear it.'

424. Lines 276, 277:

*I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion  
I would have made them skip.*

Compare Merry Wives of Windsor, ii. 1. 235-237: "I have seen the time, with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats." See, too, Othello, v. 2. 261-264, for a precisely similar touch.—A. W. V.

425. Line 281: *One of them WE behold.*—So Qq. and Ff. Jennens changed *we* to *you*; some editors read *ye*.

426. Line 282: *This is a dull SIGHT.*—Jennens and Collier's Corrector have *light*, which Grant White also adopts.

427. Line 284: *He's a good fellow.*—"Lear's mind is again off its balance" (Wright). Theobald, not seeing this, chang'd *He's* to '*I was*, and *He'll* in the next line to *He'd*.

428. Line 290: *Nor no man else.*—There seems to be no satisfactory explanation of this except Capell's "Welcome, alas! here's no welcome for me or any one." It is natural at first to connect the words with Kent's last speech; but it would be false, as the Fool had also followed Lear from the first.

429. Line 297: *this great decay.*—Referring, probably, to "the collective misfortunes which this scene reveals;" (Delius, followed by Furness and Rolfe). Capell and Steevens think it refers to Lear—"this piece of decayed royalty, this ruined majesty."

430. Line 304: *O, see, see!*—These words are occasioned by seeing Lear again embrace the body of Cordelia (Capell).

431. Line 305: *And my poor FOOL is hang'd!*—As Steevens was the first to point out, the *fool* is Cordelia, not the Fool who went to bed at noon. *Poor fool* is found elsewhere as a term of pity or endearment. See Two Gentlemen of Verona, iv. 4. 98; Twelfth Night, v. i. 377;

III. Henry VI. ii. 5. 36; Winter's Tale, ii. 1. 118; As You Like It, ii. 1. 22; &c. The editors, with the exception of Knight and one or two others, agree in this interpretation here. Furness, at the end of three pages of notes on the subject, says: "Very reluctantly I have come to the conviction that this refers to Cordelia." Rolfe adds: "We sympathize fully with his regret that it cannot be referred to Lear's 'poor fool and knave' (iii. 2. 72), but to our mind the context settles the question beyond a doubt. There is no room for a divided sorrow here; Lear's thoughts can never wander more from his dead daughter."

432. Line 309: *Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, sir.*—The Quarterly Review for April, 1883 (p. 177), remarks: "Scarcely have the spectators of this august anguish had time to mark and express to each other their conviction of the extinction of his mind, when some physical alteration, made dreadfully visible, urges Albany to cry out, 'O, see, see!' The intense excitement which Lear had undergone, and which lent for a time a supposititious life to his enfeebled frame, gives place to the exhaustion of despair. But even here, where any other mind would have confined itself to the single passion of parental despair, Shakespeare contrives to indicate by a gesture the very train of internal physical changes which are causing death. The blood gathering about the heart can no longer be propelled by its enfeebled impulse. Lear, too weak to relieve the impediments of his dress, which he imagines cause the sense of suffocation, asks a bystander to 'undo this button.'"

433. Line 314: *this TUGG world.*—It has been asserted that some copies of Q. 2 have *rough* (as Q. 3 has); but, as Furness has satisfied himself, the supposed *r* is a broken *t*. Pope and sundry others read *rough*. Dyce said in his Remarks (p. 232): "Read, by all means, as Pope did, *rough*; but when he came to edit the play he adhered to the old text."

434. Lines 323-326: *The weight of this sad time . . . nor live so long.*—The Ff. (with Rowe, Delius, Schmidt, and Furness) give this speech to Edgar, though Schmidt thinks that the last two lines may be Albany's. Jennens called these last two lines "silly and false." Dyce says that the last line is "certainly obscure." Moberly remarks: "Age and fulness of sorrows have been the same thing to the unhappy Lear; his life has been prolonged into times so dark in their misery and so fierce in their unparalleled ingratitude and reckless passion, that even if we live as long as he has (which will hardly be), our existence will never light on days as evil as those which he has seen."

# WORDS PECULIAR TO KING LEAR.

## WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN KING LEAR.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (\*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

	Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line
Able (verb).....	iv. 6 172	Cataracts.....	iii. 2 2	Dowerless.....	i. 1 259	Halloo (interj.)	iii. 4 79
*A-cold.....	iii. 4 60;	Chatter <sup>5</sup> .....	iv. 6 104	Dragon <sup>18</sup> .....	ii. 4 215	Handy-dandy..	iv. 6 157
	86, 152	Che <sup>6</sup> .....	iv. 6 246	Dread-bolted..	i. 2 143	Head-lugged..	iv. 2 42
Action-taking..	ii. 2 18	Cheerless.....	v. 3 290		iv. 7 33	Heart-struck..	iii. 1 17
Adulterers.....	i. 2 137	Child <sup>7</sup> .....	iii. 4 187	Ear-kissing....	ii. 1 9	Hedge-sparrow	i. 4 235
Affectionate....	iv. 6 276	Child-changed.	iv. 7 17	*Easy-borrowed	ii. 4 188	Hell-black....	iii. 7 60
Ague-proof.....	iv. 6 108	Childed.....	iii. 6 117	Elbows (verb)..	iv. 3 44	Hell-hated.....	v. 3 147
*A-height.....	iv. 6 58	Chill <sup>8</sup> .....	iv. 6 239,	*Eldest-born..	i. 1 55	Hewgh.....	iv. 6 98
Aidant.....	iv. 4 17		248, 250	Elf (verb).....	ii. 3 10	High-engendered	iii. 2 23
All-licensed....	i. 4 220	Chud <sup>9</sup> .....	iv. 6 243	*Empty-hearted	i. 1 155	High-grown....	iv. 4 7
All-shaking....	iii. 2 6	Cock <sup>10</sup> .....	iii. 2 3	Enguard.....	i. 4 349	High-judging..	ii. 4 231
Augler.....	iii. 6 8	Cock <sup>11</sup> .....	iv. 6 19	Enormous.....	ii. 2 176	*Honest-hearted	i. 4 20
Antipathy.....	ii. 2 93	Cohorts.....	i. 2 162	Enraged.....	iv. 6 71	Honoured <sup>19</sup> ...	v. 1 9
Arch <sup>1</sup> .....	ii. 1 61	Compeers (verb)	v. 3 69	Epicuriam.....	i. 4 285	Horseway.....	iv. 1 58
*A-squint.....	v. 3 72	Conductor.....	iv. 7 88	Epileptic.....	ii. 2 87	Hot-blooded <sup>19</sup>	ii. 4 216
Astronomical..	i. 2 105	Conjunct.....	v. 1 12	Essay <sup>14</sup> .....	i. 2 47	Houseless.....	iii. 4 26, 30
Auricular.....	i. 2 99	Conspirant.....	v. 3 135	*Ever-gentle..	iv. 6 221	Hovel (verb)...	iv. 7 39
Avert.....	i. 1 214	Corky.....	iii. 7 29				iii. 2 61,
		Cow-dung.....	iii. 4 137	Faithed.....	ii. 1 72	Hovel (sub.)...	71, 78
Ballow.....	iv. 6 247	Cowish.....	iv. 2 12	Fastened <sup>15</sup> ...	ii. 1 79		iii. 4 179
Barber-monger	ii. 2 36	Crunels (sub.)..	iii. 7 65	Felicitate.....	i. 1 77	*Hundred-pound	ii. 2 17
Bare-gnawn....	v. 3 122	Cub-drawn.....	iii. 1 12	Felt (sub.)....	iv. 6 189	Hurtless.....	iv. 6 170
Bastardizing...	i. 2 144	*Cuckoo-flowers	iv. 4 4	Fen-sucked....	ii. 4 169		
Beggar-man....	iv. 1 31	Caullionly.....	ii. 2 36	Festinate.....	iii. 7 12	Immediacy....	v. 3 65
Belly-pinched..	iii. 1 73			Finical.....	ii. 2 19	Impertinency..	iv. 6 178
Bemadding.....	iii. 1 33	*Dark-eyed....	ii. 1 121	Flakes.....	iv. 7 30	Improper.....	v. 3 221
Bemet.....	v. 1 20	Death-practised	iv. 6 284	Fleshment.....	ii. 2 130	*In-a-door....	i. 4 138
Be-monster....	iv. 2 63	Deer <sup>12</sup> .....	iii. 4 144	Flickering....	ii. 2 114	Indisposed....	ii. 4 112
Bench (vb. int.)	iii. 6 40	Depositaries...	ii. 4 254	Foins (sub.)...	iv. 6 251	Indistinguish'd	iv. 6 278
Besort (verb)...	i. 4 272	Depraved (adj.)	ii. 4 139	Foppish.....	i. 4 182	Interested.....	i. 1 87
Bethought (adj.)	ii. 3 6	Derides.....	i. 1 284	Fops (sub.)...	i. 2 14	Intruse.....	ii. 2 81
Bitch <sup>2</sup> .....	ii. 2 24	Derogate (adj.)	i. 4 302	Fore-vouched..	i. 1 223	Jakes.....	ii. 2 71
Black (adv.)...	i. 4 162	Desery (sub.)...	iv. 6 217	*Four-inched..	iii. 4 58	Justification..	i. 2 46
Blanket (verb)..	ii. 3 10	Detector.....	iii. 5 14	Frontlet.....	i. 4 208		
Bluntness.....	ii. 2 102	Disbranch.....	iv. 2 34	*Full-flowing..	v. 3 74	Lameness <sup>20</sup> ...	ii. 4 166
Boarish.....	iii. 7 58	Discernings (sub.)	i. 4 248	Fum.....	iii. 4 188	Leak (sub.)...	iii. 6 28
Bobtail.....	iii. 6 73	Discommend...	ii. 2 116	Fumitory <sup>16</sup> ...	iv. 4 3	Lecher (verb)..	iv. 6 115
Bolds (verb)...	v. 1 26	Dislocate.....	iv. 2 65	Fur (sub.)....	iii. 1 14	*Let-alone....	v. 3 79
Bo-peep.....	i. 4 193	Disnaturaed....	i. 4 305	Furnishings...	iii. 1 29	Lethargied....	i. 4 249
Bordered.....	iv. 2 33	Disquantity....	i. 4 270	*Furrow-weeds	iv. 4 3	Loathly (adv.)..	ii. 1 51
Bosomed.....	v. 1 13	Disquietly....	i. 2 124	Gad <sup>17</sup> (sub.)...	i. 2 26	*Long-engraved	i. 1 301
Bourn <sup>3</sup> .....	iii. 6 27	Dissipation....	i. 2 162	Gallow.....	iii. 2 44	Looped.....	iii. 4 31
Brzen-faced....	ii. 2 30	Ditch-dog.....	iii. 4 138	Gasted.....	ii. 1 57	Loosen.....	v. 1 19
Buoy (sub.)...	ig. 6 19	Dizzy (adj.)...	iv. 6 12	Glass-gazing..	ii. 2 19	Louse (verb)...	iii. 2 29
Buoyed.....	iii. 7 60	Do de.....	iii. 4 59	Godson.....	ii. 1 93	Lust-dieted....	iv. 1 70
Burdocks.....	iv. 4 4		iii. 6 77	Grime (verb)...	ii. 3 9	Lym.....	iii. 6 72
Buzz (sub.)...	i. 4 348	Dog-hearted....	iv. 3 47	Guessingly....	iii. 7 47		i. 2 123
		Dowered.....	i. 1 207	Half-blooded..	v. 3 80	Machination...{	v. 1 46
Cadent.....	i. 4 307						iii. 1 6
Canker-bit.....	v. 3 122						
Carbuncle <sup>4</sup> ...	ii. 4 227						

1 = master.  
2 = applied to a human being.  
3 = a brook; used several times  
4 = boundary, limit.  
5 = a gangrenous ulcer.

5 = to make a noise with the teeth.  
6 = I.  
7 = a young knight.  
8 = I will.  
9 = I would.  
10 = weathercock.  
11 = cockboat.  
12 = any animal; frequently used in its ordinary sense.

13 = the constellation; elsewhere used in its other sense.  
14 Sonn. ex. 8.  
15 = confirmed, hardened.  
16 Occurs also in Henry V. v. 2. 46.  
17 = spur (of the moment); used literally in Titus And. iv. 1. 163.

18 = virtuous; used elsewhere in other senses.  
19 = rash; — anorous, Merry Wives, v. 5. 2.  
20 Sonn. lxxxix. 3.  
21 = the earth; used elsewhere in other senses.

# WORDS PECULIAR TO KING LEAR.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Maledictions	i.	2	160
Malt	iii.	2	82
Marble-hearted	i.	4	281
Material	iv.	2	35
Melny	ii.	4	35
Menaces (sub.)	i.	2	160
Midway (adj.)	iv.	6	13
Minikin	iii.	6	45
Misconstruction	ii.	2	124
Mist (verb)	v.	3	262
Moistened	iv.	3	33
Monopoly	i.	4	167
Monthly (adj.)	i.	1	134
Moons shines	i.	2	5
Mopping (verb)	iv.	1	64
Mortar	ii.	2	71
Mother	ii.	4	56
Mun	iii.	4	103
*New-adopted	i.	1	206
Night-mare	iii.	4	126
Nine-fold	iii.	4	128
Numbered	ii.	3	15
Nursery	i.	1	120
O <sup>7</sup>	i.	4	212
Oak-cleaving	iii.	2	5
Observants	ii.	2	109
O'erstep	iii.	6	113
Offensive	iv.	2	11
Old (sub.)	iii.	4	125
Oldness	i.	2	51
One-trunk-inheriting	ii.	2	20
Operative	iv.	4	14
Opposeless	iv.	6	28
Out-frown	v.	3	6
Out-jest	iii.	1	16
Outlawed	iii.	4	172
Out-paramoured	iii.	4	95
Out-scorn	iii.	1	10
Out-wall	iii.	1	45
Pantingly	iv.	3	28
*Parel	iv.	1	51
Paternal	i.	1	115
Pendulous	iii.	4	69

	Act	Sc.	Line
Perdu	iv.	7	35
Perpendicularly	iv.	6	54
Perpetual (adv.)	i.	1	68
Persecutions	ii.	3	12
Pew	iii.	4	55
Pilferings	ii.	2	151
Pillicock	iii.	4	78
*Plague-sore	ii.	4	227
Player	i.	4	96
Plight <sup>10</sup> (sub.)	i.	1	103
Plighted	i.	1	283
Ponder	iii.	4	24
Precipitating	iv.	6	50
Press-money	iv.	6	87
Propinquity	i.	1	116
Questrists	iii.	7	17
Raggedness	iii.	4	31
Rain-water	iii.	2	11
Rebel-like	iv.	3	10
Reciprocal	iv.	6	267
Remediate	iv.	4	17
Reposal	ii.	1	70
Reproveable	iii.	5	9
Restoration	iv.	7	26
Reverbs	i.	1	156
Riched	i.	1	65
Rivalled	i.	1	194
Robed	iii.	6	38
Roguish	iii.	7	104
Rotundity	iii.	2	7
Roughness	ii.	2	103
*Round-wombed	i.	1	14
Rubbed <sup>12</sup>	ii.	2	161
Rumble	iii.	2	14
Sa (exclam.)	iv.	6	207
Sampire	iv.	6	15
Sapient	iii.	6	24
Saucily <sup>13</sup>	i.	1	22
Savour (verb tr.)	iv.	2	30
Say <sup>14</sup> (sub.)	v.	3	143
Scattered <sup>15</sup>	iii.	1	31
Sectary <sup>16</sup>	i.	2	164

	Act	Sc.	Line
Self-covered	iv.	2	62
Self-reproving <sup>17</sup>	v.	1	4
Self-subdnd	ii.	2	129
Serpent-like	ii.	4	163
Sharp-toothed	ii.	4	137
Shealed	i.	4	219
She-foxes	iii.	6	24
Shrill-gorged	iv.	6	58
Side-piercing	iv.	6	85
*Simple-answered	iii.	7	43
Simular <sup>18</sup> (sub.)	iii.	2	54
Sizes <sup>19</sup>	ii.	4	178
Slaves (verb)	iv.	1	71
Slenderly	i.	1	287
Slipshod	i.	5	12
Snile (verb tr.)	ii.	2	88
Smilets	iv.	3	21
Soiled <sup>20</sup>	iv.	6	124
Sojourn (sub.)	i.	1	48
Sophisticated	iii.	4	111
Sprigs	ii.	3	16
Squints	iii.	4	122
Squiny	iv.	6	140
Squire-like	ii.	4	217
Star-blasting	iii.	4	61
Stelled <sup>21</sup>	iii.	7	61
Sterility	i.	4	300
Stocking <sup>22</sup>	f. ii.	2	139
Stock-punished	iii.	4	141
Stone-cutter	ii.	2	63
Strangered	i.	1	207
Sub-contracted	v.	3	86
Subscription	iii.	2	18
Summoners	iii.	2	59
Sumpter	ii.	4	219
Superflux	iii.	4	35
Superserviceable	ii.	2	19
Suspend	i.	2	87
Suum	iii.	4	103
Tardiness	i.	1	238
Tender-hefted	ii.	4	174
*Tender-minded	v.	3	31

	Act	Sc.	Line
Terrible <sup>23</sup>	i.	2	33
Theban	iii.	4	163
Thought-accouting	iii.	2	4
Three-suited	ii.	2	16
Thunder-bearer	ii.	4	230
Thwart (adj.)	i.	4	305
Tithing (sub.)	iii.	4	140
Toad-spotted	v.	3	138
Tranced	v.	3	218
Treachers	i.	2	136
Trilled	iv.	3	12
*Trundle-tail	iii.	6	73
Turligog	ii.	3	20
Unaccommodated	iii.	4	112
Unbolted	ii.	2	71
Unfed	iii.	4	30
Unfeed	i.	4	142
Unfitness	i.	4	356
Unmerciful	iii.	7	33
Unnaturalness	i.	2	157
Unpossessing	ii.	1	69
Unprized	i.	1	262
Unpublished	iv.	4	16
Unquietly	iii.	1	2
Unremovable	ii.	4	94
Unslightly	ii.	4	159
Unspoke	i.	1	239
Untented	iii.	4	322
Unwhipped	iii.	2	63
Upward (sub.)	v.	3	136
Vary (sub.)	ii.	2	85
Vaunt-couriers	iii.	2	5
Vermin	iii.	4	164
Wagtail	ii.	2	73
Wall-newt	iii.	4	135
Water-newt	iii.	4	136
Water-pots	iv.	6	200
Waved <sup>24</sup>	iv.	6	71
Wawl	iv.	6	134
Waywardness	i.	1	302
Weakens (verb int.)	i.	4	248
Wheelked	iv.	6	71
Whirlpool	iii.	4	53
Wide-skirted	i.	1	66
Windowed <sup>25</sup>	iii.	4	31
Worstad-stocking	ii.	2	17
Worthied (verb)	ii.	2	128
Zed	ii.	2	69

1 = nourishing.  
2 Lucree, 1227.  
3 = months; used several times = moonlight.  
4 = hysteric passion.  
5 Venus and Adonis, 892.  
6 = tender care; four times used in other senses.  
7 = the arithmetical cipher.  
8 = displeasing, disagreeable.

9 (in a game); = idler, Othello, ii. 1. 113; frequently used = an actor.  
10 = to froth; frequently used = state, condition.  
11 = folded, secret.  
12 = hindered, crossed.  
13 Lucree, 1348.  
14 = assay, proof.  
15 = divided, unsettled.  
16 = a disciple.

17 Printed as one word in F. 1.  
18 = simulator; used as an adj. in Cymbeline, v. 3. 200.  
19 = allowances; frequently used elsewhere in other senses.  
20 = high-fed.  
21 = starry, fixed; Lucree, 1444; Sonn. xxiv. 1.  
22 Putting in the stocks.

23 = affrighted; frequently used elsewhere in its ordinary sense.  
24 = indented.  
25 = full of holes.

. PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ANTIOCHUS, King of Antioch.  
 PERICLES, Prince of Tyre.  
 HELICANUS, } two lords of Tyre.  
 ESCANES, }  
 SIMONIDES, king of Pentapolis.  
 CLEON, governor of Tarsus.  
 LYSIMACHUS, governor of Mytilene  
 CERIMON, a lord of Ephesus.  
 THALIARD, a lord of Antioch.  
 PHILEMON, servant to Cerimon.  
 LEONINE, servant to Dionyza.  
 Marshal.

A Pander.  
 BOULT, his servant.  
 Three Fishermen.  
 Two Sailors.

A Princess, daughter to Antiochus.  
 DIONYZA, wife to Cleon.  
 THAISA, daughter to Simonidea.  
 MARINA, daughter to Pericles and  
 Thaisa.  
 LYCORIDA, nurse to Marina.  
 A Bawd.

Lords, Ladies, Virgins, Knights, Gentlemen, Squires, Citizens, Sailors,  
 Pirates, Messengers, Servants, and other Attendants.

DIANA.  
 GOWER, as Chorus.

SCENE—Dispersedly about the borders of the eastern Mediterranean.

HISTORIC PERIOD: Early part of the second century, B.C.

TIME OF ACTION, as given by Mr. Daniel.<sup>1</sup>

A period of from 15 to 16 years, of which 14 days are represented on the stage: the chief intervals are accounted for in the choruses.

Day 1: Act I. Scene 1.—Interval.  
 Day 2: Act I. Scenes 2 and 3.—Interval.  
 Day 3: Act I. Scene 4.—Interval. 2d Chorus.  
 Day 4: Act II. Scene 1.  
 Day 5: Act II. Scenes 2 to 4.  
 Day 6: Act II. Scene 5.—Interval. 3d Chorus.  
 Day 7: Act III. Scene 1.  
 Day 8: Act III. Scene 2.—Interval.  
 Day 9: Act III. Scenes 3 and 4.—Interval, 14 years.  
 4th Chorus.

Day 10: Act IV. Scene 1.—Interval.  
 Day 11: Act IV. Scenes 2 and 3.—Interval. 5th  
 Chorus (Act IV. Sc. 4).  
 Day 12: Act IV. Scenes 5 and 6.—Interval. 6th  
 Chorus.  
 Day 13: Act V. Scene 1.—Interval. 7th Chorus  
 (Act V. Sc. 2).  
 Day 14: Act V. Scene 3.

<sup>1</sup> In the Qq. no "Acts and Scenes" are marked; but the Gower choruses distinctly divide the drama into seven acts. The division into five acts in F, 8 is quite arbitrary. Malone improved on it; but keeping to five acts he was compelled to cram the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th chorus-divisions into his acts iv. and v., and in so doing

has marked the 5th and 7th choruses as scenes, which they are not: and of course, therefore, cannot be so reckoned when the number of days of the action represented on the stage is the object in view. Malone's division, however, has been followed by all subsequent editors, and, for convenience of reference to the standard editions, and in accordance with our plan, has necessarily been adopted here also.

# PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

## INTRODUCTION.

### LITERARY HISTORY.

Two quarto editions (Q. 1, Q. 2) of this play were published in the year 1609, both having the following title-page: "THE LATE, | And muchadmired Play, | Called | Pericles, Prince | of Tyre | With the true Relation of the whole Historie, | adventures, and fortunes of the said Prince: | As also, | The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents, | in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter | *MARIANA*. | As it hath been diuers and sundry times acted by | his Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe on | the Banck-side. | By William Shakespeare. | Imprinted at London for *Henry Gosson*, and are | to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in | Pater-noster row, &c."

It was formerly supposed that Q. 1 and Q. 2 belonged to one and the same edition, and that the numerous differences between the copies were due to corrections made during the printing; but careful examination shows that, as the Cambridge editors have pointed out, there were two separate editions, Q. 2 being printed from Q. 1. See, for instance, iii. 1. 4-6, where Q. 1 reads:

ô still

Ty deafning dreadfull thunders, gently quench  
Ty nimble sulphurous flashes.

Q. 2 prints *O*, and *sulpherous*, and for *gently* it reads *dayly*. So, again, in iii. 3. 18, 19, the text in Q. 1 stands thus:

your Grace,

That fed my Countrie with your Corne; for which,  
The peoples prayers still fall vpon you;

while Q. 2 substitutes *dayly* for *still*. Other varieties are given in the course of the notes, showing the superiority of the text of Q. 1.

A third edition (Q. 3), "Printed at London by *S. S.*," appeared in 1611, and in 1619 another (Q. 4), "Printed for *T. P[avier]*," of piratical renown; the signatures of this last

show it to have been a continuation of the same volume which contained *The Whole Contention* betwene the two Houses, Lancaster and Yorke (see II. Henry VI., Introduction, p. 176). In this Quarto there are a number of conjectural emendations.

On August 4, 1626, Pavier's widow assigned to Edward Brewster and Robert Birde "*Master Paviors right in Shakespeares plaies or any of them*" (Stationers' Registers, Arber's Reprint, iv. 164, 165); the next edition, in 1630, was "Printed by *I. N[orton]* for *R. B[irde]*" and are to be sold "at his shop in *Cheapside*, at the signe of the | *Bible*." This edition (Q. 5) is very incorrect.

Another edition (Q. 6) was printed in 1635 from Q. 4, "at London by *Thomas Cotes*." Bird had assigned "*Persiles*" and other Shakespearian plays to Richard Cotes on November 8, 1630.

In 1664, *Pericles* was reprinted in the third Folio; it is there paged separately from what precedes, and also from the six additional plays that follow it. Earlier editions of these six plays bear Shakespeare's name, or initials, on their title-pages, but they are almost universally regarded as spurious.

The exclusion of *Pericles* from the first Folio at once casts a doubt on its genuineness. Pope rejected it from his edition, and was followed by subsequent editors until Malone. It is, however, spoken of as Shakespeare's by two or three writers of the time. In 1646 *S. Sheppard* wrote, in *The Times* displayed in *Six Sestiyads* (quoted in *Centurie of Prayse*, 2nd ed. p. 261):

with Sophocles we may

Compare great Shakespear; Aristophanes  
Never like him his Fancy could display;  
Witness the *Prince of Tyre*, his *Pericles*.

*J. Tatham*, in commendatory lines prefixed to *Brome's Jovial Crew*, 1652 (Centurie, *ut supra*,

## PERICLES.

p. 295), mentions that a faction of that time would say:

Shakespeare, the Plebeian Driller, was  
Founder'd in 's *Pericles*, and must not pass.

And Dryden, in his Prologue to Davenant's *Circe*, 1675, says:

Shakespeare's own Muse her *Pericles* first bore,  
The Prince of *Tyre* was elder than the *Moore*:  
'Tis miracle to see a first good play  
All Hawthorns do not bloom on *Christmas-day*.

That Shakespeare had a share in the composition is now generally acknowledged. The text is by far the most corrupt of all his plays; it was put together, most likely, from shorthand notes made surreptitiously during a performance, and abounds in blunders and omissions. But in the latter part we can plainly discern Shakespeare's hand. Some critics, to account for the general weakness of construction in the play, have assumed, as Dryden did, that it was an early work; but Hallam rightly pointed out that the language is that of Shakespeare's later manner. The play should be divided, as by Sidney Walker and Mr. Fleay,<sup>1</sup> into three portions: the last three acts, excluding Gower's speeches and the prose scenes (iv. 2, 5, 6), are to be assigned to Shakespeare; the prose scenes in act iv., together with Gower's two speeches immediately preceding and following scenes 5 and 6, all in style and contents quite disconnected from the rest of the play, were probably written by William Rowley; while the remaining speeches of Gower in their stiffness and obscurity agree closely with the contents of acts i. and ii. Nearly all the rhyming lines in the play (outside of Gower's speeches) occur in these two acts, which Mr. Fleay and Mr. R. Boyle, following a suggestion of Delius, attribute to George Wilkins. This writer is connected with our play in another way; a tale, based upon its incidents, was published by him in 1608, with the title: "THE | Painfull Adventures | of *Pericles* Prince of | *Tyre*. | Being | The true History of the Play of *Pericles*, as it was | lately presented by the worthy and an- | cient Poet *John Gower*. | At

LONDON | Printed by T. P. for Nat. Butter."<sup>2</sup>

Wilkins was author of a play, *The Miseries of Enforced Marriage*, produced at the Globe, and published in 1607; and joint author, with John Day and William Rowley, of another play, *The Travels of the Three English Brothers*, published in the same year, but performed by the Queen's players at the Curtain. In both these plays we can see the same use of borrowed figures, harsh ellipses and inversions, and even false rhymes, as in the former part of *Pericles*. The *Travels* also introduces the artifice of a Chorus, whose speeches, occasionally interspersed with dumb-shows, connect the scenes together and explain the story, just like Gower's speeches in the present play. We conclude, as Mr. Fleay does, that Shakespeare left his work unfinished, and that it was put into the hands of others to complete for the stage. Rowley and Wilkins had just been collaborating with Day to fit up a rambling sort of play out of a book of adventure; they now in the same fashion added scenes and shows to what Shakespeare had written.

The date of the play is fixed as not later than 1608 by the appearance in that year of Wilkins's novel. On May 20th of the same year "The booke of *Pericles* prince of *Tyre*" was entered on the Stationers' Registers by Edward Blount, afterwards one of the publishers of the first Folio. We have seen that the play was ultimately published elsewhere, and in an unauthorized version. I cannot agree with Mr. Fleay (*Introduction to Shakespearian Study*, p. 28) that in *The Puritan*, which was acted in 1606, the scene of Thaisa's restoration (iii. 2) is "palpably imitated." Certainly the internal evidence would lead us to put the composition of Shakespeare's part of the play in or about 1608; after *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*, and *Timon*, and before *Cymbeline* and *The Tempest*. To account for the supposed allusion in *The Puritan* Mr. Fleay now assumes (*Chronicle History*, pp. 156, 243, 245) that Wilkins wrote a play of *Pericles* in 1606, in which Shakespeare's version of the Marina story was afterwards substituted—

<sup>2</sup> The references in the notes to this novel of Wilkins's are to the Reprint, edited by Professor Tycho Mommsen, Oldenburg, 1857.

<sup>1</sup> See New Shakspeare Society's Transactions, 1874, p. 200, &c.

## INTRODUCTION.

probably without the consent of either Wilkins or Shakespeare. It is true, as Mr. Fleay observes, that Shakespeare's part of the play is not closely reproduced in Wilkins's novel; but I do not think this justifies his theory. Much of the novel is simply borrowed from Lawrence Twine's story (on which the play was partly founded), and its version even of Wilkins's own share of the play is not exact; but several fragments of Shakespeare's part are embedded in it.

The story of Apollonius, King of Tyre, on which the plot is founded, is supposed to have been written in Greek before the fifth century A.D.; the earliest extant version is a Latin one, probably made soon after that date. It is edited by A. Riese in Teubner's series (1871). During the middle ages the story was translated into several languages, and a version of it found its way into the *Gesta Romanorum*. It appears in English verse in the eighth book of the *Confessio Amantis* of John Gower, who professes to have taken it from that version of the story which, in the twelfth century, Godfrey of Viterbo inserted in his *Pantheon* or chronicle. A translation of the Latin story was made by Lawrence Twine, under the title (afterwards copied by Wilkins) of *The Patterne of Paynfull Adventures*; this was entered on the Stationers' Registers in 1576 (Arber, *ut supra*, ii. 301), but the earliest known edition of it is supposed to have been published about 1595. It was reissued in 1607. The play of *Pericles* is mainly based on Gower, but Twine's story appears to have been occasionally used.

### STAGE HISTORY.

That *Pericles* was seen on the stage of the Globe Theatre in 1608, when it was given by the King's company of players, is conceded by commentators who agree on few other points concerning the play. It was received with favour, evidences of its success being found in contemporary dramas. In "Pimlyco or Runne Red-Cap. Tis a mad world at Hogsdon," 1609, the anonymous author writes:

Amazde I stood, to see a Crowd  
Of Civill Throats stretchd out so lowd;  
(As at a New-play) all the Roomes  
Did swarm with Gentiles mix'd with Groomes

So that I truly thought all These  
Came to see *Shore* or *Pericles*;

and in Robert Taylor's "The Hogge hath lost his Pearle" the last two lines of the prologue are:

And if it prove so happy as to please,  
Weele say 'tis fortunate like *Pericles*.

Ben Jonson's well-known allusion to  
some mouldy tale  
Like *Pericles*,

bears direct if grudging testimony to its popularity. It seems, however, to have caused some opposition, unless the lines in Owen Feltham's answer to Ben Jonson in his *Lusoria* or *Occasional Pieces*, added to the eighth edition of his *Resolves*, 1661,

do displease  
As deep as *Pericles*,

must be taken as referring to Jonson's own petulant show of discontent.

Dryden, it is known, would assign an earlier date to *Pericles*, speaking of it as the first in date of the poet's works; but Dryden's evidence on such matters is of slight value.

Sir Gerrard Herbert, writing on the 24th of May (O.S.) 1619, relates that "the play of *Pirrocles*, Prince of Tyre" was played the previous week before the marquis Tremouille and other French Lords at Whitehall in the king's great chamber. (See *Fresh Allusions to Shakspeare*, ed. for New Shakspeare Society, pp. 83, 84).

A revival of *Pericles* is recorded in 1631, under which date the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, the Master of the Revels, notes: "Received of Mr. Benfelde, in the name of the kings company, for a gratuity for ther liberty gaind unto them of playinge, upon the cessation of the plague, this 10 of June, 1631—3*l*. 10*s*. 0*d*.—This was taken upon *Pericles* at the Globe."

Allusions to the value of *Pericles* are frequent in subsequent literature; but the play escaped the manglers of Restoration days only to encounter a neglect almost unprecedented in the case of any other work in which the hand of Shakespeare can be indubitably traced. It was one of the plays revived at

## PERICLES.

the Cook Pit in Drury Lane by the company formed by Rhodes the bookseller, sometime, it is supposed, wardrobe-keeper to the company of comedians of King Charles the First in Blackfriars, and was probably played, in 1659, previous to the Restoration. Of Betterton, then but twenty-two years old, who played Pericles, Downes says he "was highly Applauded for his Acting in all these Plays, but especially, For the Loyal Subject; The Mad Lover; *Pericles*; The Bondman; *De Flores* in the Changeling; his Voice being then as Audibly strong, full and Articulate, as in the Prime of his Acting" (*Roscus Anglicanus*, p. 18).

Women had then not made a regular appearance on the stage, and it is probable that Marina was played by Kynaston, of whom Downes records that he played many women's parts, and "being then very Young made a Compleat Female Stage Beauty, performing his Parts so well, especially Arthiope and Aglaura, being Parts, greatly moving Compassion and Pity; that it has since been Disputable among the Judicious, whether any Woman that succeeded him so Sensibly touch'd the Audience as he" (*Ibid.* p. 19). Plausible as is this view, it is, however, conjectural. Something stronger than mere conjecture justifies the assignment to Mosely and Floid of two of the characters taking part in the opening of act iv. sc. 5, Downes, after giving the list of six players who commonly acted women's parts, having a note to the effect that Mosely and Floid commonly acted parts of the description introduced in this scene (*Roscus Anglicanus*, pp. 18, 19). From this time forward until near two centuries later, when it was included in the famous series of revivals under the Phelps and Greenwood management at Sadler's Wells, *Pericles* was practically banished from the stage. In the index to the stupendous chronicle of Genest the name only appears with a reference to another play.

Doubts as to the part that Shakespeare had in its composition began at an early period. Johnston and Steevens omit it from their edition of Shakespeare. Malone gives it only in a supplement, and Dyce even includes it with *The Two Noble Kinsmen* in a concluding volume. It is futile, however, to suppose that

doubts as to authorship had any more to do with its banishment from the stage than had squeamishness with regard to the scenes exhibited. Strange, indeed, would have been any dubiety as to the teaching of *Pericles* on the part of a public that tolerated *Linberham* and hailed the *Relapse* with rapture.

On 1st August, 1738, at Covent Garden, was given *Marina*, a three-act adaptation of *Pericles*, the responsibility for which falls upon George Lillo. More justification than could be pleaded by Dryden or D'Avenant for meddling with Shakespeare's work could be put forward by Lillo, whose treatment was the most trenchant that has often been adopted in a similar case. Cutting off the first three acts, he confines the action to the sorrows of *Marina*. His vindication of this course is furnished in the opening lines of a long prologue the homage to Shakespeare in which is at least as sincere as that of Dryden, Settle, or Tate.

Hard is the task, in this discerning age,  
To find new subjects that will bear the stage;  
And bold our bards, their low harsh strains to bring  
Where Avon's swan has long been heard to sing;  
Blest parent of our scene! whose matchless wit,  
Tho' yearly reap'd, is our best harvest yet.  
Well may that genius every heart command,  
Who drew all Nature with her own strong hand;  
As various, as harmonious, fair and great,  
With the same vigour and immortal heat;  
As thro' each element and form she shines:  
We view heav'n's hand-maid in her Shakespeare's  
lines.

Though some mean scenes, injurious to his fame,  
Have long usurp'd the honour of his name;  
To glean and clear from chaff his least remains,  
Is just to him, and richly worth our pains.  
We dare not charge the whole unequal play,  
Of *Pericles* on him; yet let us say,  
As gold though mix'd with baser matter shines  
So do his bright inimitable lines.  
Throughout those rude wild scenes distinguish'd  
stand  
And shew he touch'd them with no sparing hand.  
—Lillo's Works, ii. 61, ed. 1775.

Portions of this apology or explanation may be allowed to pass. Apart from the sufficiently apparent fact that most of the early scenes were by an inferior hand, it is difficult to interest the public in an action extending

## INTRODUCTION.

over a long space of time and embracing many sets of characters. Five more lines from the same preface show the treatment adopted:—

With humour mix'd in your fore-fathers way,  
We've to a single tale reduc'd our play.  
Charming Marina's wrongs begin the scene;  
Pericles finding her with his lost queen,  
Concludes the pleasing task.

Lillo's alterations are necessarily not confined to omissions. In order to render the whole consecutive and intelligible, he is compelled to make considerable additions to the text. Some of these are fairly in keeping with the later portion of *Pericles*. The extreme grossness of certain scenes is modified, but some silly matter is introduced. On the impropriety of calling a Greek character Mother Coupler Genest comments. He passes over, however, the corresponding absurdity of making a character outside the shrine of Diana swear by Old Nick. It may, of course, be granted that the poet who peopled the Athenian glades with Bottom the Weaver, Flute the Bellows-mender, and their associates, and showed us in Illyria characters such as Sir Andrew Ague-cheek and Sir Toby Belch, would not have hesitated at the anachronisms of which Lillo is guilty, but different days had then been reached. The cast, then, of *Marina* is as follows:—

Pericles (King of Tyre)=Stephens.

Bolt (a pandar)=Pinkethman.

Lysimachus (governor of Ephesus)=Hallam.

Leonine (a young lord of Tharsus)=Stevens.

Escanes (chief attendant on Pericles)=Shelton.

Valdes (captain of a crew of pirates)=Bowman.

Marina (daughter to Pericles and Thaisa)=Mrs. Vincent.

Philoten (Queen of Tharsus)=Mrs. Hamilton.

Thaisa (Queen of Tyre)=Mrs. Marshall.

Mother Coupler (a bawd)=Mr. W. Hallam.

Gentlemen, Two Priestesses, Ladies, Officers, Guards,  
Pirates, and Attendants.

Most of these characters explain themselves. Cleon and Helicanus are among those who are heard of, not seen, and Philoten answers in part to Dionyza, whose daughter she is. The mother is dead, and the daughter is jealous of the beauty of Marina, which deprives

Philoten, now, by the death of her parents, Queen of Tharsus, of the admiration of the suitors who throng her court. By the promise of her hand she bribes Leonine, a young lord, to the murder of Marina, in the attempt at which he is, as in the original, foiled by the arrival of the pirates. After the departure of Pericles, who believes in the tale he is told, Philoten refuses to fulfil her promise to Leonine, whose death by poison she brings about. Before he expires, however, Leonine has strength to stab the queen and reveal her misdeeds to certain of the court. Gower the Poet, whose authorship of a version of the story caused his introduction into the earlier play, disappears from the later. Much of his narration is interpreted in action, as well as words, and the Dumb Show (act iv. sc. 3) is turned into dialogue. Considerable change is made in the third act, the conclusion being brought before the public in the Temple of Diana. Among adaptations of Shakespeare *Marina* is entitled to a fairly respectable place. It is, however, overpraised by Genest. No scene so strong as that in which Dionyza reveals to Creon her supposed murder of Marina (act iv. sc. 3) is retained, but the play is touching on perusal, and would probably prove fairly effective in representation. It was acted but three times. For this the lateness of the season and the weakness of the cast may perhaps be held responsible. Mrs. Marshall is not to be confounded with her distinguished predecessor, nor Mrs. Hamilton with her celebrated successor. Mrs. Vincent was an actress of no great merit. W. Hallam, who played Mother Coupler, was seldom seen on the English stage. He was a Whitechapel victualler, who was gazetted a bankrupt in 1745, and subsequently (1752) went to America, where he was, according to Dunlap, "the father of the American stage." This position is disputed by Mr. George O. Seilhamer, the most trustworthy historian of the American theatre, who prefers to call him "the first 'backer' of an American theatrical enterprise" (*History of the American Theatre before the Revolution*. Philadelphia, 1888, p. 19).

The only representation of *Pericles*, concern-  
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## PERICLES.

ing which full information is supplied, is now reached. On the 14th of October, 1854, in the eleventh season of his management, Phelps produced *Pericles*. Of the many Shakespearian performances which he had given during his tenure of Sadler's Wells, this inspired most interest. It was mounted with what was then considered luxury, and obtained a conspicuous, and, as it has been called, a "crowning success." As the only existing cast of *Pericles* at any fully recognized London theatre, the entire list of performers is given, with the exception of the attendants and so forth, whose names serve no purpose but to swell the bill. As is unavoidable in a play, the action of which covers so wide a space, the characters are classified in acts and scenes:

### ACT I. *The Palace of Antiochus.*

Antiochus (King of Antioch)=Mr. T. C. Harris.  
Thaliard=Mr. William Belford.  
Pericles (Prince of Tyre)=Mr. Phelps.  
The Daughter of Antiochus=Miss Parker.

#### *Tyre—Interior of the Palace.*

Helicanus and Escanes (two lords of Tyre)=Mr. Barrett and Mr. Parslo.  
First Lord=Mr. Evans; Second Lord=Mr. Lacy;  
Third Lord=Mr. Mason.

#### *Tharsus.*

Cleon (Governor of Tharsus)=Mr. Henry Marston.  
Dionya (Wife to Cleon)=Miss Atkinson.

### ACT II. *Pentapolis—The Sea-shore.*

First Fisherman=Mr. Josephs; Second Fisherman=  
Mr. Lewis Ball; Third Fisherman=Mr. Charles.

#### *Corridor in the Palace of Simonides.*

Simonides (King of Pentapolis)=Mr. Lunt.  
First Lord=Mr. Franks. First Knight=Mr. Thompson.  
Thaisa (Daughter to Simonides)=Miss Cooper.

#### *A Hall of State.*

### ACT III. *A Ship at Sea.*

First Sailor=Mr. Stanley; Second Sailor=Mr. Weston.  
Lychorida=Mrs. Henry Marston.

#### *Ephesus—A Room in Cerimon's House.*

Cerimon=Mr. J. W. Ray. Philemon=Mr. C. Mortimer.  
First Gentleman of Ephesus=Mr. Peritt.  
Second Gentleman of Ephesus=Mr. White.

### ACT IV. *Tharsus—An open place near the Sea-shore.*

Leonine=Mr. Meagreson.  
First Pirate=Mr. Robson; Second Pirate=Mr. Willis; Third Pirate=Mr. Gibson.  
Marina (Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa)=Miss Edith Heraud.

#### *Mitylene.*

Boult=Mr. Hoskin.  
Lysimachus (Governor of Mitylene)=Mr. F. Robinson.  
An old woman of Mitylene=Mr. Charles Fenton.

### ACT V. *On board Pericles' Ship, off Mitylene.*

Diana (in a Vision)=Miss T. Bassano.  
First Tyrian Sailor=Mr. Morley; Second Tyrian Sailor=Mr. Smythson.

#### *The Temple of Diana at Ephesus.*

The representation was received with a "hurricane of applause." Professor Henry Morley has preserved in his *Journal of a London Playgoer*, 1866, the record of his impressions which first saw the light in the *Examiner*. Following Dryden, he speaks of the play as "that Eastern romance upon which Shakespeare first tried his power as a dramatist, and which he may have re-adapted to the stage even while yet a youth at Stratford." After giving a description of the story, in which he is on less debatable ground than he has previously occupied, he comes to the one important alteration which was made by Phelps, the entire omission of Gower. This, though "a loss to the play in an artistic sense," he is disposed to approve, regarding as an extremely hazardous experiment, the "frequent introduction of a story-telling gentleman in a long coat and long curls;" and he condones the introduction by Phelps in certain scenes of passages of his own writing which the omission of Gower necessitated. The compression into one of the two scenes at Mitylene, in which Marina's innocence is exposed to the contaminating advances of the "old woman of Mitylene" as by a pardonable euphemism the Bawd is called, won his admiration, the result of the treatment being that "although the plot of the drama was not compromised by a false delicacy, there remained not a syllable at which true delicacy could have conceived offence. The calling of

## INTRODUCTION.

Boult and his mistress was covered in the pure language of Marina with so hearty a contempt that the scene was really one in which the purest minds might be those which would take the most especial pleasure" (*Journal of a London Playgoer*, p. 96). No less favourable is the opinion of Douglas Jerrold, who says, "The greatest theatrical purist need not be afraid to visit that foul room at Mitylene, since it has been white-washed and purified by the pen of Mr. Phelps. As for the grace and grandeur with which the whole play has been made visible to the eye, we recommend all who love to see their poetical dreams realized to pay Sadler's Wells a visit, with the full certainty of deriving from it a pleasure pure and classical, such as their quickened imagination could possibly have formed no conception of" (*Lloyd's Weekly London News*, quoted in *Robertson and Phelps' Life of Phelps*, p. 143).

In the *Times*, John Oxenford, a sounder and subtler critic than either, or indeed than any English theatrical critic of the latter half of the century, is less enlogistic. On the marvels of the spectacle, on the admirable equipment of Diana, and on the "moving panorama of excellently painted coast scenery," by aid of which Pericles is, in the imagination of the spectator, conducted to Ephesus, he bestows warm praise. The play itself, however, he pronounces "a work utterly without developed character and utterly without dramatic unity," the latter a self-evident proposition. Faint "indications of characters afterwards brought into strong relief" may be found. "Dionyza may be considered a feeble germ of *Lady Macbeth*; Marina may suggest a thought of *Imogen*; the reappearance of Thaisa may recall to mind the reappearance of *Hermione*. . . . To call it (*Pericles*) an indifferent drama would be a mistake, as well as an injustice: it is, really, not a drama at all" (*The Times*, quoted in *Robertson and Phelps' Life of Phelps*, p. 145).

Characters such as Pericles presents offer in Oxenford's opinion few opportunities for acting, and the "personages in general," he holds, "do little else than walk on and walk off the stage without betraying or exciting an

emotion." One touch of acting, however, on the part of Mr. Phelps as Pericles, he considers too admirable to be passed over: "This is the manner in which he portrays the feelings of the father while gradually recognizing his daughter, in the fifth act. Grief has rendered him almost incapable of hope, and, unwilling to believe the unaccustomed approach of joy, he looks at his child with fixed eye and haggard cheek, gasping with anxiety, till doubt at last gives way to certainty, and he falls weeping on the neck of Marina. This scene was the only opportunity for acting throughout the piece, and Mr. Phelps availed himself of it most felicitously" (*Ibid.*). Of Miss Edith Heraud, whose short theatrical career began on that occasion, he says that she sustained the part in an artless manner, . . . though it has lost much of its significance by the necessary omission of the *bestialities* in the fourth act.

Jerrold credits Miss Heraud with great simplicity and sweetness, and with grace and dignity that carried off the most dangerous scene in the play. Phelps, he says, acted with wonderful strength and feeling. Professor Morley's sentence coincides with that of Oxenford, and he selects for warmest approval the scene of the recognition of Marina. He also praises the Thaisa of Miss Cooper. One at least of the other actors concerned, Henry Marston, was a capable elocutionist of the Kemble school, and more than one of them won recognition in the presentation of tragedy. The reception of Pericles was regarded as a success of curiosity. No subsequent management has cared to risk a second experiment, and the stage history of Pericles ends, as it practically begins, with the solitary and eminently creditable venture of Phelps.—J. K.

### CRITICAL REMARKS.

Only a part of the play of Pericles is the work of Shakespeare's hand; and that part consists of fragments of a play which, we may strongly suspect, was never completed by its author. Pericles served, as *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* had done previously, as material from which to draw characters and incidents for service in later plays. Instances of



this will be found in the notes. The development of the characters in this play is only partially shown; and no help to the understanding of them is to be gained from the additions which were made to Shakespeare's works by others.

What strikes us in Pericles' disposition is his inability to bear up against misfortune. Lycorida's news that his wife is dead overcomes him completely; when she calls on him to be manly, take comfort, and have patience, he is unable to respond. He is a fatalist, with a conviction that fortune has a grudge against him. When he rouses himself to bless his child, it is almost with a foreboding of ill; and he cuts short Dionyza's proffered sympathy with the words (iii. 3. 9-12):

We cannot but obey  
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar  
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end  
Must be as 't is.

He attempts, however, to propitiate Diana in favour of his child by the vow to go unshorn. But he fears to see his child again, and she is left in charge of strangers, far from her father's kingdom, while he, the old story says, departed into the uttermost parts of Egypt. It is not clear whether this long absence was merely in fulfilment of the vow; but it seems almost as if Pericles avoided the sight of his daughter for fear of the sad memories which the remembrance of her birth would bring back. If he sought in solitude and travel to attain forgetfulness, he failed miserably.

Marina, on the other hand, learns in her isolation the power of endurance which her father lacks. Her only intimate friend has been the nurse Lycorida; she cannot have had any deep friendship with Dionyza's daughter. Calmness is her chief characteristic, while in her appeals to Leonine she shows not only youthful innocence, but readiness of wit. She had grieved for the loss of her nurse; but after escaping Dionyza's treachery, her spirits

rise, and she is able to overcome difficulties and dangers to which a more craven spirit might have succumbed. The old story tells how the governor of Mitylene saw the beautiful maiden offered for sale in the public market, and sought to buy her, but was outbid by the Pander. In some such circumstances, perhaps, Marina had been "gazed on like a comet;" but Shakespeare has left us no description of how she and Lysimachus met. We only hear of her repute for "her sweet harmony, and other chosen attractions," which had so wrought upon Lysimachus that he vainly sought to know whether his hopes that she might be of noble birth were indeed well founded. The two main personages of the play are brought together before us in the fifth act; and Pericles at last finds that in power of endurance of grief he has been surpassed by a girl. The scene is "an anticipation of that in which Cymbeline recovers his sons and daughter, but the scene in Pericles is filled with a rarer, keener passion of joy."

Dionyza is described for us by Cleon (iv. 3. 46-48):

Thou'rt like the harpy,  
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,  
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Calculating treachery is veiled by her behind a beautiful mask in the same way as by the wife of Cymbeline. Her husband is a cipher, whom she rules as absolutely as she does the servant Leonine.

The physician Cerimon has been described as the kind of man that Bacon would have desired for a friend. He is the first of the learned men of Shakespeare, with something sympathetic about him; and if there is any lesson in the play, it is from him that we must learn it. He has unselfishly devoted himself to the pursuit, not of learning alone, but of the good of mankind, two objects which are only perfectly attained when we have recognized their dependence one upon the other.



*Per.* See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring.—(Act I. 1. 12.)

## PERICLES.

### ACT I.

#### PROLOGUE.

*Antioch.* Before the palace. Heads are seen  
impaled above the gates.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* To sing a song that old<sup>1</sup> was sung,  
From ashes ancient Gower is come;  
Assuming man's infirmities,  
To glad your ear and please your eyes.  
It hath been sung at festivals,  
On ember-eves and holy-nights;  
And lords and ladies in their lives  
Have read it for restoratives:<sup>2</sup>  
The purchase<sup>3</sup> is to make men glorious;  
*Et longum quo antiquius, eo melius.*<sup>4</sup> 10  
If you, born in these latter times,  
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,  
And that<sup>5</sup> to hear an old man sing  
May to your wishes pleasure bring,

I life would wish, and that I might  
Waste it for you, like taper-light.

[This Antioch,<sup>6</sup> then; Antiochus the Great  
Built up this city for his chiefest seat;  
The fairest in all Syria,—  
I tell you what mine authors say: 20  
This king unto him took a fere,<sup>7</sup>  
Who died and left a female heir,  
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,  
As heaven had lent her all his grace;  
With whom the father liking took,  
And her to incest did provoke:—  
Bad child; worse father! to entice his own  
To evil should<sup>8</sup> be done by none:  
But custom<sup>9</sup> what they did begin 30  
Was with long use account<sup>10</sup> no sin.  
The beauty of this sinful dame  
Made many princes thither frame,<sup>11</sup>  
To seek her as a bed-fellow,

<sup>1</sup> Old, of old, long ago.

<sup>2</sup> Restoratives, recreation (literally, strengthening medicines). <sup>3</sup> Purchase, gain, advantage.

<sup>4</sup> "And the older a good thing is, the better it is."

<sup>5</sup> And that, and if it be that.

<sup>6</sup> This Antioch, i.e. this (that you see) is Antioch.

<sup>7</sup> Fere, mate, wife.

<sup>8</sup> Should, i.e. such as should.

<sup>9</sup> Custom, i.e. by custom or habit.

<sup>10</sup> Account, reckoned.

<sup>11</sup> Frame, i.e. shape (or direct) their course.

In marriage-pleasures play-fellow: 34  
 Which to prevent he made a law,—  
 To keep her still, and men in awe,—  
 That whoso ask'd her for his wife,  
 His riddle told not,<sup>1</sup> lost his life:  
 So for her many a wight did die,  
 As yon grim looks do testify. 40  
*[Pointing to the impaled heads.]*  
 What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye  
 I give, my cause who best can justify.] *[Exit.]*

SCENE I. *The same. A room in the palace.*

*Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.*

*Ant.* Young prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd<sup>2</sup>

The danger of the task you undertake.

*Per.* I have, Antiochus; and, with a soul Emboldened with the glory of her praise, Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

*Ant.* Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,

[For the embracements even of Jove himself;  
 At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,  
 Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,  
 The senate-house of planets all did sit, 10  
 To knit in her their best perfections.<sup>3</sup>]

*Mus.* *Enter the PRINCESS, attended.*

[*Per* *[Aside]* See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,  
 Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king  
 Of every virtue gives<sup>4</sup> renown to men!  
 Her face the book of praises, where is read  
 Nothing but curious<sup>5</sup> pleasures, as<sup>6</sup> from thence  
 Sorrow were ever ras'd, and testy wrath  
 Could never be her mild companion.<sup>7</sup>  
 You gods that made me man, and sway in love,  
 That have inflam'd desire<sup>8</sup> in my breast 20  
 To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,  
 Or die in the adventure, be my helps,  
 As I am son and servant to your will,  
 To compass such a boundless happiness!]

<sup>1</sup> Told not, not having been expounded.

<sup>2</sup> You have at large receiv'd, you have been fully made acquainted with.

<sup>3</sup> Perfections, pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

<sup>4</sup> Gives, i.e. that gives.

<sup>5</sup> Curious, exquisite.

<sup>6</sup> As, as if.

<sup>7</sup> Her mild companion, i.e. the companion of her mildness.

<sup>8</sup> Desire, pronounced as a trisyllable.

*Ant.* Prince Pericles,— 25

*Per.* That would be son to great Antiochus.

*Ant.* Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,  
 With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;  
 For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:<sup>9</sup>  
 Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view  
 Her countless glory, which desert must gain;  
 And which, without desert, because thine eye  
 Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.  
 Yon sometimes<sup>10</sup> famous princes, like thyself,  
 Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,  
 Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance pale,

That, without covering, save yon field of stars,  
 Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;  
 And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist  
 For going on<sup>11</sup> death's net, whom none resist.

*Per.* Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught 41

My frail mortality to know itself,  
 And by those fearful objects to prepare  
 This body, like to them, to what I must;<sup>12</sup>  
 For death remember'd should be like a mirror,  
 Who<sup>13</sup> tells us life's but breath, to trust it error.

I'll make my will, then; and, as sick men do,  
 Who know the world, see heaven, but, feeling woe,

Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;  
 So I bequeath a happy peace to you 50  
 And all good men, as every prince should do;  
 My riches to the earth, from whence they came;—

[*To the Princess*] But my unspotted fire of love to you.

Thus ready for the way of life or death,  
 I wait the sharpest blow.

*Ant.* Scorning advice: [*giving Pericles a paper*] read the conclusion, then:

Which read<sup>14</sup> and not expounded, 'tis decreed,  
 As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

*Princess.* Of all say'd yet,<sup>15</sup> mayst thou prove prosperous!

Of all say'd yet, I wish thee happiness! 60

<sup>9</sup> Hard, strongly, greatly.

<sup>10</sup> Sometimes, formerly.

<sup>11</sup> For going on, lest you should fall into.

<sup>12</sup> To what I must, the state to which I must come.

<sup>13</sup> Who, i.e. death who.

<sup>14</sup> Which read, i.e. which having been read.

<sup>15</sup> All say'd yet, all who have hitherto made the trial.

*Per.* Like a bold champion, I assume the  
lists, 61  
Nor ask advice of any other thought.  
But faithfulness and courage.

[*Reads the riddle.*]

"I am no viper, yet I feed  
On mother's flesh which did me breed.  
I sought a husband, in which labour  
I found that kindness in a father:  
He's father, son, and husband mild;  
I mother, wife, and yet his child.  
How they may be, and yet in two, 70  
As you will live, resolve it you." 1

Sharp physic is the last: 2 but, O you powers  
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's  
acts,

Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,  
If this be true, which makes me pale to read  
it?—

[*To the Princess*] Fair glass of light, I lov'd  
you, and could still,

Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:  
But, I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt;  
For he's no man on whom perfections wait  
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.  
[*You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;*  
*Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,*  
*Would draw heaven down, and all the gods, to*  
*hearken;* 80

But being play'd upon before your time,  
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.

Good sooth, 3 I care not for you.]

*Ant.* Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy  
life,

For that's an article within our law,  
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd:  
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

*Per.* Great king, 91  
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;  
'T would braid 4 yourself too near for me to tell  
it.

Who has a book of all that monarchs do,  
He's more secure to keep it shut than shown:  
For vice repeated 5 's like the wandering wind,  
Blows 6 dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;

The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear  
To stop the air would hurt them. 7 The blind  
mole casts 100

Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth  
is throng'd 8

By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth  
die for't.

Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's  
their will;

And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?

It is enough you know; and it is fit,

What being more known grows worse, to  
smother it.

All love the womb that their first being bred,  
Then give my tongue like leave to love my  
head.

*Ant.* [*Aside*] Heaven, that I had thy head!  
he has found the meaning:

But I will gloze 9 with him.—Young Prince of  
Tyre, 110

Though by the tenour of our strict edict,  
Your exposition misinterpreting, 10

We might proceed to cancel of your days;

Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree

As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:

Forty days longer we do respite you;

If by which time our secret be undone, 11

This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son:

And until then your entertain shall be 119

As doth befit our honour and your worth.

[*Exeunt all except Pericles.*]

*Per.* How courtesy would seem to cover sin,  
When what is done is like an hypocrite,

The which is good in nothing but in sight! 12

[*If it be true that I interpret false,*

Then were it certain you were not so bad

As with foul incest to abuse your soul;

Where now you're both a father and a son

By your uncomely clasps with your child,—

Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father;

And she an eater of her mother's flesh 130

By the defiling of her parent's bed;

And both like serpents are, who though they

feed

1 To stop the air would hurt them, how to stop (for the future) the gust that would hurt them.

2 To tell the earth is throng'd, to tell how the earth is burdened.

3 Gloze, use deceit.

4 Misinterpreting, i.e. being an incorrect interpretation.

5 Our secret be undone, i.e. our problem be solved (by you).

6 Sight, i.e. outward appearance.

1 Resolve it you, do you solve the problem.

2 The last, i.e. the final condition.

3 Good sooth, in truth.

4 Braid, reproach.

5 Repeated, recounted, talked about.

6 Blows, that blows.

On sweetest flowers,<sup>1</sup> yet they poison breed.]  
 Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men  
 Blush<sup>2</sup> not in actions blacker than the night,  
 Will shun no course to keep them from the  
 light.

[One sin, I know, another doth provoke;  
 Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke:  
 Poison and treason are the hands of sin, 139

Ay, and the targets,<sup>3</sup> to put off the shame:  
 Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,  
 By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear.]  
 [Exit.

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for which  
 we mean to have his head.



Ant. [To Thaliard] As thou wilt live, fly after; and,  
 like an arrow  
 Shot from a well-experienc'd archer, hits

The mark his eye doth keel at, so thou:  
 Never return  
 Unless thou say "Prince Pericles is dead."—(Act I. 1. 163-167.)

[He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,  
 Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin  
 In such a loathed manner;  
 And therefore instantly this prince must die;  
 For by his fall my honour must keep high.—]  
 Who attends us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call? 150

Ant. Thaliard,

You are of our chamber, and our mind par-  
 takes<sup>4</sup> 152

Her private actions to your secrecy:  
 And for your faithfulness we will advance you.  
 Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;  
 We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must  
 kill him:

It fits thee not to ask the reason why,  
 Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal. My lord, 'tis done.

Ant. Enough. 100

<sup>1</sup> Flowers, pronounced as a disyllable.

<sup>2</sup> Blush, who blush.

<sup>3</sup> Targets, shields.

<sup>4</sup> Partakes, imparts.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

*Mess.* My lord, Prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit.*

*Ant.* [*To Thaliard*] As thou wilt live, fly after; and, like an arrow

Shot from a well-experienc'd archer, hits

The mark his eye doth level<sup>1</sup> at, so thou:

[*Never return*

Unless thou say "Prince Pericles is dead."

*Thal.* My lord,

If I can get him within my pistol's length,<sup>2</sup>

I'll make him sure enough: so, farewell to your highness.

*Ant.* Thaliard, adieu! [*Exit Thaliard.*] Till Pericles be dead 170

My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Tyre. A room in the palace.*

*Enter PERICLES.*

*Per.* [*To those without*] Let none disturb us.

Why should this change of thoughts,

The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,

Be my so-us'd a guest<sup>3</sup> as not an hour,

In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,—

The tomb, where grief should sleep,—can breed me quiet?

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,

And danger, which I fear'd, 's at Antioch,

Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:

Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,

Nor yet the other's distance comfort me. 10

Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,

That have their first conception by mis-dread,<sup>4</sup>

Have after-nourishment and life by care;

And what was first but fear what might be done,

Grows elder now, and cares<sup>5</sup> it be not done.

And so with me:—the great Antiochus—

'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,

Since he's so great can<sup>6</sup> make his will his act—

Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;

Nor boots it me<sup>7</sup> to say I honour him, 20

If he suspect I may dishonour him:

And what may make him blush in being known,

He'll stop the course by which it might be known;

With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,

And with th' ostent of war<sup>8</sup> will look so huge,

Amazement<sup>9</sup> shall drive courage from the state;

Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,

And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence:

[*Which care of them, not pity of myself,—*

Who am no more but as the tops of trees, 30

Which fence the roots they grow by, and

defend them,—

Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,

And punish that before that he would punish.]

*Enter HELICANUS and other Lords.*

*First Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

*Sec. Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return to us,

Peaceful and comfortable!

*Hel.* Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.

They do abuse the king that flatter him

For flattery is the bellows blows<sup>10</sup> up sin;

The thing the which is 'flatter'd, but a spark,

To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing; 41

Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,

Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.

When Signior Sooth<sup>11</sup> here does proclaim a peace,

He flatters you, makes war upon your life.

Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;

I cannot be much lower than my knees.

*Per.* All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook

What shipping and what lading's<sup>12</sup> in our have,

And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*]

Helicanus, thou 50

Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

<sup>1</sup> Level, aim.

<sup>2</sup> Length, i.e. range, reach.

<sup>3</sup> My so-us'd a guest, so constant a companion of mine.

<sup>4</sup> Mis-dread, mistrust, apprehension.

<sup>5</sup> Cares, takes heed, makes provision.

<sup>6</sup> So great can, so great that he can.

<sup>7</sup> Boots it me, is it any use to me.

<sup>8</sup> Th' ostent of war, i.e. the mere display of his armament.

<sup>9</sup> Amazement, consternation.

<sup>10</sup> Blows, that blows.

<sup>11</sup> Sooth, flattery.

<sup>12</sup> Lading, cargoes.

*Hel.* An angry brow, dread lord. 52

*Per.* If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,

How durst thy tongue move anger<sup>1</sup> to our face?

*Hel.* How dares the plants look up to heaven, from whence

They have their nourishment?

*Per.* Thou know'st I've power To take thy life from thee.

*Hel.* [*Kneeling*] I've ground the axe myself; Do you but strike the blow.

*Per.* Rise, prithee, rise. Sit down: thou art no flatterer: 60

I thank thee for 't; and heaven forbid That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!

Fit counsellor and servant for a prince, Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,

What wouldst thou have me do?

*Hel.* To bear with patience Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

[*Per.* Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,

That minister'st a potion unto me That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.

Attend me,<sup>2</sup> then: I went to Antioch, 70 Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,

I sought the purchase<sup>3</sup> of a glorious beauty, From whence an issue I might propagate

Are<sup>4</sup> arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.

Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder; The rest,—hark in thine ear—as black as incest:

Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father

Seem'd not to strike, but smooth;<sup>5</sup> but thou know'st this,

'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss. Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled, 80

Under the covering of a careful night, Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here,

Bethought me what was past, what might succeed. 82

I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears Decrease not, but grow faster than their years: And should he doubt<sup>6</sup> it,—as no doubt he doth,—

\*That I should open to the listening air How many worthy princes' bloods were shed, To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,<sup>7</sup>— To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms, And make pretence of wrong that I have done him; 91

When all, for mine, if I may call offence, Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence: Which love to all,—of which thyself art one, Who now reprov'dst me for it,—

*Hel.* Alas, sir!

*Per.* Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,

Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts How I might stop this tempest, ere it came; And finding little comfort to relieve them, I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

*Hel.* Well, my lord, since you've given me leave to speak, ] 101

Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear, And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant, Who either by public war or private treason Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while, Till that his rage and anger be forgot, Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life. Your rule direct to<sup>8</sup> any; if to me, 109 Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

*Per.* I do not doubt thy faith;

But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

*Hel.* We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,

From whence we had our being and our birth.

*Per.* Tyre, I now look from thee, then, and to Tarsus

Intend<sup>9</sup> my travel,—where I'll hear from thee; And by whose letters I'll dispose myself. The care I had and have of subjects' good On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it. 119

<sup>1</sup> Move anger, i.e. cause anger to come.

<sup>2</sup> Attend me, listen to me.

<sup>4</sup> Are, such as are.

<sup>3</sup> Purchase, acquisition.

<sup>5</sup> Smooth, flatter.

<sup>6</sup> Doubt, fear, suspect.

<sup>7</sup> Unlaid ope, undeclared.

<sup>8</sup> Direct to, devolve on.

<sup>9</sup> Intend, direct.

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:  
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack  
both: 121

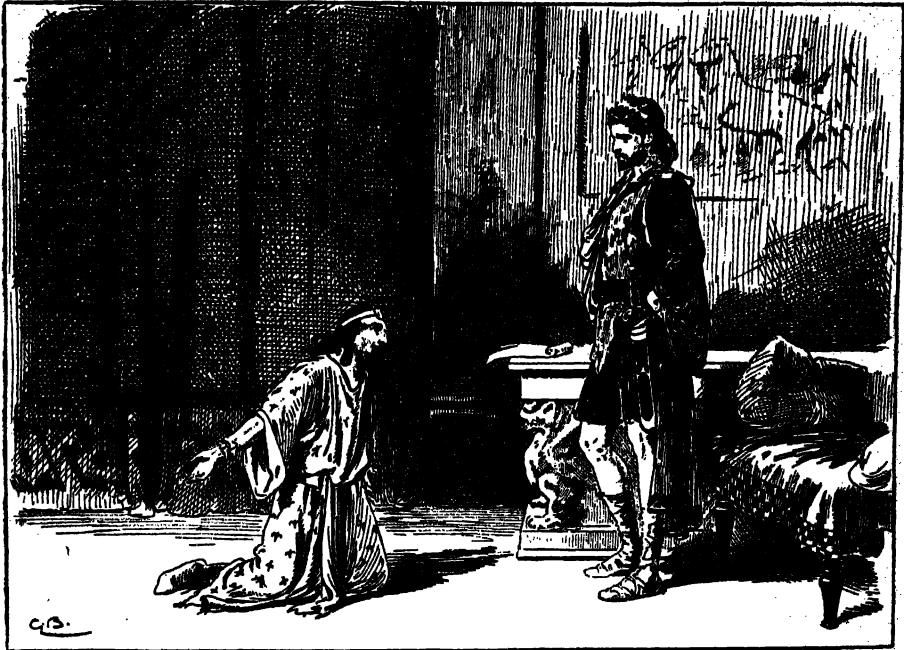
But in our orbs<sup>1</sup> we'll live so round and safe,  
That time of both this truth shall ne'er con-  
vince,<sup>2</sup>

Thou show'dst a subject's shine,<sup>3</sup> I a true  
prince. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Tyre. An ante-chamber in the palace.

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this the court.  
Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do  
it not, I am sure to be hang'd at home: 'tis  
dangerous.—Well, I perceive he was a wise  
fellow and had good discretion, that, being



Hel. [Kneeling] I've ground the axe myself;  
Do you but strike the blow.—(Act i. 2. 58. 59.)

bid to ask what he would of the king, desired  
he might know none of his secrets: now do I  
see he had some reason for 't; for if a king  
bid a man be a villain, he's bound by the in-  
denture<sup>4</sup> of his oath to be one.—Hush! here  
comes the lords of Tyre. [Goes aside.]

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers  
of Tyre, 11

<sup>1</sup> Orbs, spheres.

<sup>2</sup> Time of both this truth shall ne'er convince, time shall  
never overthrow this truth about both of us.

<sup>3</sup> Shine, lustre.

<sup>4</sup> Indenture, covenant.

Further to question me of your king's depar-  
ture: 12

His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,  
Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.

Thal. [Aside] How! the king gone!

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,  
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,  
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.  
Being at Antioch,—

Thal. [Aside] What from Antioch?

Hel. Royal Antiochus—on what cause I  
know not— 20

Took some displeasure at him,—at least he  
judg'd so;



And doubting<sup>1</sup> lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,  
To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself;  
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil, 24  
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

*Thal.* [*Aside*] Well, I perceive  
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;  
But since he's gone, this the king's ears must  
please,—

He scap'd the land, to perish at the seas.  
I'll present myself. [*Comes forward.*]—Peace  
to the lords of Tyre! 30

*Hel.* Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

*Thal.* From him I come  
With message unto princely Pericles;  
But, since my landing, I have understood  
Your lord has betook himself to unknown  
travels;

My message must return from whence it came.

*Hel.* We have no reason to desire<sup>2</sup> it,  
Commended to our master, not to us 35  
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—  
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV *Tarsus. An open place.*

*Enter* CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.

*Cle.* My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,  
And, by relating tales of others' griefs,  
See if 't will teach us to forget our own?

*Dio.* That were to blow at fire in hope to  
quench it;

For who digs hills because they do aspire  
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.  
O my distressed lord, ev'n such our griefs are;  
Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's  
eyes,  
But like to groves, being topp'd,<sup>3</sup> they higher  
risè.

*Cle.* O Dionyza, 10  
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants  
it,

Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?  
Grief makes our tongues and sorrows to sound  
deep

<sup>1</sup> Doubting, tearing.

<sup>2</sup> Desire, i.e. ask; pronounced as a trisyllable.

<sup>3</sup> Topp'd, lopped.

Our woes into the air; our eyes to weep,  
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim  
them louder;

That, if heav'n<sup>4</sup> slumber while their creatures  
want,

They may awake their helps to comfort them.  
I'll, then, discourse<sup>5</sup> our woes, felt several  
years,

And, wanting breath to speak, help me with  
tears.

*Dio.* I'll do my best, sir. 20

*Cle.* This Tarsus, o'er which I have the  
government,

A city on whom Plenty held full hand,  
For Riches strew'd herself even in the streets;  
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd  
the clouds,

And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at,<sup>6</sup>  
Whose men and dames so jetted<sup>7</sup> and adorn'd,  
Like one another's glass to trim them by;<sup>8</sup>  
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,

And not so much to feed on as delight;<sup>9</sup> 29  
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,  
The name of help<sup>10</sup> grew odious to repeat.—

*Dio.* O, 't is too true.

*Cle.* But see what heaven can do! By this  
our change,

Those mouths who but of late, earth, sea, and  
air,

Were all too little to content and please,  
Although they gave their creatures in abundance

As houses are defil'd for want of use,  
They are now starv'd for want of exercise:  
Those palates, who, not yet two summers  
younger, 39

Must have inventions to delight the taste,  
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:  
[Those mothers who, to nouse up<sup>11</sup> their babes,  
Thought nought too curious,<sup>12</sup> are ready now  
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.]  
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife  
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life:

<sup>4</sup> Heav'n, i.e. the gods.

<sup>5</sup> Discourse, relate.

<sup>6</sup> And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at, i.e. and which strangers ne'er beheld but with wonder.

<sup>7</sup> Jetted, strutted.

<sup>8</sup> Glass to trim them by, pattern after which to dress themselves.

<sup>9</sup> As delight, as to delight.

<sup>10</sup> Help, i.e. charity.

<sup>11</sup> Nouse up, cherish, rear.

<sup>12</sup> Curious, delicate.

Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;  
Here many sink, yet those which see them  
fall

Have scarce strength left to give them burial.  
Is not this true? 50

*Des.* Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness  
it.

*Cle.* O, let those cities that of Plenty's cup  
And her prosperities so largely taste,  
With their superfluous riots, hear these  
tears!

The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

*Lord.* Where's the lord governor?

*Cle.* Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in  
haste,

For comfort is too far for us t' expect.

*Lord.* We have descried, upon our neighbour-  
ing shore, 60

A portly sail<sup>1</sup> of ships make hitherward.

*Cle.* I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,  
That may succeed as his inheritor;  
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,<sup>2</sup>  
Taking advantage of our misery,  
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their  
power,

To beat us down, the which are down already;  
And make a conquest of unhappy me,  
Where as<sup>3</sup> no glory's got to overcome. 70

*Lord.* That's the least fear; for, by the  
semblance<sup>4</sup>

Of their white flags display'd, they bring us  
peace,

And come to us as favourers,<sup>5</sup> not as foes.

*Cle.* Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to  
repeat.<sup>6</sup>

Who makes the fairest show means most  
deceit.

But bring they what they will and what they  
can,

What need we fear?

The ground's the lowest,<sup>7</sup> and we're half-way  
there.

Go tell their general we attend him here,  
To know for what he comes, and whence he  
comes, 80

And what he craves.

*Lord.* I go, my lord.

[Exit.]

*Cle.* Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;<sup>8</sup>  
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, with Attendants; some people  
of Tarsus follow.

*Per.* Lord governor, for so we hear you are,  
Let not our ships and number of our men  
Be, like a beacon fir'd, t' amaze<sup>9</sup> your eyes.  
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,  
And seen the desolation of your streets:  
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears, 90  
But to relieve them of their heavy load;  
And these our ships, you happily<sup>10</sup> may think  
Are like the Trojan horse was<sup>11</sup> stuff'd within  
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,  
Are stor'd with corn to make your needy bread,  
And give them life whom hunger starv'd half  
dead.

*All.* [Kneeling] The gods of Greece protect  
you!

And we'll pray for you.

*Per.* Rise, I pray you, rise:  
We do not look for reverence, but for love,  
And harbourage for ourselves, our ships, and  
men. 100

*Cle.* The which when any shall not gratify,  
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,  
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,  
The curse of heaven and men succeed their  
evils!

Till when,—the which I hope shall ne'er be  
seen,—

Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

*Per.* Which welcome we'll accept; feast here  
awhile,

Until our stars that frown lend us a smile.

[Exeunt.]

<sup>1</sup> A portly sail, imposing fleet.

<sup>2</sup> Nation, pronounced as a trisyllable.

<sup>3</sup> Where as, where.

<sup>4</sup> Semblance, pronounced as a trisyllable.

<sup>5</sup> Favourers, succourers, relievers.

<sup>6</sup> Him's untutor'd to repeat, him that has not been  
taught the lesson.

<sup>7</sup> The ground's the lowest, i.e. the grave is the worst  
depth (of misfortune).

<sup>8</sup> If he on peace consist, if he be set on (or disposed for)  
peace.

<sup>9</sup> Amaze, perturb.

<sup>10</sup> You happily, which you perchance.

<sup>11</sup> Was, which was.

## ACT II.

*The same.**Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* [Here have you seen a mighty king  
His child, I-wis,<sup>1</sup> to incest bring;  
A better prince, and benign lord,  
That will prove awful<sup>2</sup> both in deed and word;  
Be quiet, then, as men should be,  
Till he hath pass'd necessity.<sup>3</sup>  
I'll show you those in troubles reign,  
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.  
The good in conversation<sup>4</sup>—  
To whom I give my benison— 10  
Is still at Tarsus, where each man  
Thinks all is writ he spoken can;  
And, to remember what he does,  
Build his statue to make him glorious:  
But tidings to the contrary  
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?]

*DUMB-SHOW.*

*Enter, from one side, PERICLES, talking with  
CLEON; their Trains with them. Enter,  
from the other side, a Gentleman, with a  
letter to PERICLES; who shows the letter to  
CLEON; then gives the Messenger a reward,  
and knights him. Exit severally PERI-  
CLES and CLEON, with their Trains.*

Good Helicane, that stay'd at home,  
Not to eat honey like a drone  
From others' labours;—for though he strive  
To killen bad, keep good alive, 20  
And to fulfil his prince' desire,—  
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:  
How Thaliard came full bent with sin  
And hid intent to murder him;  
And that in Tarsus was not best  
Longer for him to make his rest.  
He, doing so,<sup>5</sup> put forth to seas,  
Where when men bin,<sup>6</sup> there's seldom ease;  
For now the wind begins to blow;  
Thunder above, and deeps below, 30

Make such unquiet, that the ship 31  
Should<sup>7</sup> house him safe is wreck'd and split;  
And he, good prince, having all lost,  
By waves from coast to coast is tost:  
All perishen of man, of pelf,  
Ne aught escapen but himself;  
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,  
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:  
And here he comes. What shall be next,  
Pardon old Gower,—this longs<sup>8</sup> the text.  
[Exit.]

*SCENE I. Pentapolis. The sea-shore.**PERICLES, wet.*

*Per.* Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of  
heaven!  
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly  
man  
Is but a substance that must yield to you;  
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.  
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,  
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me  
breath<sup>9</sup>  
Nothing to think on but ensuing death.  
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers  
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;  
And having thrown him from your watery  
grave, 10  
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

*Enter three Fishermen.**First Fish.* What, ho, Pilch!*Sec. Fish.* Ha, come and bring away the nets!*First Fish.* What, Patch-breech, I say!*Third Fish.* What say you, master?*First Fish.* Look how thou stirr'st now!  
come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wanion.<sup>10</sup>*Third Fish.* Faith, master, I am thinking  
of the poor men that were cast away before us  
even now. 20*First Fish.* Alas, poor souls, it grieved my  
heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to<sup>1</sup> *I-wis*, in truth.<sup>2</sup> *Awful*, law-abiding, conscientious.<sup>3</sup> *Necessity*, misfortune, distress.<sup>4</sup> *Conversation*, conduct; pronounced as five syllables.<sup>5</sup> *Doing so*, i.e. acting accordingly (?). <sup>6</sup> *Bin*, are.<sup>7</sup> *Should*, which should.<sup>8</sup> *This longs*, this (that follows) belongs to.<sup>9</sup> *Breath*, i.e. life.<sup>10</sup> *With a wanion*, i.e. "bad luck to you!"

us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves. 24

*Third Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpus, how he bounc'd and tumbled? they say they're half-fish, half-flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come but I look

to be wash'd. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea. 30

*First Fish.* Why, as men do a-land,<sup>1</sup>—the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; a' plays and tumbles, driving the poor



*Sec. Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!—(Act II. 1. 61, 62.)

fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful: such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all. 6

*Per.* [*Aside*] A pretty moral. 39

*Third Fish.* But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry . . .

*Sec. Fish.* Why, man?

*Third Fish.* Because he should have swallow'd me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind,—

*Per.* [*Aside*] Simonides! 49

*Third Fish.* He would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

*Per.* [*Aside*] How from the finny subjects of the sea

These fishers tell th' infirmities of men;  
And from their watery empire recollect<sup>2</sup>  
All that may-men approve, or men detect!—  
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

*Sec. Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that?  
If it be a day fits you,<sup>3</sup> search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.

*Per.* May see the sea hath cast upon your coast— 60

<sup>1</sup> A-land, by land.

<sup>2</sup> Recollect, i.e. select.

<sup>3</sup> Fits you, distracts you, makes you mad.

*Sec. Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast<sup>1</sup> thee in our way! 62

*Per.* A man whom both the waters and the wind,

In that vast tennis-court have made the ball  
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;  
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

*First Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg? Here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working

*Sec. Fish.* Canst thou catch any fishes, then? 71

*Per.* I never practis'd it.

*Sec. Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

*Per.* What I have been I have forgot to know; But what I am, want teaches me to think on: A man throng'd up<sup>2</sup> with cold: my veins are chill, 77

And have no more of life than may suffice  
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;  
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,  
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

*First Fish.* Die, quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me,<sup>3</sup> a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks;<sup>4</sup> and thou shalt be welcome.

*Per.* I thank you, sir.

*Sec. Fish.* Hark you, my friend,—you said you could not beg. 90

*Per.* I did but crave.

*Sec. Fish.* But crave! Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall scape whipping.

*Per.* Why, are all your beggars whipp'd, then?

*Sec. Fish.* O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipp'd, I would wish no better office than to be beadle.—But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[Exit with Third Fisherman.]

*Per.* [Aside] How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

*First Fish.* Hark you, sir,—do you know where ye are? 101

*Per.* Not well. 102

*First Fish.* Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

*Per.* The good Simonides, do you call him?

*First Fish.* Ay, sir; and he deserves so to be call'd for his peaceable reign and good government.

*Per.* He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore? 111

*First Fish.* Marry, sir, half a day's journey: and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just<sup>5</sup> and tourney for her love.

*Per.* Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

*First Fish.* O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for his wife's soul. 121

*Re-enter Second and Third Fishermen, drawing up a net.*

*Sec. Fish.* Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 't will hardly come out. Ha! bots on't,<sup>6</sup> 't is come at last, and 't is turn'd to a rusty armour.

*Per.* An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.—

Thanks, fortune, yet, that, after all thy crosses, Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself; And though it was mine own, part of my heritage, 129

Which my dead father did bequeath to me, With this strict charge, even as he left his life, "Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield Twixt me and death;"—and pointed to this brace;—

"For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity—

The which the gods protect thee from!—'t may defend thee."

It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it; Till the rough seas, that spare not any man, Took it in rage, though calm'd have given't again;

<sup>1</sup> Cast, cast up, vomit.

<sup>2</sup> Throng'd up, oppressed, numbed.

<sup>3</sup> Afore me, "on my word!"

<sup>4</sup> Flap-jacks, pancakes.

<sup>5</sup> Just, tilt.

<sup>6</sup> Bots on't, a plague on it!

I thank thee for 't; my shipwreck now's no ill,  
Since I have here my father's gift in 's will.

*First Fish.* What mean you, sir? 141

*Per.* To beg of you, kind friends, this coat  
of worth,

For it was sometime target to a king;  
I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,  
And for his sake I wish the having of it;  
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's  
court,

Where with it I may appear a gentleman;  
And if that ever my low fortunes better,<sup>1</sup>  
I'll pay your bounties<sup>2</sup>, till then rest your debtor.

*First Fish.* Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

*Per.* I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

*First Fish.* Why, d' ye take it, and the gods  
give thee good on 't!

*Sec. Fish.* Ay, but hark you, my friend;  
't was we that made up this garment through  
the rough seams of the waters: there are cer-  
tain condolences, certain yails.<sup>2</sup> I hope, sir,  
if you thrive, you'll remember from whence  
you had it.

*Per.* Believe 't, I will.

By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel;  
And, spite of all the rapture<sup>3</sup> of the sea, 161  
This jewel holds his building<sup>4</sup> on my arm:—  
Unto the value<sup>5</sup> I will mount myself  
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps  
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—  
Only, my friends, I yet am unprovided.  
Of a pair of bases.

*Sec. Fish.* We'll sure provide thee: thou  
shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair:  
and I'll bring thee to the court myself. 170

*Per.* Then honour be but a goal to my will,  
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The entrance to the lists;  
with the royal pavilion overlooking them.*

*A flourish.* Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords,  
and Attendants.

*Sim.* Are the knights ready to begin the  
triumph?<sup>6</sup>

*First Lord.* They are, my liege;  
And stay your coming to present themselves.

*Sim.* Return them,<sup>7</sup> we are ready; and our  
daughter,

In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,  
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat  
For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[*Exit a Lord.*]

*Thai.* It pleaseth you, my royal father, to  
express

My commendations great, whose merit's less.

*Sim.* It's fit it should be so; for princes are  
A model, which heaven makes like to itself:

As jewels lose their glory if neglected, 12

So princes their renown if not respected.

'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain  
The labour of each knight in his device.

*Thai.* Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll  
perform.

*Enter a Knight; he passes over, and his Squire  
presents his shield to the Princess.*

*Sim.* Who is the first that doth prefer him-  
self?

*Thai.* A knight of Sparta, my renowned  
father;

And the device he bears upon his shield  
Is a black Æthiop reaching at the sun; 20  
The word,<sup>8</sup> *Lux tua vita mihi.*<sup>9</sup>

*Sim.* He loves you well that holds his life  
of you.

[*The Second Knight passes over.*]

Who is the second that presents himself?

*Thai.* A prince of Macedon, my royal father;  
And the device he bears upon his shield

Is an arm'd knight that's conquer'd by a lady;  
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Mas por dulzura  
que por fuerza.*<sup>10</sup>

[*The Third Knight passes over.*]

*Sim.* And what's the third?

*Thai.* The third of Antioch;  
And his device, a wreath of chivalry;

The word, *Me pompæ prorexit apex.*<sup>11</sup> 30

[*The Fourth Knight passes over.*]

*Sim.* What is the fourth?

<sup>1</sup> Better, mend.

<sup>2</sup> Vails, perquisites.

<sup>3</sup> Rapture, violence, seizure.

<sup>4</sup> Holds his building, keeps its place.

<sup>5</sup> Unto the value, i.e. to as high a value (as the jewel will  
fetch).

<sup>6</sup> Triumph, tournament.

<sup>7</sup> Return them, take them word.

<sup>8</sup> Word, motto.

<sup>9</sup> "Thy light is life to me."

<sup>10</sup> "More by gentleness than by force."

<sup>11</sup> "The crown of the triumph drew me on."

*Thai.* A burning torch that's turned upside down; 32

The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit*.<sup>1</sup>

*Sim.* Which shows that beauty hath his<sup>2</sup> power and will,

Which can as well inflame as it can kill.

[*The Fifth Knight passes over.*]

*Thai.* The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,

Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried;

The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides*.<sup>3</sup>

[*The Sixth Knight (Pericles) passes over.*]

*Sim.* And what's

The sixth and last, the which the knight himself 40

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

*Thai.* He seems to be a stranger; but his present<sup>4</sup> is

A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;

The motto, *In hac spe vivo*.<sup>5</sup>

*Sim.* A pretty moral;

From the dejected state wherein he is,

He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

*First Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward show

Can any way speak in his just commend;<sup>6</sup>

For, by his rusty outside, he appears 50  
T' have practis'd more the whipstock than the lance.

*Sec. Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes

To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

*Third Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust

Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

*Sim.* Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan<sup>7</sup>

The outward habit by<sup>8</sup> the inward man.

But stay, the knights are coming:

We will withdraw into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Great shouts within, "The mean knight!"*]

<sup>1</sup> "That which nourishes me, quenches me."

<sup>2</sup> *Hic, ita.* <sup>3</sup> "So faith is to be tested."

<sup>4</sup> *Hic present, that which he presents.*

<sup>5</sup> "In this hope I live."

<sup>6</sup> *In his just commend, in just commendation of him.*

<sup>7</sup> *Scan, study.*

<sup>8</sup> *By, concerning.*

SCENE III. *The same. A hall of state; a banquet prepared.*

SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants. Enter the Marshal, conducting Pericles and the other knights, armed.

*Sim.* Knights,

To say you're welcome were superfluous.

To place upon the volume of your deeds,

As in a title-page, your worth in arms,

Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,

Since every worth in show commends itself.

Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:

You are princes and my guests.

*Thai.* [*To Pericles*] But you, my knight and guest;

To whom this wreath of victory I give, 10  
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

*Per.* 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

*Sim.* Call it by what you will, the day is yours; And here, I hope, is none that envies it.

In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,

To make some good, but others to exceed;

And you're her labour'd scholar.<sup>9</sup>—Come, queen o' the feast,

For, daughter, so you are, here take your place:—

Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

*Knights.* We're honour'd much by good Simonides. 20

*Sim.* Your presence glads our days: honour we love;

For who hates honour hates the gods above.

*Marshal.* Sir, yonder is your place.

*Per.*

Some other is more fit.

*First Knight.* Coptend not, sir; for we are gentlemen

That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes

Envy the great nor do the low despise.

*Per.* You are right courteous knights.

*Sim.*

Sit, sir, sit.—

[*Aside*] By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,

These cates resist me,<sup>10</sup> he not thought upon.<sup>11</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Her labour'd scholar, the scholar over whose training she took special pains.*

<sup>10</sup> *These cates resist me, these delicacies are distasteful to me.*

<sup>11</sup> *He not thought upon, if he be not in my thoughts.*

*Thai.* [*Aside*] By Juno, that is queen of marriage,<sup>1</sup>  
All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,  
Wishing him my meat.—Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

*Sim.* He's but a country gentleman;  
Has done no more than other knights have done;  
Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.

*Thai.* To me he seems like diamond to glass.

*Per.* You king's to me like to my father's picture,  
Which tells me in that glory once he was;  
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,  
And he the sun, for them to reverence;  
None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,  
Did veil<sup>2</sup> their crowns to his supremacy:  
Where<sup>3</sup> now his son's like glow-worm in the night,

The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:  
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,  
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,  
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

*Sim.* What, are you merry, knights?

*First Knight.* Who can be other in this royal presence?

*Sim.* Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim,—

As you do love, fill to your mistress<sup>4</sup> lips,—  
We drink this health to you.

*Knights.* We thank your grace.

*Sim.* Yet pause awhile:  
You knight doth sit too melancholy,  
As if the entertainment in our court  
Had not a show might countervail<sup>5</sup> his worth.  
Note it not you, Thaisa?

*Thai.* What is't to me, my father?

*Sim.* O, attend my daughter: princes, in this,  
Should live like gods above, who freely give  
To every one that comes to honour them:  
And princes not doing so are like to gnats,  
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.  
Therefore, to make his entertain<sup>6</sup> more sweet,  
Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine  
to him.

*Thai.* Alas, my father, it befits not me  
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:  
He may my proffer take for an offence,  
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

*Sim.* How!  
Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

*Thai.* [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, he could  
not please me better.

*Sim.* And furthermore tell him, we desire  
to know of him,  
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

*Thai.* The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

*Per.* I thank him.

*Thai.* Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

*Per.* I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

*Thai.* And further he desires to know of you,  
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

*Per.* A gentleman of Tyre,—my name,  
Pericles;

My education been in arts and arms;  
Who, looking for adventures in the world,—  
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,  
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

*Thai.* He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,

A gentleman of Tyre,  
Who only by misfortune of the seas  
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.

*Sim.* Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,  
And will awake him from his melancholy.—  
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,  
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.

Even in your armours, as you are address'd,  
Will very well become a soldier's dance.

[I will not have excuse, with saying this  
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,  
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.]

[*Music.* The Knights and Ladies  
dance; Pericles remains seated.  
So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.—

[*To Pericles*] Come, sir;  
Here is a lady that wants breathing<sup>7</sup> too:

<sup>1</sup> Marriage, pronounced as a trisyllable.

<sup>2</sup> Veil, lower.

<sup>3</sup> Where, while, whereabouts.

<sup>4</sup> Mistress, mistresses.

<sup>5</sup> A show might countervail, an aspect such as would equal.

<sup>6</sup> Entertain, entertainment.

<sup>7</sup> As you are address'd, i.e. just as you are.

<sup>8</sup> Breathing, i.e. exercising (with a dance).



And I have heard, you knights of Tyre 102  
Are excellent in making ladies trip;  
And that their measures are as excellent.

*Per.* In those that practise them they are,  
my lord.

*Sim.* O, that's as much as you would be  
denied

Of your fair courtesy.]

[*Dance renewed, Pericles and Thaisa  
leading.*

Unclasp, unclasp:

Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,  
[*To Pericles*] But you the best.—Pages and  
lights, to conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings!—

[*To Pericles*] Yours, sir, 110

We have giv'n order to be next our own.

*Per.* I am at your grace's pleasure.

*Sim.* Princes, it is too late to talk of love;  
And that's the mark I know you level<sup>1</sup> at:  
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;  
To-morrow all for speeding do their best.<sup>2</sup>

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Tyre. A room in the Governor's  
house.*

*Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.*

[*Hel.* No, Escanes; know this of me,—  
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free:  
For which, the most high gods not minding  
longer  
To withhold the vengeance that they had in  
store,  
Due to this heinous capital offence,  
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,  
When he was seated in a chariot  
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter  
with him,

A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up  
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so  
stunk, 10

That all those eyes ador'd<sup>3</sup> them ere their fall  
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

*Escan.* 'Twas very strange.

<sup>1</sup> Level, aim.

<sup>2</sup> All for speeding do their best, let all do their best to achieve success.

<sup>3</sup> Those eyes ador'd, i.e. those eyes which adored, those whose eyes adored.

*Hel.* And yet but justice; for though  
This king were great, his greatness was no  
guard 14

To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

*Escan.* 'T is very true.]

*Enter several Lords.*

[*First Lord.* See, not a man in private con-  
ference

Or council has respect with him but he.

*Sec. Lord.* It shall no longer grieve<sup>4</sup> without  
reproof.

*Third Lord.* And curs'd be he that will not  
second it. 20

*First Lord.* Follow me, then.—Lord Helicane, a word.

*Hel.* With me? and welcome:—happy day,  
my lords.]

*First Lord.* Know that our griefs are risen  
to the top,

And now at length they overflow their banks.

*Hel.* Your griefs! for what? wrong not the  
prince you love.

*First Lord.* Wrong not yourself, then, noble  
Helicane;

But if the prince do live, let us salute him,  
Or know what ground's made happy by his  
breath.

If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;  
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;  
And be resolv'd<sup>5</sup> he lives to govern us, 31  
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,  
And leaves us to our free election.

*Sec. Lord.* Whose death's indeed the strong-  
est in our<sup>6</sup> censure:<sup>6</sup>  
And, knowing this kingdom, if without a  
head,—

Like goodly buildings left w<sup>7</sup>hout a roof,—  
Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self,  
That best know how to rule and how to reign,  
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

*All.* Live, noble Helicane! • • • 40

*Hel.* For honour's cause, forbear your suf-  
frages:

If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.  
Take I<sup>7</sup> your wish, I leap into the seas,

<sup>4</sup> Grieve, be grievous (to us).

<sup>5</sup> Resolv'd, assured, satisfied.

<sup>6</sup> Strongest in our censure, most certain in our judgment.

<sup>7</sup> Take I, if I should take.

Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.  
 A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you  
 To forbear<sup>1</sup> the absence of your king;  
 If in which time expir'd; he not return,<sup>2</sup>  
 I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.  
 But if I cannot win you to this love, 49  
 Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,  
 And in your search spend your adventurous  
 worth;

Whom if you find, and win unto return,  
 You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

*First Lord.* To wisdom he's a fool that will  
 not yield;

And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,  
 We with our travels will endeavour it.

*Hel.* Then you love us, we you, and we'll  
 clasp hands:

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Pentapolis. A room in the palace.*

*SIMONIDES, reading a letter. Enter to him  
 three Knights.*

*First Knight.* Good morrow to the good  
 Simonides.

*Sim.* Knights, from my daughter this I let  
 you know,

That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake  
 A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,  
 Which yet from her by no means can I get.

*Sec. Knight.* May we not get access to her,  
 my lord?

*Sim.* Faith, by no means: she hath so  
 strictly tied her

To her chamber, that it is impossible.

One twelve moons<sup>2</sup> more she'll wear Diana's  
 livery; 10

This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,  
 And on her virgin honour will not break it.

*Third Knight.* Loth to bid farewell, we take  
 our leaves. [Exeunt Knights.]

*Sim.* So,

They're well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's  
 letter:

She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger  
 knight,

Or never more to view nor day nor light.

'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with  
 mine;

I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in't,  
 Not minding whether I dislike or no! 20

Well, I do commend her choice;



*Per.* Even in his throat—unless it be the king—  
 That calls me traitor, I return the lie.—(Act II. S. 56, 57.)

And will no longer have it be delay'd.—  
 Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

*Enter PERICLES.*

*Per.* All fortune to the good Simonides!

*Sim.* To you as much, sir! I'm beholding  
 to you

For your sweet music this last night: I do  
 Protest my ears were never better fed  
 With such delightful pleasing harmony.

*Per.* It is your grace's pleasure to commend;  
 Not my desert.

*Sim.* Sir, you are music's master.

<sup>1</sup> Forbear, i.e. endure (?).

<sup>2</sup> Twelve moons, twelvemonth.

*Per.* The worst of all her scholars, my good lord. 31

*Sim.* Let me ask you one thing:

What do you think of my daughter, sir?

*Per.* A most virtuous princess.

*Sim.* And she is fair too, is she not?

*Per.* As a fair day in summer,—wondrous fair.

*Sim.* Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you;

Ay, so well, that you must be her master,  
And she will be your scholar: therefore look to it.

*Per.* I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

*Sim.* She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.<sup>1</sup> 41

*Per.* [*Aside*] What's here?

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!

'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life.—

O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,

A stranger and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,  
But bent all offices to honour her.

*Sim.* Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter,  
And thou art a villain!

*Per.* By the gods, I have not:  
Never did thought of mine levy<sup>2</sup> offence; 51  
Nor never did my actions yet commence  
A deed might gain<sup>3</sup> her love or your displeasure.

*Sim.* Traitor, thou liest.

*Per.* Traitor!

*Sim.* Ay, traitor.

*Per.* Even in his throat—unless it be the king—

That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

*Sim.* [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

*Per.* My actions are as noble as my thoughts,  
That never relish'd<sup>4</sup> of a base descent. 60  
I came unto your court for honour's cause,

And not to be a rebel to your state; 62

And he that otherwise accounts of me,

This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

*Sim.* No?

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

*Enter THAISA.*

*Per.* Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,  
Resolve<sup>5</sup> your angry father, if my tongue  
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe  
To any syllable that made love to you. 70

*Thai.* Why, sir, say if you had,  
Who takes offence at that would make<sup>6</sup> me glad?

*Sim.* Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?—  
[*Aside*] I am glad on't with all my heart.—

I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.

Will you, not having my consent,

Bestow your love and your affections

Upon a stranger?—[*aside*] who, for aught I know,

May be—nor can I think the contrary—

As great in blood as I myself.— 80

Therefore hear you, mistress; either frame

Your will to mine,—and you, sir, hear you,

Either be rul'd by me, or I will make you—

Man and wife:—

Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too;

And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;—

And for a further grief,—God give you joy!—

What, are you both pleas'd?

*Thai.* Yes,—if you love me, sir.

*Per.* Even as my life my blood that fosters it.

[*Sim.* What, are you both agreed? 90

*Both.* Yes, if't please your majesty.

*Sim.* It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed;

And then with what haste you can get you to bed.] [*Exit.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Elee*, i.e. to the contrary.

<sup>2</sup> *Levy*, i.e. imagine, contemplate.

<sup>3</sup> *A deed might gain*, a deed which might gain.

<sup>4</sup> *Relish'd*, gave indication.

<sup>5</sup> *Resolve*, acquaint.

<sup>6</sup> *That would make*, i.e. that which would make.

## ACT III.

*The same.**Enter GOWER.*

Gow. [Now sleep yslaked hath<sup>1</sup> the rout,  
 No din but shores the house about,  
 Made louder by the o'er-fed breast<sup>2</sup>  
 Of this most pompous marriage-feast.  
 The cat, with eyne of burning coal,  
 Now crouches fore the mouse's hole;  
 And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,  
 Aye the blither for their drouth.  
 Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,  
 Where, by the loss of maidenhead, 10  
 A babe is moulded. — Be attent,  
 And time, that is so briefly spent,  
 With your fine fancies quaintly eche:<sup>3</sup>  
 What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.]

DUMB-SHOW.

*Enter, from one side, PERICLES and SIMONIDES with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter: he shows it to SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to PERICLES. Then enter THAISIA with child, and LYCORIDA. SIMONIDES shows his daughter the letter; she rejoices: she and PERICLES take leave of her father, and depart with LYCORIDA and their Attendants. Then exeunt SIMONIDES and the rest.*

By many a dern<sup>4</sup> and painful perch  
 Of Pericles the careful search,  
 By the four opposing coigns  
 Which the world together joins,  
 Is made with all due diligence  
 That horse and sail and high expense 20  
 Can stead the quest.<sup>5</sup> At last from Tyre—  
 Fame answering the most strange inquire<sup>6</sup>—  
 To the court of King Simonides  
 Are letters brought, the tenour these:<sup>7</sup>—  
 Antiochus and his daughter dead;  
 The men of Tyrus on the head

<sup>1</sup> *Yslaked hath*, hath quieted (literally, "hath abated").<sup>2</sup> *Breast*, chest.<sup>3</sup> *Quaintly eche*, cleverly lengthen out.<sup>4</sup> *Dern*, dreary.<sup>5</sup> *Stead the quest*, aid the search.<sup>6</sup> *Most strange inquire*, most particular inquiry.<sup>7</sup> *The tenour these*, the contents being as follows.

Of Helicanus would set on  
 The crown of Tyre, but he will none:  
 The mutiny he there hastes t' appease;  
 Says to 'em, if King Pericles 30  
 Come not home in twice six moons,  
 He, obedient to their dooms,  
 Will take the crown. The sum of this,  
 Brought hither to Pentapolis,  
 Yraved the regions round,  
 And every one with claps can sound,<sup>8</sup>  
 "Our heir-apparent is a king!  
 Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?"  
 Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre: 39  
 His queen with child makes her desire—  
 Which who shall cross?—along to go:—  
 Omit we all their dole and woe:—  
 Lycorida, her nurse, she takes,  
 And so to sea. Their vessel shakes  
 On Neptune's billow; half the flood  
 Hath their keel cut: but fortune's mood  
 Varies again; the grizzled<sup>9</sup> north  
 Disgorges such a tempest forth,  
 That, as a duck for life that dives,  
 So up and down the poor ship drives: 50  
 The lady shrieks, and, well-a-nea!<sup>10</sup>  
 Does fall in travail with her fear:  
 And what ensues in this fell storm  
 Shall for itself itself perform:  
 I nill<sup>11</sup> relate, action<sup>12</sup> may  
 Conveniently the rest convey;  
 Which might not what by me is told.  
 In your imagination hold  
 This stage the ship, upon whose deck  
 The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak. 60

[Exit.]

SCENE I. *At sea.*

PERICLES discovered, on shipboard.

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke  
 these surges,  
 Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou,  
 that hast

<sup>8</sup> *Can sound*, began to cry out.<sup>9</sup> *Grizzled*, grim.<sup>10</sup> *Well-a-nea*, alas!<sup>11</sup> *Nill*, will not.<sup>12</sup> *Action*, pronounced as a trisyllable.

Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,  
 Having recall'd them from the deep! O, still  
 Thy deafning, dreadful thunders; gently  
 quench  
 Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes! — O, how,  
 Lycorida,  
 How does my queen? — Thou stormest venom-  
 ously;  
 Wilt thou spit all thyself? — The seaman's  
 whistle  
 Is as a whisper in the ears of death,  
 Unheard. — Lycorida! — Lucina, O 10  
 Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle  
 To those that cry by night, convey thy deity  
 Aboard our dancing boat; makeswift the pangs  
 Of my queen's travail.

*Enter LYCORIDA with an Infant.*

Now, Lycorida!

*Lyc.* Here is a thing too young for such a  
 place,

Who, if it had conceit,<sup>1</sup> would die, as I  
 Am like to do: take in your arms this piece  
 Of your dead queen.

*Per.* How, how, Lycorida!

*Lyc.* Patience, good sir; do not assist the  
 storm.

Here's all that is left living of your queen, —  
 A little daughter: for the sake of it, 21  
 Be manly, and take comfort.

*Per.* O you gods!

Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,  
 And snatch them straight away? We here  
 below

Recall not what we give, and therein may  
 Vie honour with you.<sup>2</sup>

*Lyc.* Patience,<sup>3</sup> good sir,  
 Even for this charge.

*Per.* Now, mild may be thy life!  
 For a more blusterous birth had never babe:  
 Quiet and gentle thy conditions!<sup>4</sup>  
 For thou'rt the rudeliest welcome to this world  
 That e'er was prince's child. Happy what  
 follows! 31

Thou hast as chiding a nativity  
 As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,

To herald thee from the womb: even at the  
 first 34

Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,  
 With all thou canst find here. — Now, the good  
 gods:

Throw their best eyes upon't!

*Enter two Sailors.*

*First Sail.* What courage, sir? God save you!

*Per.* Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;<sup>5</sup>  
 'T hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love  
 Of this poor infant, this fresh-dew seafarer,  
 I would it would be quiet. 42

*First Sail.* Slack the bolins there! — Thou  
 wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

*Sec. Sail.* But sea-room,<sup>6</sup> and the brine and  
 cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.

*First Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard:  
 the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will  
 not lie till the ship be clear'd of the dead.

*Per.* That's your superstition. 50

*First Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it  
 hath been still observed; and we are strong in  
 custom. Therefore briefly yield her; for she  
 must overboard straight.

*Per.* As you think meet. — Most wretched  
 queen!

*Lyc.* Here she lies, sir.

*Per.* A terrible childbed hast thou had, my  
 dear;

No light, no fire: th' unfriendly elements  
 Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time 59  
 To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight  
 Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;  
 Where, for a monument upon thy bones,  
 And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale  
 And humming water must o'erwhelm thy  
 corpse.

Lying with simple shells. — O Lycorida,  
 Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,  
 My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander  
 Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe 66  
 Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say  
 A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[*Exit Lycorida.*]

*Sec. Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the  
 hatches, caul'd and bitum'd ready.

<sup>1</sup> Conceit, understanding.

<sup>2</sup> Vie honour with you, contend with you in honour.

<sup>3</sup> Patience, pronounced as a trisyllable.

<sup>4</sup> Conditions, disposition (pronounced as a quadrisyllable).

<sup>5</sup> Flaw, blast.

<sup>6</sup> But sea-room, only let there be sea-room.

*Per.* I thank thee.—*Mariner*, say what coast is this?

*Sec. Sail.* We are near Tarsus.

*Per.* Thither, gentle mariner, Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

*Sec. Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

*Per.* O, make for Tarsus!—

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe  
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it  
At careful nursing.—Go thy ways, good mariner:

I'll bring the body presently. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.*

*CERIMON, a Servant, and some poor people.*

*Cer.* Philemon, ho!

*Enter PHILEMON.*

*Phil.* Doth my lord call?

*Cer.* Get fire and meat for these poor men:  
'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.

*Serv.* I've been in many; but such a night as this,

Till now, I ne'er endur'd.

*Cer.* Your master will be dead ere you return;  
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature  
That can recover him.—*[To Philemon]* Give  
this to th' apothecary,  
And tell me how it works.

*[Exeunt all except Cerimon.]*

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

*First Gent.* Good morrow. 10

*Sec. Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.

*Cer.* Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

*First Gent.* Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,  
Shook as the earth did quake;  
The very principals<sup>1</sup> did seem to rend,  
And all to-topple: pure surprise and fear  
Made me to quit the house.

*Sec. Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early;

'T is not our husbandry.

*Cer.* O, you say well. 20

*First Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship, having 21

Rich tire about you, should at these early hours  
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.

'T is most strange,

Nature should be so conversant with pain,  
Being thereto not compell'd.

*Cer.*

I held it ever,

Virtue and cunning<sup>2</sup> were endowments greater

Than nobleness and riches; careless heirs

May the two latter darken and expend;

But immortality attends the former, 30

Making a man a god. 'T is known, I ever

Have studied physic, through which secret art,

By turning o'er authorities, I have—

Together with my practice—made familiar

To me and to my aid the blest infusions

That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;

And I can speak of the disturbances

That nature works, and of her cures; which  
doth give me

A more content in course of true delight

Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,

Or tie my treasure up in silken bags, 41

To please the fool and death.

*Sec. Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus  
pour'd forth

Your charity, and hundreds call themselves

Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:

And not your knowledge, your personal pain,  
but even

Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon 47

Such strong renown as time shall never raze.

*Enter two or three Servants with a chest.*

*First Serv.* So; lift there.

*Cer.* What is that?

*First Serv.* Sir, even now

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest:

'T is of some wreck.

*Cer.* Set 't down, let's look upon 't.

*Sec. Gent.* 'T is like a coffin, sir.

*Cer.*

Whate'er it be,

'T is wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:

If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,

'T is a good constraint of fortune it belches  
upon us.

<sup>1</sup> *Principals*, corner-posts.

<sup>2</sup> *Cunning*, i.e. skill.

*Sec. Gent.* 'Tis so, my lord.

*Cer.* How close 't is caul'd and bitum'd!—  
Did the sea cast it up?

*First Serv.* I never saw so huge a billow, sir,  
As toss'd it upon shore.

*Cer.* Wrench it open;  
Soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense. 60

*Sec. Gent.* A delicate odour.

*Cer.* As ever hit my nostril.—So, up with it.—  
O you most potent gods! what 's here? a corse!

*First Gent.* Most strange!

*Cer.* Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and  
entreasur'd

With full bags of spices! A passport too!—  
Apollo, perfect me in the characters!

[*Reads from a scroll.*]

"Here I give to understand,—

If e'er this coffin drive a-land,—

I, King Pericles, have lost 70

This queen, worth all our mundane cost.

Who finds her, give her burying;

She was the daughter of a king:

Besides this treasure for a fee,

The gods requite his charity!"

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart  
That even cracks for woe!—This chanc'd to-  
night.

*Sec. Gent.* Most likely, sir.

*Cer.* Nay, certainly to-night;  
For look how fresh she looks!—They were too  
rough 79

That threw her in the sea.—Make a fire within:  
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.—

[*Exit a Servant.*]

Death may usurp on nature many hours,  
And yet the fire of life kindle again  
The o'erpress'd spirits. I've read of an Egyp-  
tian

That had nine hours lien dead,  
Who was by good appliances recover'd.

*Re-enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.*

Well said,<sup>1</sup> well said; the fire and cloths.—  
The rough and woful music that we have,  
Cause it to sound, beseech you.

The vial once more:—how thou stirr'st, thou  
block!— 90

The music there!—I pray you, give her air.—  
Gentlemen,

This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth  
Breathes out of her: she hath not been en-  
tranc'd 94

Above five hours: see how she gins to blow  
Into life's flower again!

*First Gent.* The heavens,  
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up  
Your fame for ever.

*Cer.* She is alive; behold,  
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels  
Which Pericles hath lost, begin to part 100  
Their fringes of bright gold; the diamonds  
Of a most praised water do appear,  
To make the world twice rich.—O, live,  
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair  
creature,

Rare as you seem to be! [*She moves.*]

*Thai.* O dear Diana,  
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world  
is this!

*Sec. Gent.* Is not this strange?

*First Gent.* Most rare.

*Cer.* Hush, my gentle neighbours!  
Lend me your hands; to the next chamber  
bear her.—

Get linen:—now this matter must be look'd to,  
For her relapse is mortal.<sup>2</sup> Come, come; 110  
And Æsculapius guide us!

[*Exeunt, carrying out Thaisa.*]

SCENE III. *Tyrus.* A room in the Governor's  
house.

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, and LY-  
CORIDA with MARINA in her arms.*

*Per.* Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be  
gone;

My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands  
In a litigious<sup>3</sup> peace. You, and your lady,  
Take from my heart all thankfulness!<sup>4</sup> The  
gods

Make up the rest upon you! . . .

*Cle.* Your strokes of fortune,  
Though they have hurt you mortally, yet  
glance

Full woundingly on us.

*Dion.* O your sweet queen!

<sup>1</sup> Mortal, fatal.

<sup>2</sup> Litigious, precarious.

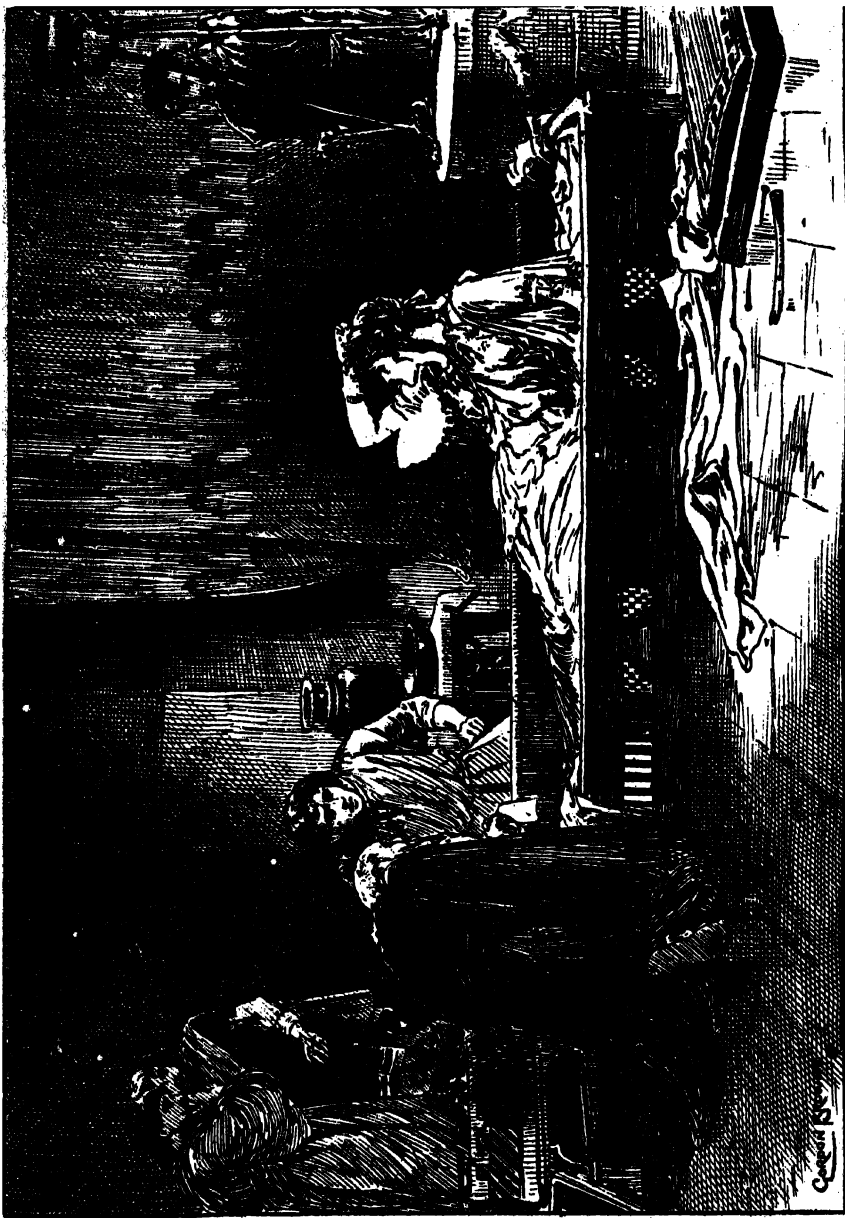
<sup>3</sup> Take from my heart all thankfulness, receive my most  
hearty thanks.

<sup>1</sup> Well said, i.e. well done.









PERICLES.  
Act III. Scene II. Lines 115-116.

Thou O dear Diana,  
Where art thou? Where's my lord? What would'st thou?



That the strict Father had pleas'd you had  
brought her hither,

T' have bless'd mine eyes with her!

*Per.* We cannot but obey  
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar  
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end 11  
Must be as 't is. My gentle babe Marina,—

Whom, for<sup>1</sup> she was born at sea, I've nam'd  
so,—here

I charge your charity withal, leaving her  
The infant of your care; beseeching you  
To give her princely training, that she may be  
Manner'd as she is born.

*Cle.*

Fear not, my lord, but think



*Thai.* But since King Pericles, my wedded lord,  
I ne'er shall see again,

A vestal livery will I take me to,  
And never more have joy.—(Act iii. 4. 8-11.)

Your grace, that fed my country with your  
corn,—

For which the people's prayers still fall upon  
you,— 19

Must in your child be thought on. If neglect  
Should therein make me vile, the common body,

By your relief'd, would force me to my duty:

But if to that my nature need a spur,  
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,  
To the end of generation!<sup>2</sup>

*Per.* I believe you;  
Your honour and your goodness teach me to 't,

Without your vows.—Till she be married,  
madam,

By bright Diana, whom we honour, all 28  
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,  
Though I show ill in 't. So I take my leave.  
Good madam, make me blessed in your care  
In bringing up my child.

*Dion.* I have one myself,  
Which shall not be more dear to my respect<sup>3</sup>  
Than yours, my lord.

*Per.* Madam, my thanks and prayers.

*Cle.* We'll bring your grace e'en to the edge  
o' the shore,

<sup>1</sup> For, because.

<sup>2</sup> To the end of generation, i.e. throughout my posterity.

<sup>3</sup> To my respect, in my affection.

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and  
The gentlest winds of heaven.

*Per.* I will embrace  
Your offer. Come, dearest madam.—O, no tears,  
Lycorida, no tears: 30  
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace  
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.*

CERIMON and THAISA discovered.

*Cer.* Madam, this letter, and some certain  
jewels,  
Lay with you in your coffer: which are at your  
command.  
Know you the character?<sup>1</sup>

*Thai.*

It is my lord's.  
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,  
Ev'n on my eaning time;<sup>2</sup> but whether there  
deliver'd

By the holy gods, I cannot rightly say.  
But since King Pericles, my wedded lord,  
I ne'er shall see again,  
A vestal livery will I take me to, 10  
And never more have joy.

*Cer.* Madam, if this you purpose as ye  
speak,  
Diana's temple is not distant far,  
Where you may abide till your date expire.  
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine  
Shall there attend you.

*Thai.* My recompense is thanks, that's all;  
Yet my good will is great, though the gift  
small. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### PROLOGUE.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,  
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.  
His woful queen we leave at Ephesus,  
Unto Diana there a votaress.  
Now to Marina bend your mind,  
Whom our fast-growing<sup>3</sup> scene must find  
At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd  
In music, letters; who hath gain'd  
Of education all the grace,  
Which makes her both the heart and place  
Of general wonder. But, alack, 11  
That monster envy, oft the wrack  
Of earned praise, Marina's life  
Seeks to take off by treason's knife;  
And in this kind:<sup>4</sup> Cleon doth own  
One daughter, and a wench full grown,  
[*Ev'n ripe for marriage-rite; this maid  
Hight<sup>5</sup> Philoten: and it is said*]  
For certain in our story, she

Would ever with Marina be: 20  
Be't when she weav'd the sleided<sup>6</sup> silk  
With fingers long, small, white as milk;  
Or when she would with sharp needle<sup>7</sup> wound  
The cambric, which she made more sound  
By hurting it; or when to the lute  
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,  
That still records with moan;<sup>8</sup> or when  
She would with rich and constant pen  
Vail to her mistress Dian; still  
This Philoten contends in skill 30  
With absolute Marina: so  
With the dove of Paphos might the crow  
Vie feathers white.<sup>9</sup> Marina gets  
All praises, which are paid as debts,  
And not as given. This so darks  
In Philoten all graceful marks,  
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,  
A present murderer does prepare 40  
For good Marina, that her daughter  
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.  
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,<sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Character, handwriting.

<sup>2</sup> Eaning time, time for childbirth.

<sup>3</sup> Fast-growing, growing up (to Marina's maturity) as quick as thought.

<sup>4</sup> In this kind, i.e. as follows.

<sup>5</sup> Hight, is called.

<sup>6</sup> Sleided, untwisted, floss.

<sup>7</sup> Needle, pronounced "neele."

<sup>8</sup> Records with moan, warbles dolefully.

<sup>9</sup> Vie feathers white, compete about white feathers.

<sup>10</sup> Stead, aid.

Lycorida, our nurse, is dead : 42  
 And cursed Dionyza hath  
 The pregnant instrument of wrath  
 Prest<sup>1</sup> for this blow. Th' unborn event  
 I do commend to your content :<sup>2</sup>  
 Only I carry winged time  
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme ;  
 Which never could I so convey, 49  
 Unless your thoughts went on my way.—  
 Dionyza does appear,  
 With Leonine, a murderer. [Exit.

SCENE I. *Tarsus. An open place near the sea-shore.*

*Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.*

*Dion.* Thy oath remember ; thou hast sworn to do't :  
 'T is but a blow, which never shall be known.  
 Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon,  
 To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,  
 Which is but cold, inflaming love in thy bosom,  
 In flame too nicely ;<sup>3</sup> nor let pity, which  
 Ev'n women have cast off, melt thee, but be  
 A soldier to thy purpose.

*Leon.* I'll do't ; but yet she is a goodly creature.

*Dion.* The fitter, then, the gods should have her.—Here 10  
 She comes weeping for her only mistress' death.—

Thou art resolv'd ?

*Leon.* I am resolv'd.

*Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.*

*Mar.* No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,<sup>4</sup>  
 To strew thy green with flowers ; the yellows, blues,  
 The purple violets, and marigolds,  
 Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,  
 While summer-days do last.—Ay me ! poor maid,  
 Born in a tempest, while my mother died,  
 This world to me is like a lasting storm, 20  
 Whirring me from my friends.

*Dion.* How now, Marina ! why do you keep alone ? 22

How chance my daughter is not with you ?  
 Do not consume your blood with sorrowing :  
 You have a nurse of me. Lord, how your favour

Is chang'd with this unprofitable woe !  
 [Come, go you on the beach ; give me your flowers.

Ere the sea mar it, walk with Leonine ;  
 The air's quick<sup>5</sup> there, and it pierces  
 And sharpens the stomach. [*Marina hesitates*]

—Come, Leonine,

Take her by the arm, walk with her. 30

*Mar.* No, I pray you ;  
 I'll not bereave you of your servant.

*Dion.* Come, come ;  
 I love the king your father, and yourself,  
 With more than foreign heart. We every day  
 Expect him here : when he shall come, and find

Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,  
 He will repent the breadth of his great voyage ;

Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken 38

No care to your best courses.<sup>6</sup> Go, I pray you,  
 Walk, and be cheerful once again ; reserve<sup>7</sup>  
 That excellent complexion, which did steal  
 The eyes of young and old. Care not for me ;  
 I can go home alone.

*Mar.* Well, I will go ;  
 But yet I've no desire to it.

*Dion.* Come, come,  
 I know 't is good for you.—  
 Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least :  
 Remember what I've said.

*Leon.* I warrant you, madam.

*Dion.* I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while : 48

Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood :  
 What ! I must have a care of you.

*Mar.* My thanks, sweet madam.—  
 [*Exit Dionyza.*

Is this wind westerly that blows ?

*Leon.* South-west.

*Mar.* When I was born, the wind was north.

<sup>1</sup> Prest, ready.

<sup>2</sup> To your content, i.e. to your pleasure (in viewing it).

<sup>3</sup> Nicely, over scrupulously. <sup>4</sup> Weed, dress.

<sup>5</sup> Quick, fresh.

<sup>6</sup> Your best courses, i.e. the habits best for you.

<sup>7</sup> Reserve, be careful of.

*Leon.*

Was't so?

*Mar.* My father, as nurse said, did never  
fear,

53

But cried "Good seamen!" to the sailors,  
galling

His kingly hands, haling ropes;

And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea

That almost burst the deck.

*Leon.* When was this?*Mar.* When I was born:

Never was waves nor wind more violent;

And from the ladder-tackle washes off

61

A canvas-climber. "Ha!" says one, "wilt  
out?"

Why will you kill me?—(Act iv. 1. 71.)

And with a dropping industry they skip 63  
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles,  
and

The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

*Leon.* [Drawing his sword] Come, say your  
prayers.

*Mar.* What mean you?

*Leon.* If you require a little space for  
prayer,

I grant it: pray; but be not tedious, for 66  
The gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn  
To do my work with haste.

*Mar.* Why will you kill me?

*Leon.* To satisfy my lady.

*Mar.* Why would she have me kill'd?

230

Now, as<sup>1</sup> I can remember, by my troth,  
I never did her hurt in all my life:

I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn  
To any living creature:

Believe me, la, I never kill'd a mouse,

Nor hurt a fly: I trod upon a worm

79

Against my will, but I wept for it. How

Have I offended her, wherein my death

Might yield her any profit, or my life

Imply her any danger?

*Leon.*

My commission

Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

*Mar.* You will not do't for all the world, I hope.

<sup>1</sup> As, according as, &c.

You are well-favour'd, and your looks fore-  
show.

You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,  
When you caught hurt in parting two that  
fought:

Good-sooth, it show'd well in you: do so  
now:

Your lady seeks my life; come you between,  
And save poor me, the weaker.

*Leon.* I am sworn,  
And will dispatch.

*Enter Pirates, whilst MARINA is struggling.*

*First Pirate.* Hold, villain!

*[Leonine runs away.]*

*Sec. Pirate.* A prize! a prize!

*Third Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part.  
Come, let's have her aboard suddenly.

*[Exeunt Pirates with Marina.]*

*Re-enter LEONINE.*

*Leon.* These roguing<sup>1</sup> thieves serve the  
great pirate Valdes;

And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go:  
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear  
she's dead,

And thrown into the sea.—[But I'll see  
further:

Perhaps they will but please themselves upon  
her,

Not carry her aboard. If she remain,  
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.]

*[Exit.]*

[SCENE II. *Mytilene. A room in a brothel.*

*Enter PANDER, BAWD, and BOULT.*

*Pand.* Boul't,—

*Boul't.* Sir,

*Pand.* Search the market narrowly; Myti-  
lene is full of gallants. We lost too much  
money this morn'g by being too wenchless.

*Bawd.* We were never so much out of crea-  
tures. We have but poor three, and they can  
do no more than they can do; and they with  
continual action are even as good as rotten.

*Pand.* Therefore let's have fresh ones,  
whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a

conscience to be us'd in every trade, we shall  
never prosper.

*Bawd.* Thou say'st true: 't is not our bring-  
ing up of poor bastards,—as, I think, I have  
brought up some eleven,—

*Boul't.* Ay, to eleven; and brought them  
down again.—But shall I search the market?

*Bawd.* What else, man? The stuff we have,  
a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are  
so pitifully sodd<sup>2</sup>.

*Pand.* Thou say'st true; they're too un-  
wholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transyl-  
vanian is dead, that lay with the little bag-  
gage.

*Boul't.* Ay, she quickly poop'd him; she  
made him roast-meat for worms.—But I'll go  
search the market.

*[Exit.]*

*Pand.* Three or four thousand chequins  
were as pretty a proportion<sup>3</sup> to live quietly,  
and so give over.

*Bawd.* Why to give over, I pray you? is it  
a shame to get when we are old?

*Pand.* O, our credit comes not in like the  
commodity, nor the commodity wages not  
with the danger: therefore, if in our youths  
we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere  
not amiss to keep our door hatch'd. Besides,  
the sore terms we stand upon with the gods  
will be strong with us for giving over.

*Bawd.* Come, other sorts offend as well as  
we.

*Pand.* As well as we! ay, and better too;  
we offend worse. Neither is our profession  
any trade; it's no calling.—But here comes  
Boul't.

*Re-enter BOULT, with the Pirates and MARINA.*

*Boul't.* [To Marina] Come your ways.—My  
masters, you say she's a virgin?

*First Pirate.* O, sir, we doubt it not.

*Boul't.* Master, I have gone through<sup>4</sup> for  
this piece you see: if you like her, so; if not, I  
have lost my earnest.

*Bawd.* Boul't, has she any qualities?

*Boul't.* She has a good face, speaks well,  
and has excellent good clothes: there's no

<sup>1</sup> *Sodd<sup>en</sup>, i.e. overdone.*

<sup>2</sup> *As pretty a proportion, i.e. as good a competency (as  
need be).*

<sup>3</sup> *Gone through, i.e. made a bargain.*



farther necessity of qualities can make her be refus'd. 58

*Bawd.* What's her price, Boult?

*Boult.* I cannot be bated<sup>1</sup> one doit<sup>2</sup> of a thousand pieces.

*Pand.* Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently.—Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment. 60  
[*Exeunt Pander and Pirates.*]

*Bawd.* Boult, take you the marks of her,—the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, "He that will give most shall have her first." Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

*Boult.* Performance shall follow. [*Exit.*]

*Mar.* Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow! He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates—

Not enough barbarous—had not o'erboard thrown me 70

For to seek my mother!

*Bawd.* Why lament you, pretty one?

*Mar.* That I am pretty.

*Bawd.* Come, the gods have done their part in you.

*Mar.* I accuse them not.

*Bawd.* You are light<sup>3</sup> into my hands, where you are like to live.

*Mar.* The more my fault 79  
To scape his hands where I was like to die.

*Bawd.* Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

*Mar.* No.

*Bawd.* Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions: you shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

*Mar.* Are you a woman?

*Bawd.* What would you have me be, an I be not a woman? 89

*Mar.* An honest woman, or not a woman.

*Bawd.* Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

*Mar.* The gods defend me! 95

*Bawd.* If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must fegd you, men must stir you up.—Boult's return'd.

*Re-enter BOULT.*

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

*Boult.* I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice. 102

*Bawd.* And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

*Boult.* Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

*Bawd.* We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on. 111

*Boult.* To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

*Bawd.* Who, Monsieur Veroles?

*Boult.* Ay, he: he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

*Bawd.* Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun. 122

*Boult.* Well, if we had of every nation: traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

*Bawd.* [*To Marina*] Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly, despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere<sup>4</sup> profit. 132

*Mar.* I understand you not.

*Boult.* O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quench'd with some present practice.

*Bawd.* Thou say'st true, i' faith, so they

<sup>1</sup> I cannot be bated, i.e. they will not bate me (or remit).

<sup>2</sup> Doit, the smallest coin, worth about half a farthing.

<sup>3</sup> Light, lighted, fallen.

<sup>4</sup> Mere, pure.

must; for your bſide goes to that with ſhame  
which is her way to go with warrant.

*Boult.* Faith, ſome do, and ſome do not.  
But, miſtreſs, if I have bargain'd for the  
joint,— 141

*Bawd.* Thou mayſt cut a morſel off the ſpit.

*Boult.* I may ſo. •

*Bawd.* Who ſhould deny it?—Come, young  
one, I like the manner of your garments  
well.

*Boult.* Ay, by my faith, they ſhall not be  
chang'd yet. •

*Bawd.* Boult, ſpend thou that in the town:  
report what a ſojourner we have; you'll loſe  
nothing by cuſtom. When nature fram'd this  
piece, ſhe meant thee a good turn; therefore  
ſay what a paragon ſhe is, and thou haſt the  
harveſt out of thine own report. 153

*Boult.* I warrant you, miſtreſs, thunder  
ſhall not ſo awake the beds of eels as my giv-  
ing out her beauty ſtir up the lewdly-inclined.  
I'll bring home ſome to-night.

*Bawd.* Come your ways; follow me.

*Mar.* If fires be hot, knives ſharp, or waters  
deep,

Untied I ſtill my virgin-knot will keep. 160  
Diana, aid my purpoſe!

*Bawd.* What have we to do with Diana?  
Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*] •

SCENE III. *Tarsus. A room in the Governor's  
house.*

*Enter CLEON and DIONYZA, in mourning  
garments.*

*Dion.* Why, are you fooliſh? Can it be un-  
done?

*Cle.* O Dionyza, ſuch a piece of ſlaughter  
The ſun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

*Dion.* I think  
You'll turn a child again.

*Cle.* Were I chief lord of all this ſpacious  
world,

I'd give it to undo the deed.—O lady,  
Much leſs in blood than virtue, yet a princeſs  
To equal any ſingle crown o' th' earth  
I'd the juſtice of compare!—O villain Leonine!  
Whom thou haſt poiſon'd too: 10

If thou haſt drunk to him, 't had been a  
kindneſs

Becoming well thy fact: what canſt thou ſay  
When noble Pericles ſhall demand his child?

*Dion.* That ſhe is dead. Nurses are not the  
Fates, 14

To foſter it, nor ever to preſerve.  
She died at night; I'll ſay ſo. Who can croſs  
it?

Unless you play the pious innocent,



*Cle.* O Dionyza, ſuch a piece of ſlaughter  
The ſun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

*Dion.* I think  
You'll turn a child again.—(Act iv. 3. 2-4.)

And for an honeſt attribute<sup>2</sup> cry out 18  
“She died by foul play.”

*Cle.* O, go to. Well, well,  
Of all the faults beneath the heaven, the gods  
Do like this worſt.

*Dion.* Be one of thoſe that think  
The petty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence,  
And open this to Pericles. I do ſhame  
To think of what a noble ſtrain you are,  
And of how coward a ſpirit.

*Cle.* To ſuch proceeding  
Who ever but his approbation added,  
Though not his prime conſent, he did not flow  
From honourable ſources.

<sup>1</sup> Fact, deed.

<sup>2</sup> For an honeſt attribute, i. e. to be accounted honeſt.

*Dion.*

Be't so, then:

Yet none does know, but you, how she came  
dead,

Nor none can know Leonine being gone. 30

She did distain<sup>1</sup> my child, and stood between

Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,

But cast their gazes on Marina's face;

Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a maw-  
kin,

Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me  
thorough;<sup>2</sup>

And though you call my course unnatural,

You not your child well loving, yet I find

It greets me as an enterprise of kindness

Perform'd to your sole daughter.

*Cle.*

Heavens forgive it!

*Dion.* And as for Pericles, what should he  
say? 40

We wept after her hearse, and yet we mourn:

Her monument's almost finish'd, and her

epitaphs

In glittering golden characters express

A general praise to her, and care in us

At whose expense 't is done.

*Cle.*

Thou 'rt like the harpy,

Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,

Seize with thine eagle's talons.

*Dion.*

You are like one that superstitiously

Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the

flies: 50

But yet I know you'll do as I advise.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A public place before  
the monument of Marina.*

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Thus time we waste, and longest  
leagues make short;

Sail seas in cockles, have an wish but for't;

Making<sup>3</sup>—to take your imagination—

From bourn to bourn, region to region.

By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime

To use one language in each several clime

Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech  
you

To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach  
you,

<sup>1</sup> *Distain*, i.e. eclipse, sully (by contrast).<sup>2</sup> *Thorough*, through.<sup>3</sup> *Making*, i.e. voyaging.The stages of our story. *Pericles*

Is now again thwarting<sup>4</sup> the wayward seas,

Attended on by many a lord and knight, 11

To see his daughter, all his life's delight:

Old Helicanus goes along.<sup>5</sup> Behind

Is left to govern it,<sup>6</sup> you bear in mind,

Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late

Advanc'd in time to great and high estate.

Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have  
brought

This king to Tarsus—think his pilot thought;

So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow  
on— 19

To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.

Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;

Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

DUMB-SHOW.

*Enter, from one side, PERICLES with his Train;*

*from the other, CLEON and DIONYZA,*

*in mourning garments. CLEON shows*

*PERICLES the tomb of Marina; whereat*

*PERICLES makes lamentation, puts on*

*sackcloth, and in a mighty passion de-*

*parts. Then exeunt CLEON, DIONYZA,*

*and the rest.*

See how belief may suffer by foul show!

This borrow'd passion<sup>7</sup> stands for true old woe;

And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,

With sighs shot through and biggest tears

o'erhower'd,

Leaves Tarsus, and again embarks. He swears

Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs:

He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears

A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears, 30

And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit<sup>8</sup>

The epitaph is for Marina writ

By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.*]

"The fairest, sweet'st, and best lies here,

Who wither'd in her spring of year.

She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,

On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;

Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,

Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' th'  
earth:

<sup>4</sup> *Thwarting*, crossing.<sup>5</sup> *Goes along*, goes with him.<sup>6</sup> *Govern it*, act as governor.<sup>7</sup> *Borrow'd passion*, counterfeit grief.<sup>8</sup> *Wit*, know, take note of.

Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd, 40  
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:  
Wherefore she does—and swears she'll never stint—  
Make raging battery upon shores of flint."

No visor doth become black villany  
So well as soft and tender flattery.  
[Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead, •  
And bear his courses to be ordered  
By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play  
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day  
In her unholy service. Patience, then, 50  
And think you now are all in Mytilen.]

[Exit.

[SCENE V. Mytilene. A street before the brothel.

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Did you ever hear the like?

Sec. Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a  
place as this, she being once gone.

First Gent. But to have divinity preach'd  
there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

Sec. Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more  
bawdy-houses!—shall's go hear the vestals  
sing?

First Gent. I'll do any thing now that is  
virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting  
for ever. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. The same. A room in the brothel.

Enter PANDER, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the  
worth of her she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she's able to freeze  
the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation.  
We must either get her ravish'd, or be rid of  
her. When she should do for clients her fit-  
ment, and do me the kindness of our profes-  
sion, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her  
master reasons, her prayers, her knees; that  
she would make a puritan of the devil, if he  
should cheapen<sup>1</sup> a kiss of her. 10

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll  
disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all  
our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sick-  
ness for me!

Bawd. Faith, there's no way to be rid on't  
but by the way to the pox.—Here comes the  
Lord Lysimachus disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown,  
if the peevish baggage would but give way  
to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now! How<sup>2</sup> a dozen of virgini-  
ties?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good  
health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you  
that your resorters stand upon sound legs.  
How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you  
that a man may deal withal, and defy the  
surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would  
—but there never came her like in Mytilene.

Lys. If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou  
wouldst say. 33

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say  
well enough.

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth.

[Exit Boult.

Bawd. For flesh and blood, sir, white and  
red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose  
indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, prithee? 40

Bawd. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd,  
no less than it gives a good report to a num-  
ber to be chaste.<sup>3</sup>

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the  
stalk,—never pluck'd yet, I can assure you.

Re-enter BOULT with MARINA.

Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voy-  
age at sea. Well, there's for you:—leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me  
leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do. 52

Bawd. [To Marina] First, I would have  
you note, this is an honourable man.

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may  
worthily note him.

<sup>1</sup> How, how go, what price.

<sup>2</sup> To be chaste, i.e. of being chaste.

*Bawd.* Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

*Mar.* If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not. 61

*Bawd.* Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

*Mar.* What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

*Lys.* Ha' you done?

*Bawd.* My lord, she's not pac'd<sup>1</sup> yet: you must take some pains to work her to your manage.<sup>2</sup>—Come, we will leave his honour and her together.—Go thy ways. 71

[*Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and Boul.*]

*Lys.* Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

*Mar.* What trade, sir?

*Lys.* Why, I cannot name't but I shall offend.

*Mar.* I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

*Lys.* How long have you been of this profession?

*Mar.* E'er since I can remember.

*Lys.* Did you go to't so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven? 81

*Mar.* Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

*Lys.* Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

*Mar.* Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into't? I hear say you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

*Lys.* Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am? 90

*Mar.* Who is my principal?

*Lys.* Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

*Mar.* If you were born to honour, show it now;

If put upon you, make the judgment good That thought you worthy of it. 101

*Lys.* How's this? how's this?—Some more; —be sage.

*Mar.* For me,

That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune Have plac'd me in this sty, where, since I came,

Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,— O, that the gods

Would set me free from this unhallow'd place, Though they did change me to the meanest bird

That flies i' the purer air!

*Lys.* I did not think

Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou couldst. 110

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind, Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:

Perséver in that clear<sup>3</sup> way thou goest, And the gods strengthen thee!

*Mar.* The good gods preserve you!

*Lys.* For me, be you thoughten<sup>4</sup> That I came with no ill intent; for to me The very doors and windows savour vilely.

Fare thee well. Thou'rt a piece of virtue, and I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—

Hold, here's more gold for thee.— 120

A curse upon him, die he like a thief, That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

*Re-enter BOULT.*

*Boul.* I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

*Lys.* Avaunt, thou damned doorkeeper! Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,

Would sink, and overwhelm you. Away! 134

[*Exit.*]

*Boul.* How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

*Mar.* Whither would you have me?

<sup>1</sup> Pac'd, broken in, taught her paces (like a horse).

<sup>2</sup> To your manage, i.e. to be managed or governed by you.

<sup>3</sup> Clear, virtuous (pronounced as a dissyllable).

<sup>4</sup> Be you thoughten, i.e. be assured.

*Boult.* I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

*Re-enter BAWD.*

*Bawd.* How now! what's the matter? 140

*Boult.* Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

*Bawd.* O abominable!

*Boult.* She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

*Bawd.* Marry, hang her up for ever!

*Boult.* The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too. 149

*Bawd.* Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

*Boult.* An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

*Mar.* Hark, hark, you gods!

*Bawd.* She conjures: away with her! Would she had never come within my doors!—Marry, hang you!—She's born to undo us.—Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [Exit. 150

*Boult.* Come, mistress; come your ways with me. 162

*Mar.* Whither wilt thou have me?

*Boult.* To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

*Mar.* Prithee, tell me one thing first.

*Boult.* Come now, your one thing.

*Mar.* What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

*Boult.* Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather my mistress. 170

*Mar.* Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since they do better thee in their command. Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend

Of hell would not in reputation change:  
Thou art the damned doorkeeper to every

Coystri<sup>1</sup> that comes inquiring for his Tib;  
To the cholerick fisting of every rogue  
Thy ear is liable; thy food is such 173  
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

*Boult.* What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

*Mar.* Do any thing but this thou doest.

Empty

Old receptacles, or common shores,<sup>2</sup> of filth;  
Serve by indenture to the common hangman:

Any of these ways are yet better than this;  
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak, 180

Would own a name too dear.—O, that the gods  
Would safely deliver me from this place!—  
Here, here's gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain by me,  
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,

With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;

And I will undertake all these to teach.

I doubt not but this populous city will  
Yield many scholars.

*Boult.* But can you teach all this you speak of?

*Mar.* Prove that I cannot, take me home again, 200

And prostitute me to the basest groom  
That doth frequent your house.

*Boult.* Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

*Mar.* But amongst honest women.

*Boult.* Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. [Exeunt.]

<sup>1</sup> Coystri<sup>1</sup>, blackguard.

<sup>2</sup> Shores, sewers.

## ACT V.

## [ PROLOGUE.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances  
 Into an honest house, our story says.  
 She sings like one immortal, and she dances  
 As goddess-like to her admired lays;  
 Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her needle<sup>1</sup>  
 composes  
 Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or  
 berry,  
 That even her art sisters the natural roses;  
 Her inkle,<sup>2</sup> silk, twin with the rubied cherry:  
 That pupils lacks she none of noble race,<sup>3</sup>  
 Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain  
 She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;  
 And to her father turn our thoughts again,  
 Where we left him, on the sea. We there him  
 lost:  
 Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd  
 Herewhere his daughter dwells; and on this coast  
 Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd  
 God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from  
 whence  
 Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,  
 His<sup>4</sup> banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;  
 And to him in his barge with fervour hies.<sup>5</sup>  
 In your supposing once more put your sight  
 Of heavy<sup>6</sup> Pericles; think this his bark:  
 Where what is done in action, more, if might,  
 Shall be discover'd;<sup>6</sup> please you, sit, and hark.

[*Exit.*]SCENE I. *On board Pericles' ship, off Mytilene.*

*A pavilion on deck, closed. The barge of  
 Lysimachus is lying alongside the ship.*

*Two Sailors, one belonging to Pericles' ship, the  
 other to Mytilene; enter to them HELICANUS.*

*Tyr. Sail. [To the Sailor of Mytilene] Where  
 is Lord Helicanus? he can resolve<sup>6</sup> you.*

<sup>1</sup> Needle, pronounced "neele."<sup>2</sup> Inkle, thread or wool.<sup>3</sup> His, i.e. the ship's.<sup>4</sup> Heavy, sorrowful.<sup>5</sup> In action . . . discover'd, shall be shown in the play,  
 as more should be were it possible.<sup>6</sup> Resolve, inform.

O, here he is.—

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mytilene,  
 And in it is Lysimachus the governor.

Who craves to come aboard. What is your  
 will?

*Hel.* That he have his. [*Exit Mytilenian  
 Sailor.*] Call up some gentlemen.

*Tyr. Sail.* Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

*Enter two or three Gentlemen.*

*First Gent.* Doth your lordship call?

*Hel.* Gentlemen, there's some of worth  
 would come aboard:

I pray ye, greet them fairly.

10

*Enter, from the barge, LYSIMACHUS and Lords.*

*Tyr. Sail.* Sir,  
 This is the man that can, in aught you would,  
 Resolve you.

*Lys.* Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve  
 you!

*Hel.* And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,  
 And die as I would do.

*Lys.* You wish me well.  
 Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's tri-  
 umphs,

Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,  
 I made to it, to know of whence you are.

19

*Hel.* First, what is your place?

*Lys.* I am the governor  
 Of this place you lie before.

*Hel.* Sir,  
 Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;  
 A man who for this three months hath not  
 spoken

To any one, nor taken sustenance.  
 But to prorogue his grief.

*Lys.* Upon what ground  
 Is his distemp'rature?

*Hel.* 'T would be  
 Too tedious to repeat; but the main grief  
 Springs from the loss

Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

30

*Lys.* May we not see him?

*Hel.* You may;  
 But bootless is your sight: he will not speak  
 To any.

*Lys.* Yet let me obtain my wish.

*Hel.* Behold him [*The curtain is drawn, and Pericles discovered*]. This was a goodly person,

Till the disaster that, one mortal night,  
Drove him to this.

*Lys.* Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!

Hail, royal sir! 40

*Hel.* It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

*First Lord.* Sir,

We have a maid in Mytilen, I durst wager,  
Would win some words of him.

*Lys.* 'Tis well bethought.  
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony  
And other chosen attractions, would allure,  
And make a battery through his deafen'd  
parts,

Which now are midway stopp'd:  
She is all happy as the fairest of all;  
And her fellow maid is now, upon 50  
The leafy shelter that abuts against  
The island's side.

[*Whispers First Lord; who descends to the barge of Lysimachus.*]

*Hel.* Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit

That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness

We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you  
That for our gold we may provision have,  
Wherein we are not destitute for want,  
But weary for the staleness.

*Lys.* O, sir, a courtesy  
Which if we should deny, the most just gods  
For every graff<sup>1</sup> would send a caterpillar, 60  
And so afflict our province.—Yet once more  
Let me entreat to know at large the cause  
Of your king's sorrow.

*Hel.* Sit, sir; I will recount it to you:—  
But, see, I am prevented.

*Re-enter, from the barge, First Lord, with  
MARINA and a young Lady.*

*Lys.* O, here is  
The lady that I sent for.—Welcome, fair one!—  
Is't not a goodly presence?

*Hel.* She's a gallant lady.

*Lys.* She's such a one, that, were I well  
assur'd

Came of a gentle kind and noble stock,  
I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely  
wed.— 69

Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty  
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:  
If that thy prosperous artificial feat<sup>2</sup>  
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,  
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay  
As thy desires can wish.

*Mar.* Sir, I will use  
My utmost skill in his recovery,  
Provided

That none but I and my companion maid  
Be suffer'd to come near him.

*Lys.* Come, let's leave her;  
And the gods make her prosperous! 80

[*They retire. Marina sings.*]

*Lys.* Mark'd he your music?

*Mar.* No, nor look'd on us.

*Lys.* See, she will speak to him.

*Mar.* Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.

*Per.* Hum, ha! [*Touching Pericles.  
Thrusts her away.*]

*Mar.* I am a maid,  
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,  
But have been gaz'd on like a comet: she  
speaks,

My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief  
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.  
Though wayward fortun'did malign<sup>3</sup> my state,  
My derivation was from ancestors 91  
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:  
But time hath rooted out my parentage,  
And to the world and awkward casualties<sup>4</sup>  
Bound me in servitude.—[*Aside*] I will desist;  
But there is something glows upon my cheek,  
And whispers in mine ear, "Go not till he  
speak."

*Per.* My fortunes—parentage—good parent-  
age—  
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say  
you?

*Mar.* I said, my lord, if you did know my  
parentage, 100  
You would not do me violence.

<sup>1</sup> Prosperous artificial feat, felicitous and skillful doing.

<sup>2</sup> Did malign, dealt malignantly with.

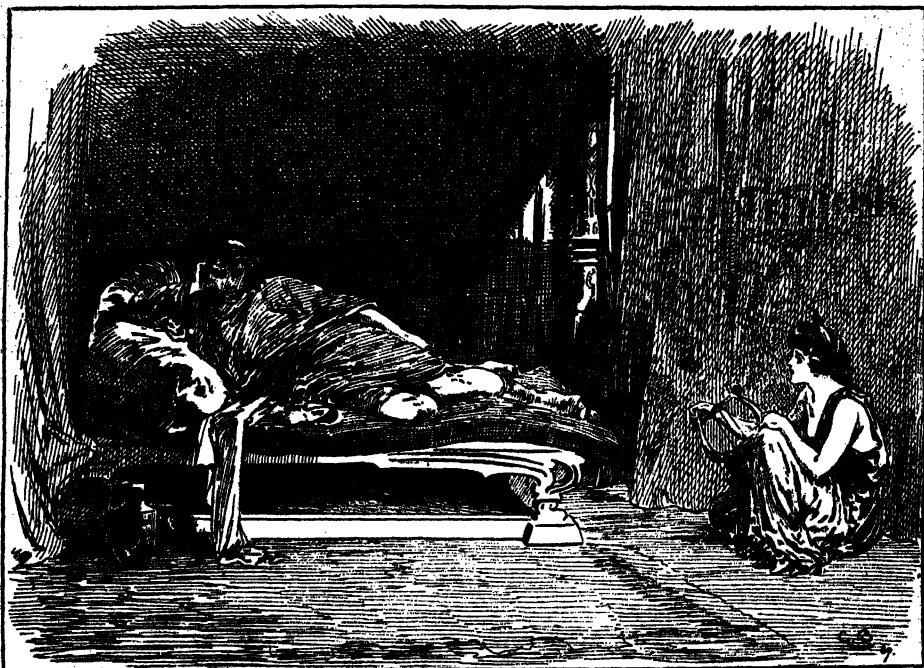
<sup>4</sup> Awkward casualties, adverse chances.



*Per.* I do think so.—Pray you, turn your eyes upon me. 102  
You are like something that—What country-woman?  
Here of these shores?

*Mar.* No, nor of any shores:  
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am  
No other than I appear.

*Per.* ~~Wah~~ great with woe,  
And shall deliver weeping. My dearest wife  
Was like this maid, and such a one  
My daughter might have been: my queen's  
square brows;  
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;  
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like, 111  
And cas'd as richly; in pace<sup>1</sup> another Juno:



*Per.* What country woman?  
Here of these shores?—(Act v. 1. 103, 104.)

Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,  
The more she gives them speech.—Where do you live?

*Mar.* Where I am but a stranger: from the deck  
You may discern the place.

*Per.* Where were you bred?  
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which  
You make more rich to owe?<sup>2</sup>

*Mar.* If I should tell  
My history, it would seem like lies

Disdain'd in the reporting.<sup>3</sup>

*Per.* Prithce, speak:  
Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou  
look'st 121  
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace  
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I'll believe  
thee,  
And make my senses credit thy relation  
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st  
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy  
friends?

<sup>1</sup> Pace, gait. <sup>2</sup> To owe, i.e. by your possession of them.

<sup>3</sup> Disdain'd in the reporting, deemed unworthy of belief even while they are told.

Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,—  
Which was when I perceiv'd thee,—that thou  
can'st

From good descending?

*Mar.* So indeed I did.

*Per.* Report thy parentage. I think thou  
said'st 130

Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,  
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal  
mine,

If both were open'd.

*Mar.* Some such thing  
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts  
Did warrant me was likely.

*Per.* Tell thy story;  
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part  
Of my endurance,<sup>1</sup> thou'rt a man, and I  
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look  
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and  
smiling

Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?  
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most  
kind virgin? 141

Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me.

*Mar.* My name is Marina.

*Per.* O, I am mock'd,  
And thou by some incensed god sent hither  
To make the world to laugh at me.

*Mar.* Patience, good sir,  
O'er here I'll cease.

*Per.* Nay, I'll be patient.<sup>2</sup>  
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,  
To call thyself Marina.

*Mar.* The name 149  
Was given me by one that had some power,—  
My father, and a king.

*Per.* How! a king's daughter?  
And call'd Marina?

*Mar.* You said you would believe me;  
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,  
I will end here.

*Per.* But are you flesh and blood?  
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?  
Motion!—Well; speak on. Where were you  
born?

And wherefore call'd Marina?

*Mar.* Call'd Marina  
For<sup>3</sup> I was born at sea.

*Per.* At sea! what mother?

*Mar.* My mother was the daughter of a king;  
Who died the very minute I was born, 150  
As my good nurse Lycorida hath oft  
Deliver'd<sup>4</sup> weeping.

*Per.* O, stop there a little!—

[*Aside*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull  
sleep

Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be:  
My daughter's buried.—Well:—where were  
you bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,  
And never interrupt you.

*Mar.* You'll scarce believe me;  
'T were best I did give o'er.

*Per.* I will believe you by the syllable  
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:—  
How came you in these parts? where were you  
bred? 171

*Mar.* The king my father did in Tarsus  
leave me;

Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,  
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd  
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn<sup>5</sup> to  
do't,

A crew of pirates came and rescu'd me;  
Brought me to Mytilene. But, good sir,  
Whither will you have me? Why do you  
weep? It may be,

You think me an impostor: no, good faith;  
I am the daughter to King Pericles, 180  
If good King Pericles be.

*Per.* Ho, Helicanus!

*Hel.* Calls my lord?

*Per.* Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,  
Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,  
What this maid is, or what is like to be,  
That thus hath made me weep?

*Hel.* I know not; but  
Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene  
Speaks nobly of her.

*Lys.* She never tell  
Her parentage; being demanded that, 190  
She would sit still and weep.

*Per.* O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;  
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;  
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me  
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,

<sup>1</sup> My endurance, what I have undergone.

<sup>2</sup> Patient, pronounced as a trisyllable. <sup>3</sup> For, because.

<sup>4</sup> Deliver'd, related.

<sup>5</sup> Drawn, drawn his sword.

And drown me with their sweetness.—O, come hither,

Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget;  
Thou that was born at sea, buried at Tarsus,  
And found at sea again!—O Helicanus, 199  
Down on thy knees, thank th' holy gods as loud  
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina.—  
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,  
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,  
Though doubts did ever sleep.

*Mar.* First, sir, I pray,  
What is your title?

*Per.* I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now  
My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you  
said

Thou hast been godlike perfect,  
The heir of kingdoms, and another like  
To Pericles thy father. 210

*Mar.* Is it no more to be your daughter than  
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?  
Thaisa was my mother, who did end  
The minute I began.

*Per.* Now, blessing on thee! Rise; thou art  
my child.—

Give me fresh garments.—Mine own, Helicanus;  
She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have  
been,<sup>1</sup>

By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;  
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in know-  
ledge<sup>2</sup>

She is thy very princess.—Who is this? 220

*Hel.* Sir, 't is the governor of Mytilene,  
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,  
Did come to see you.

*Per.* I embrace you.—  
Give me my robes.—I am wild in my behold-  
ing.—

O heavens bless my girl!—But, hark, what  
music?—

Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him  
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,  
How sure you are my daughter.—But, what  
music?

*Hel.* My lord, I hear none.

*Per.* None! 230  
The music of the spheres!—List, my Marina.

*Lys.* It is not good to cross him; give him  
way. 232

*Per.* Rar'st sounds! Do ye not hear?

*Lys.* My lord, I hear. [*Music.*]

*Per.* Most heavenly music!

It nips me into listening, and thick slumber  
Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest. [*Sleeps.*]

*Lys.* A pillow for his head:—

So, leave him all.—Well, my companion friends,  
If this but answer to my just belief,  
I'll well remember you. 240

[*All except Pericles go aside.*]

*DIANA descends.*

*Dia.* My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee  
thither,

And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met to-  
gether,

Before the people all,

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:

To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,

And give them repetition to the life.

Or perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe;

Do it, and happy; by my silver bow!

Awake, and tell thy dream. 250

[*Ascends and exit.*]

*Per.* [*Awaking*] Celestial Dian, goddess ar-  
gentine,<sup>4</sup>

I will obey thee.—Helicanus!

*Re-enter HELICANUS, LYSIMACHUS, MARINA, &c.<sup>5</sup>*

*Hel.* Sir,

*Per.* My purpose was for Tarsus, there to  
strike

Th' inhospitable Cleon; but I am

For other service first: toward Ephesus

Turn our blown sails; oftsoons<sup>6</sup> I'll tell thee  
why.—

[*To Lysimachus*] Shall we refresh us, sir, upon  
your shore,

And give you gold for such provision<sup>7</sup>  
As our intents will need? 260

*Lys.* Sir,

<sup>3</sup> Happy, i.e. thou wilt live happy.

<sup>4</sup> Argentine, i.e. of the silver moon.

<sup>5</sup> Oftsoons, presently.

<sup>6</sup> Provision, pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

<sup>7</sup> Our intents will need, our purpose will require (to  
carry away).

<sup>1</sup> Should have been, i.e. was said to have been.

<sup>2</sup> Justify in knowledge, confirm upon fuller information.

With all my heart; And, when you come ashore,  
I have another suit.

*Per.* You shall prevail, 262  
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems  
You have been noble towards her.

*Lys.* Sir, lend me your arm.

*Per.* Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Ephesus. The Temple of Diana.*

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Now our sands are almost run;  
More a little, and then dumb.

This, my last boon, give me,—

For such kindness must relieve me,—



*Thai.* Voice and favour!—  
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!—(Act v. 3. 13, 14.)

That you aptly will suppose  
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,  
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,  
The regent made in Mytilin,  
To greet the king. So he thrived,  
That he is promis'd to be wived 10  
To fair Marina; but in no wise  
Till he had done his sacrifice,  
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,  
The interim, pray you, all confound.<sup>2</sup>  
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,  
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.  
At Ephesus, the temple see,

Our king, and all his company.  
That he can hither come so soon,  
Is by your fancies' thankful doom.<sup>3</sup> [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The same; Thuisa, as high priestess, standing near the altar; a number of Virgins on each side; Cerimon and other Ephesians attending.*

*Enter PERICLES, LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS,  
MARINA, and Attendants.*

*Per.* Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,

<sup>1</sup> *He*, i.e. Pericles. <sup>2</sup> *Confound*, consume, regard as past.

<sup>3</sup> *Thankful doom*, kindly judgment.

I here confess myself the king of Tyre;  
 Who, frighted from my country, did  
 Wed at Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.  
 At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth  
 A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,  
 Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus  
 Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years  
 He sought to murder: but her better stars  
 Brought her to Mytilene; 'gainst whose shore  
 Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard  
 us, 11  
 Where, by her own most clear remembrance,  
 she  
 Made known herself my daughter.  
*Thai.* Voice and favour!—  
 You are, you are—O royal Pericles!—

[Faints.]

*Per.* What means the nun? she dies! help,  
 gentlemen!

*Cer.* Noble sir,  
 If you have told Diana's altar true,  
 This is your wife.

*Per.* Reverend appearer,<sup>1</sup> no;  
 I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

*Cer.* Upon this coast, I warrant you.

*Per.* 'Tis most certain.

*Cer.* Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'er-  
 joy'd.— 21

Early in blustering morn this lady was  
 Thrown upon this shore. I op'd the coffin,  
 Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and  
 plac'd her  
 Here in Diana's temple.

*Per.* May we see them?

*Cer.* Great sir, they shall be brought you to  
 my house,  
 Whither I invite you.—Look,  
 Thaisa is recover'd.

*Thai.* O, let me look!  
 If he be none of mine, my sanctity  
 Will to my sense bend no licentious ear, 30  
 But curb it, spite of seeing.—O, my lord,  
 Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,  
 Like him you are: did you not name a tempest,  
 A birth, and death?

*Per.* The voice of dead Thaisa!

*Thai.* That Thaisa am I, supposed dead  
 And drown'd.

*Per.* Immortal Dian!

*Thai.* Now I know you better.—  
 When we with tears parted<sup>2</sup> Pentapolis,  
 The king my father gave you such a ring.

[Shows a ring.]

*Per.* [Showing his ring] This, this: no more,  
 you gods! your present kindness 40  
 Makes my past miseries sport: you shall do  
 well,

That on the touching of her lips I may  
 Melt, and no more be seen.—O, come, be buried  
 A second time within these arms.

*Mar.* [Kneeling] My heart  
 Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

*Per.* Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy  
 flesh, Thaisa;

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina  
 For<sup>3</sup> she was yielded there.

*Thai.* Bless'd, and mine own!

*Hel.* Hail, madam, and my queen!

*Thai.* I know you not.

*Per.* You've heard me say, when I did fly  
 from Tyre, 50

I left behind an ancient substitute:  
 Can you remember what I call'd the man?  
 I've nam'd him off.

*Thai.* 'Twas Helicanus then.

*Per.* Still confirmation:

Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.  
 Now do I long to hear how you were found;  
 How possibly preserv'd; and who to thank,  
 Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

*Thai.* Lord Cerimon, my lord; this is the  
 man,

Through whom the gods have shown their  
 power, that can 60

From first to last resolve<sup>4</sup> you.

*Per.* Reverend sir,  
 The gods can have no mortal officer  
 More like a god than you. Will you deliver<sup>5</sup>  
 How this dead queen re-lives?

*Cer.* I will, my lord.  
 Beseech you, first go with me to my house,  
 Where shall be shown you all was found with  
 her;  
 How she came plac'd here in the temple;  
 No needful thing omitted.

<sup>1</sup> Reverend appearer, i.e. you who appear reverend or worthy of respect.

<sup>2</sup> Parted, left.

<sup>3</sup> For, because.

<sup>4</sup> Resolve, satisfy.

<sup>5</sup> Deliver, relate.

*Per.* Pure Dian, bless<sup>1</sup> thee for thy vision! I  
Will offer night-oblations<sup>2</sup> to thee.— 70

*Thaisa,*

This prince, the fair betrothed of your daughter,

Shall marry her at Pentapolis.—And now

This ornament,

Makes me look dismal, will I clip to form;

And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,  
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

*Thai.* Lord Cerimon hath letters of good  
credit, sir,

My father's dead.

*Per.* • Heavens make a star of him!

Yet there, my queen, 79

We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves

Will in that kingdom spend our following  
days:

Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.—

Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay

To hear the rest untold: sir, lead's the way.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Bless*, i.e. I glorify.

<sup>2</sup> *Oblations*, pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

[*EPILOGUE.*]

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* In Antiochus and his daughter you  
have heard

Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:

In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen,

Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,

Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,

Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last;

In Helicanus may you well descry 91

A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:

In reverend Cerimon there well appears

The worth that learned charity aye wears:

For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame

Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd  
name

Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,

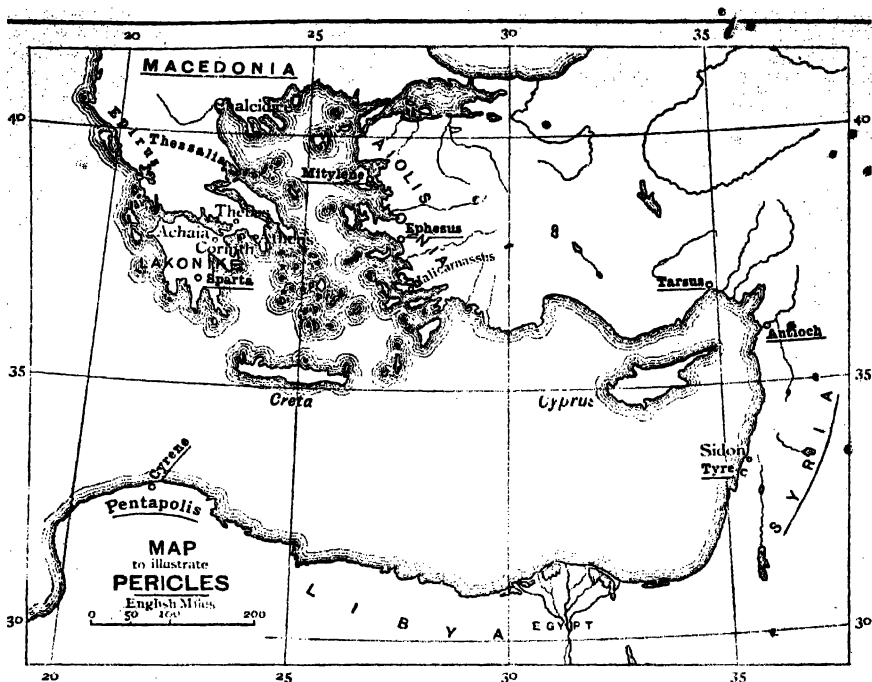
That him and his they in his palace burn;

The gods for murder seemed so content

To punish them,—although not done, but  
meant.

So, on your patience evermore attending, 100

New joy wait on you! Here our play has  
ending. [*Exit.*]



## NOTES TO PERICLES.

### ACT I. PROLOGUE.

1.—The choruses in this play are distinguished from those of Shakespeare by the dumb-shows which accompany them. Another difference is that most of them, as is the case with this prologue, require a scene; whereas Shakespeare's do not. We are to understand that the presenter of the play is a phantom,—the poet Gower's spirit, which has returned to earth from the *ashes* of the tomb, and is glad for a while to resume a mortal life, provided what follows may bring pleasure. Accordingly, in Gower's last speech before the close of the play (v. 2. 1–4) the hearers are reminded that he will presently be dumb; when he makes a request of them, it is as his *last boon* before leaving the world. But this idea of a re-embodied spirit is not anywhere dwelt on, nor turned to any use in the development of the story. Our Presenter in this play is as much without individuality as his fellows elsewhere, who are either nameless, as the Chorus in *Romeo and Juliet* or Henry V., or are only abstractions, like Time in the *Winter's Tale*, and Rumour at the opening of *II. Henry IV.*

### 2. Lines 1, 2:

*To sing a song that old was sung,  
From ashes ancient Gower is come.*

The false rhyme in this couplet is remarkable, and seems beyond hope of amendment. Stevens proposed *spring* instead of *come*, but the idea of the phoenix, which this would suggest, is out of place. The author of these choruses of Gower's has in several places created words ending in *m* and *n* as rhyming together; as in *home* and *drone*, *soon* and *doom*, *run* and *dumb*. We may hence conclude that the rhyme of *sung* with *come* was satisfactory to the writer. In several places, indeed, he seems to have been satisfied with the mere assonance of vowels, as in *labour* and *father* (l. 1. 66, 67). These imperfect rhymes mostly occur in Gower's choruses, and some have thought them to be intentional, and meant, like the archaisms in the same choruses, to give an air of antiquity to the lines.

3. Line 6: *On EMBER-EVES and HOLY-ALES.*—The *ember-eves* are the eves preceding the ember-days, or days of fasting and humiliation. The *Quartos* and *Folios* give

*holidays*, variously spelt, the place of *holy-ales*, which was suggested by Farmer in order to save the rhyme. The word *ale* was formerly used to denote a festival. See Two Gentlemen of Verona, note 56. *Holy-ale* doubtless means the same as *Church-ale*, or *wake*.

4. Line 9: *The PURCHASE is to make men glorious.*—*PURCHASE* was used formerly in a wider sense than that of acquisition by means of money. Compare i. 2. 72:

I sought the *purchase* of a glorious beauty.

And see i. Henry IV. iii. 3. 45, and note 107 on that play. The line means: The use and advantage of this story is to show what men can be and do; i.e. this is a romance of chivalry.

5. Line 11: *THESE latter times.*—Q. 1. reads *those*.

6. Lines 15, 16:

I *LIKE* would wish, and that I might  
Waste it for you, like *TAPER-LIGHT*.

Mr. Boyle, in his paper on Wilkins's share in Shakespeare's *Pericles*, quotes the same figure from the play of the Travels of Three English Brothers (1607), the joint work of Day, Wilkins, and W. Rowley:

*Our lives are lighted tapers, that must out.*

—Day's Works, p. 18 of play.

7. Lines 17–20:

*This ANTIOCH, then; Antiochus the Great  
Built up this city for his chiefest seat;  
The fairest in all Syria,—  
I tell you what mine authors say.*

The common punctuation of lines 17, 18 is as follows:—

This Antioch, then, Antiochus the great  
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat;

the words *this city* being taken as pleonastic. But the arrangement given in the text makes the sentence much more direct. The statement is taken from Twine, *Painefull Adventures*, ch. I, who says, "the most famous and mightie king Antiochus . . . builded the goodly citie of Antiochia in Syria, and called it after his own name, as the chiefest seat of all his dominions" (*Hazlitt*, Shakespeare's Library, pt. I. vol. iv. 1 p. 253).

*Antioch*, in Syria, was founded B.C. 300 by Seleucus. It was the chief of the cities enlarged by Antiochus Soter (B.C. 280–261).<sup>2</sup> Antiochus the Great (B.C. 223–187) is said to have added to it, and it was again enlarged and beautified by his son Antiochus Epiphanes. In reputation and wealth it was inferior only to Rome and Alexandria, until Constantine arose to overshadow it. It is now Antakieh, in the province of Aleppo.

8. Line 21: *This king unto him took a FERE.*—So Malone, Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *peere* or *peer*, which was very likely a misprint for *phere*. It would, however, be possible to interpret *peer* as meaning a consort of rank suitable to his greatness. *Fere* is the Anglo-Saxon *gefēra*, companion: it translates the word *socium* of the Latin vulgate in Genesis iii. 12: "That wif that thou hast forgaife to *gefēra*." This is the usual meaning of *fere*, but it is occasionally found with the sense of "wife." See also Titus Andronicus, iv. 1. 89, 90, and note 101 thereon.

9. Line 23: *buzom, blithe, and full of face.*—Compare

<sup>1</sup> All the references to Twine are to the reprint in this volume

Milton, *L'Allegro*, 23, 24; and *Troilus and Cressida*, note 76. Shakespeare only uses the word *buzom* in Henry V. iii. 6. 23, where it appears to mean lively or sprightly, which is probably the sense here. It originally denoted obedient, then courteous, complaisant, gentle. The expression *full of face* may be corrupt. Possibly, however, *face* is incorrectly taken to mean beauty; or else *full* may signify plump.

10. Lines 27, 28:

*to entice his own  
To evil should be done by none.*

The omission of the relative pronoun before *should* in line 28 is to be noted. Such omissions, as Mr. Boyle has observed, are very characteristic of Wilkins. See notes 32, 38, 52, &c.

11. Lines 29, 30:

*But CUSTOM what they did begin  
Was with long use ACCOUNT no sin.*

Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 here read *account'd*, the other Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 *accounted*. Malone made the correction. Wilkins, in his Novel, chap. i, says: "they long continued in these foule and unist imbracements, till at last, the *custome of sinne made it accompted no sinne*" (p. 14). *Custom* seems, as indicated in the foot-note, to be used adverbially. Perhaps we ought to read:

*But custom what they did begin  
Was with long use account, no sin.*

Compare, *inter alia*, Wilkins, *The Miseries of Inforst Marriage*:

Who once doth cherish sin, begets his shame;  
For vice being foster'd once comes impudence,  
Which makes men count *sin custom*, not offence.

—Dodsley, ix. p. 125.

12. Lines 39, 40:

*So for her MANT A WIGHT did die,  
As yon GRIM LOOKS do testify.*

So F. 3, F. 4. Qq. have *many of wight*, which was perhaps intended to mean many of valour or of nobility or worth. *Wight* as an adjective commonly means quick, active, valiant; and there was a substantive *wightness*, which denoted agility or strength. But nothing is known of an abstract substantive *wight* having the sense of bravery or boldness.

The *grim looks* are those of the heads of slain suitors, which are supposed to be seen impaled on the gate or wall of the palace. Gower, in narrating this part of the story, says:

And thus there were many deed,  
Here hecides standing on the gate;<sup>2</sup>

—Pauli's edn. iii. 287.

and Twine states that the heads of the suitors were "set up at the gate, to terrifie others that should come, who beholding there the present image of death, might advise them from assaying any such danger" (*Hazlitt*, p. 256).

## ACT I. SCENE 1.

13.—It may be well, at the beginning of the scene, to throw together slight varieties and obvious blunders in

<sup>2</sup> The references to Gower are to the *Confessio Aemantis*, edited by Pauli, 1857, vol. iii. The quotations are not, however, given literally from that edition, but are amended after comparison with some of the MSS. of the poem.



the old texts; weightier questions of reading being taken by themselves.

Line 73, Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *gives*; the text is Malone's. Line 127, Qq. read *you for you're*. Lines 151, 152, Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 transfer *Thaliard* to follow *chamber*.

14. Line 6: Ant. *Bring in our daughter*.—Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read, "Ant. Musicke bring in our daughter." Malone saw that *music* must be a stage-direction which had crept into the text. It remained, however, for Dyce to point out that this "Music" was intended to accompany the entrance, five lines lower, of the Daughter of Antiochus; and he conceives that it was set down thus early in the prompter's book, that the musicians might be in readiness. See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, note 229. If the compiler of the text of this play had access to the theatre-copy it must have been by stealth.

15. Line 7: *For THE embracements even of Jove himself*.—The Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 omit *the*, which was inserted by Malone. Some such reading as *Mert* for *embracements* would perhaps better suit the context.

16. Lines 8-11:

*'T WHOSE conception, till LUCINA reign'd,  
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,  
The senate-house of planets all did sit,  
To knit in her their best perfections.*

*Whose* refers, of course, to *daughter* in line 6. *Lucina*, the goddess who brings to light, was regarded as presiding over childbirth. Compare iii. 1. 10, *infra*, and *Cymbeline*, v. 4. 43. The meaning of these four lines is that at the princess's conception and until her birth, in order to make her presence welcome in every place, all the planets held session for the purpose of combining in her those good qualities over which they preside: and this endowment was the gift of Nature (by whom the planets are controlled). Steevens quotes Sidney, *Arcadia*, book ii.: "For what fortune only soothsayers foretold of Musidorus, that all men might see prognosticated in Pyrocles; both Heavens and Earth giuing tokens of the coming forth of an Heroicall vertue. The senate house of the planets was at no time so set, for the decreeing of perfectiō in a man, as at that time all folkes skillful therein did acknowledge" (edn. 1598, p. 123). Other instances might be added.

17. Lines 12-14:

*apparall'd like the spring,  
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the KING  
OF EVERY VIRTUE gives renown to men!*

Steevens believed this passage to be corrupt; but it is no more than a repetition of the idea in *graces her subjects*. "Outwardly," Pericles says, "she holds all graces in her control, and inwardly she rules or possesses all virtues that ennoble mankind." On the omission of the relative after *virtue* see note 10.

18. Lines 15-18:

*Her face the book of praises, where is read  
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence  
Sorrow were ever ras'd, and testy wrath  
Could never be her mild companion.*

Compare Sidney, *Arcadia*, book iii.: "a demeanure, where in the booke of Beautie there was nothing to be read but

Sorrow: for Kindnesse was <sup>blighted</sup> out, and Anger was neuer there" (edn. 1605, p. 244).

19. Lines 27-29:

*Before thee stands this fair HESPERIDES,  
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd,  
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard.*

We may compare Milton, *Comus*, 393-396. "The ancients believed that in gardens on a far-off island there grew a tree bearing golden apples, tended by singing maidens called the Hesperides, and guarded by the sleepless dragon Ladon. The name *Hesperides* occasionally means the islands where the gardens were believed to be. In *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 3. 341, the word denotes the gardens, while in the present passage the tree is meant. Pericles has already spoken of the princess under the same figure in line 21.

Mr. Daniel proposes to read in line 29:

*For death, like dragons, here affrights thee hard.*

The sense would certainly be improved by this reading.

20. Lines 32, 33:

*And which, without desert, because thine eye  
Presumes to reach, all THY whole heap must die.*

*Thy* is Malone's correction. Qq., F. 3, F. 4 have *the*. *All thy whole heap* is a clumsy periphrasis which may perhaps mean "you with all your greatness."

21. Lines 34-40.—See note 12. Wilkins's *Novel* says: "Antiochus then first beganne to perswade him from the enterprise, and to discourage him from his proceedings, by shewing him the frightfull heads of the former Princes, placed upon his Castle wall, and like to whome he must expect himselfe to be, if like them (as it was most like) hee failed in his attempt" (p. 16). The words *For sometimes famous princes* might be supposed to signify that impaled heads were actually seen by the audience. Compare i. Prolog. 40, *supra*. But *you field of stars* (line 37) can hardly denote any visible representation of the sky. The scene passes within Antiochus's palace; and impaled heads and sky must alike be supposed outside the scene.

22. Line 40. *For going on death's net, whom none resist*.—For this pregnant use of *for* compare II. Henry VI. note 231. Malone altered *for* to *from*, with some plausibility.

23. Lines 47-49:

*as sick men do,  
Who know the world, see heaven, but, feeling woe,  
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did.*

No better explanation of this obscurely-expressed passage has been given than the following, by Malone: "I will act as sick men do; who, having had experience of the pleasures of the world, and only a visionary and distant prospect of heaven, have neglected the latter for the former; but at length feeling themselves decaying, grasp no longer at temporal pleasures, but prepare calmly for futurity."

24. Lines 55-58:

*I wait the sharpest blow.*

Ant. *Scorning advice: [giving Pericles a paper] read the CONCLUSION, then:*

*Which read and not expounded, 't is decreed,  
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.*

*Conclusion* means *problem*, in which sense Gower has it. Qq. read (substantially) as follows:

I waite the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)  
Scorning aduice; read the conclusion then:  
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed  
As these before thee, thou thy selfe shalt bleed.

F. 3 has—

I waite the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)  
Scorning aduice. Reade the conclusion then.  
*Ant.* Which read and not expounded, t is decreed  
As these before thou thy selfe shalt bleed.

It is noteworthy that in F. 3 the abbreviated name "Ant," prefixed to the third of these lines, ranges with the lines preceding as though the speech continued. It was probably inserted only by an afterthought. In F. 4 the line is inset, as is usual when a new speech begins. According to Wilkins's Novel: "Pericles . . . replied, That he was come now to meete Death willingly, if so were his misfortune, or to be made euer fortunate, by enioying to glorious a beauty as was inthroned in his princely daughter, and was there now placed before him: which the tyrant receiving with an angry brow, threw downe the Riddle, bidding him, since perswasions could not alter him, to reade and die" (p. 16).

This bears out the arrangement adopted in the text, which was first proposed by Malone.

25. Line 59: *Of all say'd yet, mayst thou prove prosperous!*—*Say'd* is an abbreviation of *essay'd* (or *assayed*), and, as indicated in the foot-note, has the sense of tried or attempted. Shakespeare does not use this verb, though the substantive *say*, meaning taste or "smack," occurs in *King Lear*, v. 3. 143. The word may have been suggested by the words of Gower:

The remenant that weren wise  
Escheweden to make assay;

—See Pauli, iii. p. 287.

and, a little afterwards, speaking of Pericles, Gower says (p. 288):

He thoughte *assaye* how that it ferde.

The verb *say*, in the sense of attempting or trying, is more than once used by Ben Jonson.

Mason proposed to read,

In all, save that, may'st thou prove prosperous!

He observes: "She cannot wish him more prosperous, with respect to the exposition of the riddle, than the other persons who had attempted it before; for as the necessary consequence of his expounding it would be the publication of her own shame, we cannot suppose that she should wish him to succeed in that." But these judicious considerations never presented themselves to the author of this part of the play. Pericles, as he depicted him, must subdue all hearts. Wilkins in his Novel gives the princess's sentiments thus: "All the time that the Prince was studying with what trueth to vnfolde this dark Enigma, Desire flew in a robe of glowing blushes into her cheekes, and Loue inforced her to deliuer thus much from hir owne tongue, that he was sole soveraigne of all her wishes, and he the gentleman (of all her eyes had ever yet behelde) to whome shee wished a thriving happiness" (pp. 16, 17).

26. Lines 62, 63:

Nor ask aduice of any other thought  
But faithfulness and courage.

This, as Steevens pointed out, is borrowed from *Slaney*, *Arcadia*, bk. iii: "Iamenus . . . sawe his maisters horse killed vnder him. Whereupon, asking aduise of no other thought but of faithfulness and courage, hee presently lighted from his owne horse" (p. 257, ed. 1613; the preceding editions read "asking no aduise of no thought").

27. Lines 64-69.—The riddle is thus given by Gower:

With felony I am upbore,  
I ete, and have it not forbore,  
My modres fleish, whos huseboude,  
My fader, for to seche I fonde,  
Which is the sone eek of my wif.

—See Pauli's edn. vol. iii. p. 289.

In the old Latin *Historia Apollonii Regis Tyri*, it stands thus:—"Scelere vehor, maternam carnem vescor, quosero fratrem meum, meae matris filium, uxoris meae virum, nec invenia." Twine translates, with some difference: "I am carried with mischief, I eat my mothers fleashe: I seeke my brother my mothers husband and I can not finde him." The belief that young vipers fed on their mother's flesh was once wide-spread. Professor Boyle has cited Wilkins, *Miseries of Enforced Marriage*:

He is more degenerate  
Than greedy vipers that devour their mother,

—Dodsley, ix. 522.

The application is made clear in lines 130, 131. The doctrine that husband and wife are one flesh explains how the figure of the viper's brood is applied to an incestuous daughter.

28. Lines 71, 72:

"As you will live, resolve it you."  
Sharp physic is the last.

According to Gower, the king repeated the riddle to the prince, and then went on to say:

Heerof I am inquisitif,  
And who that can ny tale save,  
Al quyt he shall my daughter have;  
Of his answer and if he faile,  
He shal be deed withoute faile.

—See Pauli, iii. p. 289.

The substance of this is contained in lines 70, 71. This final requirement of a correct solution as the price of his life Pericles calls *sharp physic*; i.e. a bitter potion. The same figure is used with more propriety in the next scene, lines 68, 69.

29. Lines 76, 77:

Fair GLASS OF LIGHT, I lov'd you, and could still,  
Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill.

The words *glass of light* perhaps mean mirror of brilliance or shining beauty. Schmidt interprets them, doubtfully, as "reflection, image of light." Mr. Tyler suggests that, having regard to the words *glorious casket*, the idea may be that of a resplendent and dazzling glass vase. Malone has here a stage-direction that Pericles takes hold of the hand of the princess.

30. Line 81: *You're a fair viol, and your SENSE the strings.*—*Sense*, here, apparently means passion or fleshly appetite, which should in mortals be controlled by reason. For this use of *sense* compare v. 3. 30, and Measure

for Measure, ii. 2. 142, 169. Richardson quotes Sidney, Arcadia, bk. 1.:

Palme do reioyce to be ioyned by the match of a male to a female,  
And shall sensue things be so senseless as to resist sense?

—Edn. 1613, p. 82.

31. Line 87: *touch not, upon thy life*.—Steevens observes that this prohibition comes from the jealousy of Antiochus, who cannot bear to see the object of his passion touched by another. He compares the impatient words in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 123–125.

32. Lines 96–100:

*For vice repeated's like the wandering wind,  
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;  
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,  
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear  
To stop the air would hurt them.*

The ellipse of the relative between lines 96 and 97, and in line 100, will be readily perceived. See note 10.

The teller of vicious actions is likened to the *breath* or gust of wind which, as it flies about, blows dust in men's eyes. Those who feel themselves hurt at once recognize that they must prevent a repetition of the deed. This is what the lines seem to mean, but the similitude is loose and inapposite. To *spread* = in spreading; see note 244.

33. Lines 100–102:

*The blind mole casts*

*COPPD hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is THROGG'D  
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for't.*

"He who complains of the wrongdoing of the great, though but insignificant and feeble, will incur condign punishment." Sherwood's Index to Cotgrave translates *coppd* by *accresté, hupé*, i.e. crested or conical. *Throng'd* means pressed, squeezed, or crushed; compare ii. 1. 77: "A man *throng'd* up with cold;" where the meaning seems to be "shrunken," the parts of the body being, as it were, pressed closely together. Wilkins there writes "overcharged" in the Novel. The English Chronicle, A.D. 1137, describing the *peine forte et dure* (in which a man was tortured by cramming him in a chest of sharp stones), uses the words "threngde the man therein" (Earle, Two Saxon Chronicles, p. 262). Compare the Scotch use of the word *thring*. Gawin Douglas, Æneid, book iii., uses it to translate the Latin *urgere*:

*The rumour is, down thring vndir this mont  
Encelades body with thundir liys half bront.*

—Bannatyne Club ed. vol. i. p. 164.

34. Line 113: *We might proceed to CANCEL OF YOUR DAYS*. Qq. read

*We might proceed to counsell of your dayes.*

F. 3, F. 4 have

*We might proceed to cancel off your daies.*

The text follows Malone, *cancel* being a substantive, with its usual sense of suppression; a sense, however, which seems to be confined nowadays to printing. The omission of the article after a verb of motion is frequently found. Compare Abbott, Shakespearean Grammar, §§. 89, 90. The reading of Ff. would make *cancel* a verb. If the reading of Qq. were retained, the line would mean "We proceed to deliberate concerning your life," i.e. concerning its termination.

35. Lines 114, 115:

*hope, SUCCEEDING from so fair a TREE  
As your fair self, doth time us otherwise.*

I do not understand the significance of the word *tree*, and suspect some corruption. *Succeeding* means resulting; compare i. 4. 104, where *succeed* means follow upon.

36. Line 120: *Exeunt all except Pericles*.—Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read *Manet Pericles solus*, which the other copies repeat, with the addition of *Exit before Manet*. The exit is not very well managed.

37. Line 128: *By your UNCOMELY clappings with your child*.—Qq., F. 3, F. 4 read *untimely*, but the Novel by Wilkins speaks of "his *uncomely* and abhorred actions with his owne child" (p. 18). This gives a better sense, and I have accordingly introduced the word into the text. *Untimely* would easily arise from a misprint, and can hardly be defended by the words of Pericles to the princess in line 84, *supra*.

38. Lines 134–136:

*those men  
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,  
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.*

The text is Malone's. Qq., F. 3, F. 4 read *shew* instead of *shun*. There is again an ellipsis of the relative pronoun before *blush*. (Compare note 10.) The lines recall the familiar passage in the Gospel of St. John, iii. 19, 20

39. Line 142: *Re-enter Antiochus*.—This direction was introduced by Malone. Qq., F. 3, F. 4 have *Enter Antiochus*, by which, doubtless, a new scene is indicated. The scene of what has preceded is a hall or reception-room in the palace of Antiochus; the colloquy with Thaliard would naturally be held in a private apartment. In Wilkins the interview takes place in the evening, "Antiochus being now private in his lodging" (p. 18). An interval of some part of a day is needed in order to give time for Pericles to have made his escape. Were it not that to disturb the usual numbering of the scenes would be inconvenient for purposes of reference, I should mark a new scene here.

40. Lines 143–149.—These lines are plainly corrupt. The first sentence cannot be scanned as verse at all. Wilkins says in the Novel: "Antiochus being now private in his lodging, and ruminating with himself, that Pericles had found out the secret of his euill, which hee in more secret had committed: and knowing that he had now power to rip him open to the world, and make his name so odious, that as now heaven did, so at the knowledge hereof all good men would contemne him . . . he hastily calleth for one Thalyart, who was steward of his householde, and in many things before had received the imbracement of his minde" (p. 18).

41. Lines 163–167:

*As thou wilt live, fly after; and, like an arrow  
Shot from a well experient'd archer, hits  
The mark his eye doth level at, so thou:  
Never return  
Unless thou say "Prince Pericles is dead."*

Editors, generally, have followed the text of Malone—

As thou

Wilt live, fly after: and like an arrow, shot

From a well experienced archer, hits the mark  
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return  
Unless thou say "Prince Pericles is dead."

But this arrangement is imperfect both in rhythm and in sense. There is no connexion between the hitting of the mark and the never returning unless successful.

Qq. and F 3, F 4, which do not mark the exit of the messenger print these lines as prose. All the old copies except Q 1, Q 2, Q 3, read in line 165 *so do thou*. This would require *level* to be pronounced as a monosyllable. I suspect that in this and the next line some words have dropped out. We might read:

go thou,

Pursue, and smite him; see thou ne'er return.

Wilkins, in the Novel, says that when the messenger brought news of Pericles' flight, Antiochus "commanded his murdering minister Thalyart to dispatch his best performance after him, sometime persuading him, at others threatening him, in Tyre to see him. In Tyre to kill him, or back to Antioch never to return" (pp. 18, 19).

#### • ACT I. SCENE 2.

42.—Minor differences of text in this scene.—Line 11, all the copies but Q 1 read *that passions*. Line 20, *him* was inserted by Rowe. Line 55, all the copies but Q 1 read *planets*. Line 61, Q 1 reads *heavie*. Line 93, for *sparcs* all the copies but Q 1 read *feares* (or *fears*). Line 100, all the copies but Q 5 (so the Camb. edd. say) read *gruere for them*. Line 121, Qq. omit *sure*.

43. Enter Pericles.—This direction was given by Dyce. Qq. have the direction *Enter Pericles with his lords*, and F 3, F 4 give the same, adding *Helicanus* after *Pericles*. This enumeration, at the beginning of a scene, of all the persons who are to appear in it, is not uncommon in the contemporary texts of old plays. Pericles' speech, however, is a soliloquy, as the first line is meant to show, and Q 1, Q 2 have, after line 33, the stage-direction, *Enter all the Lords to Pericles*. Q 3 reads *with for to*; the other Quartos and F 3, F 4 omit the direction, but quite wrongly. None of the old texts mark any exit for the Lords: the direction at line 50 was inserted by Malone.

Wilkins, in his Novel, tells us that Pericles had been moping ever since his return from Antioch. The opening soliloquy is indicated, Helicanus break'ing in upon it with a rebuke to Pericles. In words which have the flow of verse he tells him "he did not well so to abuse himself, to waste his body there with pining sorrow, upon whose safety depended the lives and prosperity of a whole kingdom; that it was ill in him to do it, and no lesse in his counsell to suffer him, without contradicting it." In the play, naturally, certain councillors themselves come in; but the text fails to justify their entrance: the two short speeches given them are pointless; and Pericles' direction on their exit, "then return to us," is out of place. The passage just quoted shows what is wanted after, or instead of, lines 44, 45. The Novel then continues: "although the Prince bent his brow against him, he [Helicanus] left not to go forward, but plainly tolde him, it was as fit for him being a Prince to heare of his owne error, as it was lawfull for his authority to commaund; that while he lived so shut up, so vnseene, so carelesse of his government, order might be disorder for all him, and what

detriment soeuer his subjects should receive by this his neglect, it were iniustice to be required at his hands: which chiding of this good olde Lord the gentle Prince courteously receiving tooke him into his armes, thank't him that he was no flatterer, and, commanding him to seat himselfe by him, he from poynt to poynt related to him all the occurrences past, and that his present sorrow was for the feare he had of Antiochus tyrannye, his present studies were for the good of his subjects, his present care was for the continuing safety of his kingdome, of which himselfe was a member, which for slackness chide him: which uprightnes of this Prince calling teares into the olde mans eyes, and compelling his knees to the earth, he humbly asked his pardon, confirming that what he had spoke, sprung from the power of his dutie, and grew not from the nature of disobedience. When Pericles, lifting him up, desired of him that his counsell now would teach him how to auoide that danger which his feare gaue him cause to mistrust." Helicanus' advice was "That he should forthwith betake himself to trauel, keeping his intent whither as priuate from his subjects as his journey was suddaine; that vpon his trust he should leaue the gouernment: grounding which counsel vpon this principle, Absence abates that edge that Presence whets" (pp. 19, 20).

If the arrangement of the Novel be adopted we can see what it is to which lines 94, 95 refer. Lines 50-59 may disappear, though something partially resembling them is suggested after line 95. Lines 66, 66 will be extended, unless we look on them as forestalled by the previous rebuke of Helicanus. Lines 63-65 will come in after line 100, and there is thus something definite to call forth Helicanus' speech, lines 101-108.

The Story of Apollonius, on which the play is based, makes no mention of any deputy of Pericles; Helicanus (Hellenicus in the Latin Historia) is an old man from Tyre, whom Apollonius meets by the sea at Tarsus, and from whom he receives advice like that which, in act ii., Gower, lines 21-25, Helicanus sends by letter to Pericles.

44. Line 1: *this CHANGE of thoughts*.—*Change*, most probably, here signifies perturbation or disquietude. Or it may mean "this new course of my thoughts," viz. towards sadness. Many editors, following Steevens and Malone, read *charge*, i.e. burden. Perhaps the sentence should be regarded as unfinished, breaking off at the end of this line.

45. Line 3: *BE MY so-us'd a guest*.—So Dyce. Qq. and F 3, F 4 read *by me so us'd a guest*. If this reading be retained the sentence lacks a principal verb.

46. Line 8: *Whose ARM seems far too short to hit me here*.—*Arm* is Dyce's correction for *arm*, the reading of all the old editions. On the whole the old reading gives a better sense. Mr. Kinnear compares Richard II. iv. 1. 11, and II. Henry VI. iv. 7. 87.

47. Line 25: *And with TH' OSTENT of war will look so huge*.—Qq. and F 3, F 4 read *the stint*. The correction was made by Tyrwhitt.

48. Lines 29-32:

*Which care of them, not pity of myself.—  
Who AM no more but as the tops of trees,*

Which FENCE the roots they grow by, and defend them,—  
Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish.

For *am*, the conjecture of Farmer, all the old copies read *once*. Other corrections have been proposed. With *fence*, meaning guard, compare III. Henry VI. ii. 6. 74:

Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you now?

49. Line 41: To which that BLAST gives HEAT and stronger glowing.—For *blast*, the reading of Mason and Collier, Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *spark*, which has occurred in the previous line. Malone proposed *breath*, which Mr. Kinneair defends, quoting Comedy of Errors, iii. 2. 28:

When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife;

and King John, iv. 1. 110. *Heat* is found only in Q. 1. The other copies read *heart*.

50. Line 44: When SIGNIOR SOOTH here does proclaim A peace.—A was inserted by Malone. I suspect corruption both here and in the next line. (See note 43.) *Sooth* with the sense of "flattery" occurs in Richard II. iii. 3. 130, in the phrase "words of sooth." Malone quotes, in illustration of *Signior Sooth*, Winter's Tale, i. 2. 196: "Sir Smile, his neighbour."

51. Lines 61, 62:

heaven forbid

That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!

The most probable interpretation of the words is that of Holt White: "Heaven forbid that kings should suffer their ears to hear their failings palliated!" Dyce, however, reads *hid* for *hid*, and takes *let* to mean "hinder."

52. Lines 73, 74:

From whence an ISSUE I might propagate

ARE arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.

There is a very harsh ellipsis here of *which*, or *such as*, before *are*. (Compare note 10.) Shakespeare uses *issue* as a plural in Winter's Tale, iv. 2. 29.

53. Line 83: Bethought ME what was past.—Me was inserted by Rowe.

54. Lines 84, 85:

tyrants' FEARS

Decrease not, but grow faster than THEIR years.

So Steevens. Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *the*, which, however, is less forcible. *Fears* is the reading of F. 4; Qq. have *fear*; F. 3, *fear*.

55. Line 86: And should he DOUBT IT.—For *doubt it*, Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read *doe't*, the other Quartos and F. 3, F. 4 *think*. The text is Malone's, and is justified by the words "lop that *doubt*" in line 90.

56. Line 92: for mine, if I may call offence.—The meaning evidently is, "for my so-called offence."

57. Line 95: Who now REPROVEDST me FOR IT.—Q. 1, Q. 2 read:

Who now reprov'dst me *now*;

Q. 3 has for *it*. The text follows the other Quartos and F. 3, F. 4. Malone reads *reprov'd*, which most editors have adopted. But with the light thrown on this scene by the Novel (see note 43) the use of the past tense can readily be justified. Pericles means, "you who only a few moments ago rebuked me."

58. Line 122: But in our ORBS WE'LL live so round and

*safe*.—For *we'll* Q. 1 reads *will*; the other Quartos and F. 3, F. 4 have *us*. Malone made the correction.<sup>6</sup> The idea in this and the next lines is illustrated, as Rolfe points out, by I. Henry IV. v. 1. 17-19:

move in that obedient orb again

Where you did give a fair and natural light,

And be no more an exhal'd meteor.

In ancient astronomy the stars, the sun, the several planets, and the moon were supposed to be set in concentric revolving *orbs* or spheres. See All's Well that Ends Well, i. 1. 90-100; Antony and Cleopatra, note 273; and Midsummer Night's Dream, note 64. With the last part of the line compare Jonson, Epigram 98:

He that is round within himself, and straight,

Need seek no other strength, no other height.

—Works, p. 673.

Both in this passage and in the text there may be a recollection of Horace's description of the *man* that is *sapiens*, or possessed of wisdom:

totus teres, atque rotundus.

—Squires, ii. 7. 86.

Malone thinks, perhaps rightly, that the reading of Q. 1 is the true one, a line having been lost just before this.

#### ACT I. SCENE 3.

59.—The whole of this scene is printed as prose in Qq. and F. 3, F. 4. The scene is the court (see line 1), and the fact of Pericles' departure is as yet known to few, or Thaliard would have learned it before reaching the court. There can be hardly any interval between this scene and the last. In Gower and Twine, Thaliard learns from the sorrowing citizens that their prince has suddenly departed, and does not present himself to the "lords of Tyre." The action, indeed, seems foolish, and likely to have aroused suspicion. It is a clumsy expedient for acquainting Hellenicus of Thaliard's mission. In the old story, Antiochus publicly puts a price on the prince's head, and it is this news of which Apollonius is apprised by Hellenicus.

60. Lines 4-7: Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets.—Steevens remarks: "Who this wise fellow was may be known from the following passage in Barnaby Riche's Souldier's Wishe to Briton's Welfare, or Captain Skill and Captaine Pill, 1604, p. 27: 'I will therefore commend the poet Philipides, who being demanded by King Lismachus, what favour he might doe unto him for that he loved him, made this answer to the King, that your majesty would never impart unto me any of your secrets.'"

61. Line 10: HUSH! here COMES the lords of Tyre.—Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *Hush't*, another form of *hush*, which was occasionally used. Most editors read *come* with F. 4, instead of *comes*; but the change is unnecessary.

62. Line 22: And doubting LEST THAT he had err'd or sinn'd.—Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 omit *that*, while Q. 4, F. 3, F. 4 omit *lest*.

63. Lines 28, 29:

But since he's gone, THIS the king's EARS must please,—  
If scap'd the land, to perish at the SEAS.

Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read (substantially) as follows:

But since he's gone, the Kings *sees* must please: hee scap'te the Land to perish at the Sea.  
This is nonsense, and no attempt to make sense of it is likely to be quite satisfactory. Percy suggested for the first line:

But since he's gone, the king *it sure* must please.  
Singer, *Perring* has proposed:

But since he's gone, the king *this news* must please.

Dyce and Grant White give:

But since he's gone, the king's *ears* it must please.

This, however, requires an unusual emphasis on *it*, which is avoided by the arrangement adopted in the text.

*Seas for sea*, in line 29, is the correction of Malone.

64. Line 35: *Your lord HAS BETOOK himself to unknown travels*.—Q. 1 reads *betake* for *betook*, and Fl. have *hath* instead of *has*.

65. Line 36: *My message*.—Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read *now message*.

#### ACT I. SCENE 4.

66. —Steevens makes the scene "A Room in the Governor's house," and subsequent editors have followed him. In Twine's story, Apollonius, having met Stranguillio (= Cleon) outside the city, comes with him into the market-place, and there offers his corn to the famishing citizens. Wilkins, in the Novel, puts the meeting of Pericles and Cleon in the market-place, where Pericles, after the speech contained in lines 85–96, proffers his corn to the multitude whom he causes to be summoned thither, and then, in words partly borrowed from Twine, asks their protection. If the scene be out of doors, there is room for the discourse to which Cleon refers in line 103. There is nothing hostile to this view in line 8, and line 1 seems inappropriate if spoken in Cleon's own house.

*Tarsus*, a wealthy city in the fertile plain of Cilicia, lay on both sides of the river Cydnus. Here Cleopatra first met Mark Antony. The origin and early civilization of the city appear to have been Semitic, though it was afterwards Hellenized, and became the centre of a philosophical school. The inhabitants had the reputation of being vain, effeminate, and luxurious, more like Phœnicians than Greeks.

#### 67. Lines 7–8

*ev'n such our griefs are;*

*Here they're but felt, AND SEEN with MISCHIEF'S EYES,*  
*But like to groves, being TOPPD, they higher rise.*

For *mischief's eyes* Steevens proposed *mistful eyes*; Walker, *misery's eyes*; and Singer, *mistic eyes*. Malone would read *unseen for and seen*: he interprets *mischief's eyes* to mean "the eyes of those who would feel a malignant pleasure in our misfortunes." This, however, hardly fits up to the next line. Mr. T. Tyler proposes *not seen*, making the words mean "not seen with the eyes of despair" (which would prompt to deeds of mischief). The meaning both of this line and the next is certainly obscure. Perhaps we ought to leave out the comma after *felt*. The meaning of the two lines will then be: "our griefs are at this moment neither felt nor seen, except with the eyes of mischief (i.e. by those who look for them with vexatious intent); but if we attempt to disguise them (by talking of the woes of others) they will grow more burdensome, as trees spring to a greater height after being pruned."

Cotgrave translates *desbrancher* by "to top, or lop the boughs; to cut or pluck off the branches of a tree." Under *escouppaller* he has "to top, or cut off the top of a tree. (v. m.)."

#### 68. Lines 13–15:

GRIEF MAKES our tongues and sorrows TO sound deep  
*Our woes into the air; our eyes TO weep,*  
*Till TONGUES fetch BREATH that may proclaim them louder.*  
For the introduction of the words *grief* makes I am responsible. It seems suggested by the previous sentence. Q. 1 has, instead of lines 13, 14:

Our tongues and sorrows TO sound deepe:  
Our woes into the aire, our eyes to weepe.

The other Quartos and F. 3, F. 4 read *do* instead of *to* in the first line. This leaves *to weep* in the second line without any principal verb to depend on. Editors have followed Q. 2 in line 13, and in line 14 have adopted Malone's conjecture *do for to*. Malone himself preferred *too* in both places. *Our tongues and sorrows* seems to mean "our sorrowing tongues," "the tongues of us who sorrow." Hudson has the following rearrangement:

Our tongues do sound our sorrows and deep woes.

We might read:

Grief makes our tongues to sound our sorrows deep,  
And woes into the air, &c.

For *tongues*, in line 15, Steevens proposed to read *lungs*, and this ought perhaps to be adopted. Compare, however, Richard II. 1. 3. 173:

Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath.

#### 69. Lines 16, 17:

*That, if HEAV'N slumber while THEIR creatures want,*  
*They may awake THEIR HELPS to comfort them.*

Q4. and F. 3, F. 4 read *helpers* instead of *helps*. The emendation is Malone's. *Heaven* is often used as a plural noun. Compare Richard II. note 50; Richard III. notes 661 and 508. Rolfe quotes Macbeth, ii. 1. 4, 5:

There's husbandry in Heaven,  
Their candles are all out.

70. Line 23: *For Riches strew'd herself even in THE streets*.—Q. 1, Q. 2 repeat *her* before *streets*, omitting *the*. The correction was made in Q. 3. *Riches* is properly a singular noun, and so Shakespeare generally uses it.

#### 71. Lines 26, 27:

*Whose men and dames so JETTED and ADORN'D,*  
*Like ONE ANOTHER'S GLASS to trim them by.*

With regard to *jetted* see Richard III. note 287. Steevens compares Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 35–37: "Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!" And as to *one another's glass* Malone appropriately adduces Hamlet, iii. 1. 161:

*The glass of fashion and the mould of form;*  
and II. Henry IV. ii. 3. 21, 22:

he was indeed the glass  
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.

Compare note 157 of the latter play; and see Webster, Duchess of Malfi, i. 1:

Let all sweet ladies break their flattering glasses,  
And dress themselves in her.

—Works, Dyce's ed. p. 61.

Apparently *adorn'd* here means *were adorn'd*, or *adorn'd*

*themselves.* The construction is awkward. Wilkins says: "whose people were . . . rich in attire, envious in looks," and "the ornaments of whose attire Art it selfe with all invention could not content" (pp. 21, 22).

72. Lines 39, 40:

*Those palates, who, not yet two SUMMERS younger,  
Must have inventions to delight the taste.*

Q. 1 reads, instead of line 39:

Those pallats who not yet too *sauers* younger.

*Summers*, the conjecture of Mason, is justified by the words of the Novel: "the ground of which forced lamentation was, to see the power of change, that this their City, *who not two summers younger*, did so excell in pompe, and bore a state, whom all hir neighbors envied for her greatnes: . . . whose people were curious in their diet . . . the dignitie of whose pallats the whole riches of Nature could hardly satisfie . . . are now so altered, that . . . in steade of full furnished tables, hunger calles out now for so much bread, as may but satisfie life" (pp. 21, 22). Both Novel and play make Cleon's lament open with an incomplete sentence. The period of *two summers*, here named, does not agree with *several years* in line 18. Some corruption very likely exists in the previous speech.

73. Line 42: *to NURSLE up their babes.*—There are a number of instances of the verb *nursle* being used with the sense of "nurture." Kingston Oliphant, *New English*, i. 453, after observing that the word is formed from *nose*, like speckle from speck, says: "It seems to have been confounded with *nursle* (=train), and was used in this latter sense throughout this [16th] century." Compare Sidney, *Arcadia*, bk. ii.: "olde men long *nursed* in corruption, scorning them that would seek reformation" (ed. 1590, ff. 127).

Marston, *Antonio's Revenge* (second part of *Antonio and Mellida*), 1602, Prologue, has:

from his birth being hugg'd in the armes  
And *nursled* twist the breastes of happinesse.

Marston probably understood the word to mean cherish, fondle.

74. Line 54: *HEAR these tears.*—Dyce is probably right in thinking that *hear* means *hear of*. Collier gave *heed these tears*.

75. Line 58: *which THOU bring'st in haste.*—So Q. 4 and subsequent editions. Q. 1, Q. 2 read *thee* for *thou*; Q. 3 has *ye*.

76. Lines 65-67:

*some neighbouring NATION*

*HATH stuff'd THESE hollow vessels with THEIR power.*

*Hath* is Rowe's correction for *that*, the reading of Qq. and F. 3, F. 4, as is also *the*, for *these* was substituted by Malone. It will be noticed that *nation* takes a singular verb, but has the possessive pronoun of the plural form.

77. Lines 69, 70:

*And make a conquest of unhappy ME,  
Where as no glory's got to overcome.*

There is probably some corruption here. *Me* seems un-

suitable. Wilkins says: "*hee* [Cleon] commanded the bringer [of the news] vpon their landing, to this purpose to salute their Generall, That Tharsus was subdued before their coming, and that it was small conquest to subdew where there was no abilitie to resist" (p. 22).

78. Lines 70-78:

*But bring they what they will and what they can,  
What need we FEAR?  
THE GROUND'S the lowest.*

Q. 1, which Q. 2, Q. 3 follow, reads:

But bring they what they will, and what they can,  
What need wee *leane* our grounds the lowest?

The necessary correction was made in Q. 4.

79. Lines 90, 91:

*Nor come we to add sorrow to your TEARS,  
But to relieue them of their heavy load.*

To mend the sense Walker altered *tears* to *hearts*.

80. Lines 92-94:

*And these our ships, you happily may sink  
Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within  
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow.*

Compare line 67. The construction would appear to be, "And these our ships you, expecting overthrow, happily (haply) may think are like the Trojan horse (which)," &c. *Bloody* probably means cruel or murderous. The story of the capture of Troy, by means of armed men concealed in the interior of a great wooden horse, is told by Virgil, *Aeneid*, ii. 13-197, 232-267.

81. Line 98:

*And we'll pray for you.  
Per. RISE, I pray you, rise.*

Q. 1 reads "*Arise* I pray you, rise." The other Quartos and F. 3, F. 4 adopt this, but read *arise* at the end of the line as well. The text is Stevens's.

## ACT II. PROLOGUE.

82. Lines 7, 8:

*I'll show you those in troubles reign,  
Losing a mile, a mountain gain.*

Malone's interpretation is, "I will now exhibit to you persons, who, after suffering small and temporary evils, will at length be blessed with happiness." This is doubtless the sense, but it seems impossible to explain what is the grammatical construction of the sentence.

83. Lines 11, 12:

*where each man  
Thinks all is WRIT he SPEKEN can.*

*Writ* probably means scripture, —gospel, as we might say. *Speken* is Grant White's correction for *spoken*, the reading of Qq. and F. 3, F. 4. Another example of the old infinitive in *-en* is *killen* in line 20.

84. Lines 17-22:

*Good Helicane, that stay'd at HOME,  
Not to eat honey like a DRONE  
From others' labours;—for though he strive  
To killen bad, keep good alive,  
And to fulfil his prince's desire,—  
SENDS WORD of all that haps in Tyre.*

For the rhyming of *dolphin* with *home* see note 2. Wilkins has: "Good Helycanus as proudant at home, as his Prince was prosperous abroad, let no occasion slip wherein hee might send word to Tharsus of what occurrents soeuer had happened in his absence" (Novel, p. 24). *Sends word* was suggested by Steevens. Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *saw'd* (or *saw'd*) *aye*, which is nonsense. Possibly we should read in line 19: "for he doth strive." As it stands, the line is meaningless and ungrammatical.

85. Line 36: *Ne aught escapen but himself.*—*Escapen*, the correction of Percy, is adopted by most editors. It is awkward, however, to have this plural form of the verb, when *aught* is singular. Q. 1 reads *escapend*, the other old copies *escapen'd*, and we might regard *escapend* as the present participle. The old participial ending *-ende* is common in Gower.

## ACT II. SCENE 1.

86.—The district of *Pentapolis* in North Africa was, until the time of the Ptolemies, known by the name of Cyrenaike. In the Latin *Historia Apollonii* the place is called *Pentapolitana Cyrenæorum terra*. "The parts of Libya about Cyrene" are mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles. Cyrene, the first of the five towns from which the district took its name, was the chief Hellenic colony in Africa. We see from line 68 that the writer of this scene treated the locality as in Greece.

87. Lines 6, 7:

*Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left ME breath  
Nothing to think on but ensuing death.*

The meaning may be, "Has left me life, but yet with inevitable death awaiting me." The early editions have, however, "my breath;" and it is by no means certain that this reading is to be rejected. We should have to take *breath* as equivalent to life, soul, mind. See I. 1. 46.

88. Line 12: *What, HO, PILCH!*—Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *What, to pelch?* *Pilch*, for *pelch*, was suggested by Tyrwhitt. Compare line 52, where the old editions give *fenny* instead of *funny*. The word means a coarse leathern coat (see *Romeo and Juliet*, note 110). *Ho*, for *to*, is Malone's correction. He observes that the first fisherman appears to be the master, and the others servants.

89. Lines 18-24:

Third Fish. *Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.*

First Fish. *Ayas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cases they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.*

The Rev. W. A. Harrison has suggested a comparison with *The Tempest*, I. 2. 5-9:

O, I have suffer'd  
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,  
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,  
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock  
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd!

Malone compares *Winter's Tale*, iii. 3. 91, foll.: "O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yeast and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hoghead. And then for the

land-service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help." These parallelisms, and some other matters to be noticed, suggest to Mr. Tyler the influence of Shakespeare on this scene, though it would be too much to assert that it was written by him.

90. Lines 25-29: *Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the PORPUS, how he bownd and tumbled! . . . they ne'er come but I look to be wash'd.*—Malone observes, "The rising of porpuses, near a vessel at sea, has long been considered by the superstition of sailors as the forerunner of a storm." He quotes Webster, *Duchess of Malfy* (1623), iii. 3: "He lifts up's nose, like a foul porpoise before a storm" (Works, ed. Dyce, p. 81).

91. Lines 29-32:

*Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.*

First Fish. *Why, as men do a-land,—the great ones eat up the little ones.*

Mr. Boyle has appropriately compared *Day, Law-Tricks*, 1607-8, i. 2:

But, Madam, doe you remember what a multitude of fishes we saw at sea? and I doe wonder how they can all live by one another.

Em. Why foole, as men do on the Land, the great ones eate up the little ones. —(Works, p. 15 (of play);

and Wilkins, *Miseries of Enforced Marriage*:

O, the most wretched season of this time!

These men like fish do swim within the stream,

Yet they 'd eat one another. —(Dodsley, vol. ix. p. 539.

92. Lines 36-47: *such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.*

Per. [Aside] *A pretty moral.*

Third Fish. *But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.*

Sec. Fish. *Why, man?*

Third Fish. *Because he should have swallow'd me too; and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again.*

Here again there is a parallel in *Day, Law-Tricks*, ii.:

Em. Are you a lawyer?

Ful. I faith Madam, he hath sit on the skirts of law any time this thirde yeares.

Ad. Then he should be a good Trencher-man by his profession.

Lu. Your reason, Adam?

Ad. I knew one of that facultie in one terme eate vp a whole Towne, Church, Steeple, and all.

Ful. I wonder the Bels rang not all in his belly.

Ad. No, sir; he solde them to buy his wife a Taffety gowne, and himself a velvet jacket. —(Works, p. 26 (of play).

On the whole the passage in *Pericles* is an improvement on that in the *Law-Tricks*. Girding at lawyers may be observed in our present play just below, lines 122-125.

93. Line 52: *the FINNY SUBJECTS of the sea.*—*Finny* is Malone's reading, *subjects* Staunton's. Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read "the *fenny subject* of the sea." It would be possible to take *subject* as a collective noun with a plural signification, but Wilkins agrees with the text. His *Novel* says: "prince Pericles, wondering that from the *finny subjects* of the sea these poore countrey people learned the infirmities of men, more than mans obduracy and duines could learne one of another" (p. 27).



94. Line 55: *All that may men approve, or men DETECT.*—The meaning appears to be "all that may serve to commend men's good actions or make their bad ones apparent." *Detect*, with the sense of discovery, is found in III. Henry VI. ii. 2. 143, and in many other places.

95. Lines 56-59:

*Peace be at your labour, HONEST fishermen.*

Sec. Fish. *Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be a day FITS you, search out of the CALENDAR, and nobody look after it.*

Knight suggested that the fisherman was "laughing at the rarity of being honest:" but no one seems to have noticed the remarkable parallel with Hamlet, ii. 2. 173-179:

*Pol.* Do you know me, my lord?

*Ham.* Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

*Pol.* Not I, my lord.

*Ham.* Then I would you were so *honest* a man.

*Pol.* *Honest*, my lord!

*Ham.* Ay, sir; to be *honest*, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

The verb *fit* occurs in Sonnet cxix. 7, 8:

*How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,  
In the distraction of this madding fever!*

It is made, of course, from the noun *fit*, and means "to give a fit or paroxysm." *Pericles*, the fisherman tells him, must be mad, to talk as if such a thing as honesty existed in the world. But, in accordance with the old idea of *lunacy* (i.e. moon-madness, madness depending on the changes of the moon), the madness of *Pericles* is regarded as periodical, and depending on a particular day. This day he is advised to search for and expel from the calendar, and no one is then to look for it to bring it back again. Mr. Tyler, by whom the foregoing is written, compares Job iii. 3-6. See also King John, note 131.

Mr. Kinnear, *Cruces Shakespearianæ*, p. 484, guided partly by the readings *scratch it* and *will look*, of Malone, proposes to read:

If it be a *name* fits you, *scratch 't* out of the calendar, and nobody 't look after it.

*Honest*, he observes, is a term used in addressing inferiors, as by Leonato to Dogberry, "*honest neighbour*;" Bottom to Peaseblossom, "*honest gentleman*;" and Shallow to "*honest Bardolph*." *Pericles* appeared to the fishermen a naked beggar, and, probably, anything but *honest*. With "*a name fits you*" the same critic compares Much Ado, iii. 2. 114: "*think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it*." *Calendar* he interprets as register, catalogue, comparing Hamlet, v. 2. 114: "*He is the card or calendar of gentry*;" All's Well that Ends Well, i. 3, 4, 5: "*might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours*."

96. Line 60: *MAY see the sea hath cast upon your coast.*—Having regard to the numerous imperfect and elliptical lines in this play, this place can scarcely be regarded as of special difficulty. The folios give "Y" may see the sea hath cast me upon your coast." Malone on one time proposed to change the *y* into *you* and *upon* into *on*. This, however, spoils the rhythm. *Me*, for *may*, has been conjectured by an anonymous critic mentioned by the Cambridge editors, and is also proposed by Mr. Kinnear.

97. Lines 86, 87: *flesh for HOLLYHUTS, . . . and MORE OR puddings and flap-jacks.*—Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read "*Flesh for all day . . . and more; or Puddinges and Flap-jackes*." The corrections were made by Malone, the latter on the suggestion of Farmer.

98. Line 94: *are all your beggars whipp'd.*—Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read *are you Beggars whipt*. Whipping was, the regular punishment for vagrants in Shakespeare's time (and long afterwards). Players were liable to be accounted vagrants (see Troilus, note 227), and Mr. Tyler here suggests a comparison with Hamlet, ii. 2. 552-556:

*Pol.* My lord, I will use them [the players] according to their desert.

*Ham.* God's bodykins, man, much better: use every man after his desert, and who should scape whipping?

99. Lines 114-116: *to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to JUST and TOUNNEY for her love.*—The princess's birthday, with its tournament, is an invention of the writer of this part of the play. In the *Historia Apollonii*, and *Twine, Patterne of Painefull Aduentures*, we are told that Prince Apollonius, on entering the city, heard one who invited all persons, citizens and strangers alike, to the gymnasium or "place of exercise." According to Gower, it was the appointed day for every one to "pleye . . . her comun game." Tourneying (obviously an anachronism) is mentioned by Gower and Twine afterwards; but only as part of the festivities at the marriage of the Prince and Princess. The incident of the armour (which occupies the rest of this scene) is also invented, to enable *Pericles* to take part in the tournament.

100. Lines 119-121: *O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully DEAL for his wife's soul.*—Here we have another place which has been regarded as excessively obscure. Knight says it is useless to attempt to explain it, and the editors of the *Globe Shakespeare* place an obelus before "his wife's soul," to indicate that there is a lacuna. Yet, by the simple emendation of *deal* into *steal*, a fairly consistent sense can be obtained. *Pericles* wishes to be present at the tournament, but he is in a position of extremity, and knows not how to procure what is necessary for the enterprise. The fisherman answers that, whatever may be the course of Fortune, there are extreme occasions on which a man may lawfully steal, as, for instance, for *his wife's soul*, that is, for her life, or her salvation. "A man may steal for his wife's soul" may indeed have been a current maxim. [This ingenious proposal of Mr. Tyler's is the best elucidation that has been given of the passage; but the question is so uncertain that I have refrained from altering the text.—P. Z. R.]

101. Lines 127, 128:

*Thanks, fortune, yet, that, after all THY crosses,  
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself.*

Qq. and Ft. omit *thy*. Wilkins, in the *Novel*, says: "thanking Fortune, that after all her crosses, shee had yet given him somewhat to repayre his fortunes" (p. 29). The correction in the text was made by Delius.

102. Line 129: *And THOUGH it was mine own, part of my heritage.*—If *though* is correct, we have here a long

subordinate clause; the principal verb of the sentence will be *thank*, in line 139. But we might better read:

*I know it; 'twas mine own.*

This would seem to be justified by the words of the Novel: "the Armour is by Pericles viewed, and *known* to be a defence which his father at his last will gave him in charge to keep" (p. 29).

The *armour* (line 126) seems to be a "corset," including both back and breast pieces (see line 142) and also arm or shoulder guards, which are apparently indicated by the word *brace* of line 133. Yet it is hard to see how a defence for the arm could be a shield twist the wearer and death. We may suspect that the right word should be *bruise* or *dent*, showing where the armour had warded off a deadly stroke.

103. Lines 134, 135:

"For that it said me, keep it; in like necessity—  
The which the gods protect thee FROM!—"T MAY defend thee."

Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read for the latter of these lines:

The which the Gods protect thee, *Fame* may defend thee

The text is Malone's. Staunton reads *may't* for *'t may*, but either reading is cacophonous. Possibly what was intended was:

The which the gods avert, the same may defend thee.

104. Line 137: *The rough seas, that SPARE not any man.*—So Malone. Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 give *sparcs*.

105. Line 151: *I'll show the virtue I have BORNE in arms.*—Wilkins has in the Novel: "telling them, that with it hee would shew the vertue hee had learned in Armes" (p. 29).

106. Line 152: *Why, D'YE take it.*—For *d'ye* Q. 1 has *do'e*; Q. 2, Q. 3 *d'e*. The others omit the word.

107. Line 158: *you'll remember from whence you had IT.*—So Malone. The old editions all have "had them."

108. Lines 161-163:

*spite of all the RAPTURE of the sea,  
This jewel holds his BUILDING on my arm:—  
Unto the value I will mount myself.*

Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *rupture* for *rapture*, the reading of Rowe. The emendation is justified by the words of the Novel: "a jewel, whom all the *raptures* of the sea could not bereave from his arme" (p. 29). *Building* may mean the setting, or holds his *building* may be an artificial way of saying "keeps its place." For *the*, in line 163, the old copies have *thy*. The correction was made by Walker.

109. Line 167: *a pair of BASES.*—This denotes the skirts, gathered or puckered lengthwise, which were worn appended to the doublet, and reached from the waist to the knee. They were often worn over the armour. The term sometimes denotes the caparisons or housings of a horse.

*Friends*, in the previous line, is Dyce's emendation. The old copies read *friend*; but the fishermen are addressed collectively throughout this scene, and the Second Fisherman presently answers with *We*, not *I*.

## ACT II. SCENE 2.

110.—According to the *Historia Apollonii*, the Prince comes to the notice of King Archistrates at the gymnasium (see note 99), where, after putting off his mean

garments and bathing, he distinguished himself as an opponent to the King at the game of ball (*lusus pilæ*, which Twine interprets as "tennis"). Gower, who does not specify the game, says:

*in a large place  
Right even afore the kinges face*

*The play was played  
And who most worthi was of dede  
Receive he shold a certain mede  
And in the cite here a pris.*

—See Pauli's ed. p. 598.

"Apollinus," Gower adds, "fel among hem into game," and of course comes off victorious.

The manner of the entrance of the competitors in this scene may, perhaps, have been suggested by the Arcadia of Sir Philip Sidney (books i. and ii.), where similar pageants are described. The choice by amorous or ambitious gallants of fanciful emblems such as these was an Italian custom, which became very fashionable in England in Tudor times. The present anachronistic scene is only introduced for the sake of the parade; and there is no particular reason why Thaisa should have to announce the knights. Simonides could surely see for himself.

111. Lines 14, 15:

*'Tis now your honour, daughter, to EXPLAIN  
The labour of each knight in his device.*

For *explain* Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 have *entertain*. Steevens suggested the necessary correction. Schmidt proposes *interpret*, as being more Shakespearian.

112. Line 27: *Mas por dulzura que por fuerza.*—Q. 1, followed substantially by the other copies, reads *Pue Per dolcera kee per forza*. The Novel has "*Pue per dolcera qui per sfora*: more by lenitie than by force." But when the text tells us the words are Spanish, we can hardly print *pu*, which is Italian. The observation and correction are Malone's. The motto seems really to have been taken from a French source. *Plus par douceur que par force* is emblem 23 of Corrozet's Hecatonographie, Paris, 1540, according to Mr. H. Green, Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers (p. 164). There is only a far-off likeness between this and the proverb *mas vale maña que fuerza*, 'more avails cunning than force,' mentioned by J. Collins, Dictionary of Spanish Proverbs, 1823.

113. Lines 29, 30:

*And his device, a wreath of chivalry;  
The word, Me pompæ provexit apex.*

The practice of giving a chaplet of leaves to the victor in the Greek athletic contests was followed in the games of the Roman circus. Roman soldiers were rewarded with a crown of olive leaves for conspicuous bravery, and a wreath of laurel or bay was worn by a victorious commander in his triumphal procession or *pompa*. It is this last which the Latin motto seems to have in view. Paradin, Devises Heroïques (quoted by Mr. Green, *ut supra*, p. 168), gives this motto when writing of the laurel wreath, which he describes as the highest reward that the Romans could offer to generals, emperors, captains, and victorious knights. Often the wreaths were made of gold. In one shape or the other they were sometimes given as the reward of the victor in a tournament. Lacroix has an engraving (No. 134 in Military and Religious

Life of the Middle Ages) from an ivory of the 13th century, showing ladies at a tournament holding out wreaths to successful combatants.

## 114. Lines 32, 33:

*A burning torch that's turned upside down;  
The word, QUOD me alit, me extinguit.*

QUOD is Malone's reading. Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *Qui*, as does the Novel, which interprets the words to mean "that which gives me life gives me death." Mr. Green quotes from Symeoni, Tetrastichi Morali (1561, 1574), the story of the Signor di San Vallere, who bore this device, with the motto as in Wilkins. "to signify that, as the beauty of a lady whom he loved nourished all his thoughts, so she put him in peril of his life." Dyce defends Malone's reading of *quod* for *qui* by the citation of Daniel's translation of Paulus Jovius, Discourse of Impreses, 1585, where *quod* is the word used.

## 115. Lines 36-38:

*an hand environed with clouds,  
Holding out gold that's by the TOUCHSTONE tried:  
The motto thus, Sic spectanda fides.*

As regards the touchstone, see Richard III. note 467, and compare King John, iii. 1. 100, and Coriolanus, note 234. This device and motto appear in Paradis (*ut supra*) and in Whitney, A Choice of Emblemes, 1586.

## 116. Lines 50, 51:

*by his rusty outside, he appears*

*He have practis'd more the WHIPSTOCK than the lance.*

Stevens observes (on Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 28) that a whipstock is the handle of a whip, round which a strap of leather is usually twisted, and is sometimes put for the whip itself.

The idea of the ill-clad knight may have been borrowed from the following passage in Sidney, Arcadia, book i.: "the next comier . . . was no lesse marked than all the rest before, because he had nothing worth the marking. For he had neither picture, nor device, his armor of as old a fashion (besides the rustie poorenesse,) that it might better seeme a monument of his grandfather's courage: about his middle he had in steede of bases, a long cloake of silke, which as unhandsonely, as it needes must, became the wearer: so that all that looked on, measured his length on the earth alreadie" (ed. 1598, p. 63).

## 117. Lines 56, 57:

*Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan  
The outward habit by the inward man.*

*By*, with the sense "concerning," occurs in Merchant of Venice, ii. 9. 26; see note 189 on that play. Compare Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 150:

*I would not have him know so much by me;*

and 1 Corinthians iv. 4: "I know nothing *by* myself." The Novel says: "hee tolde them, that as Vertue was not to be approued by wordes, but by actions, so the outwarde habite was the least table of the inward minde" (p. 30).

## ACT II. SCENE 3.

118. Line 3, Qq., F. 3 read *I place*. Line 26, Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 have *shall* for *do*. Line 111, Q. 1, Q. 2 omit *to*. Line 113, Q. 1, Q. 2 continue the speech to Pericles.

## 119. Line 23:

Marshal. *Sir, yonder is your place.*

Per.

*Some other is more fit.*

It is plain from these words, and those of the First Knight, which follow, that Pericles is seated in a place of honour. Compare Gower:

At souper time, natheles,  
The king amiddes at the pres  
Let clepe him up amonge hem alle  
And bad his marshal of his halle  
To setten him in such degre  
That he upon him mighte se.

And he, which hadde his pris deserved,

Was maad begonne a middel bord,  
That bothe king and queene him syhe.

—See Pauli's ed. p. 299.

The Novel only says: "all [the Knights] being seated by the Marshall at a table, placed directly over-against where the king and his daughter sat" (p. 31).

## 120. Lines 27-29:

Sim.

*Sit, sir, sit.---*

[Aside] *By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,  
These cates resist me, he NOT thought upon.*

It is an awkward arrangement that Simonides should have only the three words "sit, sir, sit" to say to Pericles. The next two lines are obscurely expressed, but their meaning, no doubt, is that Simonides' liking for Pericles is so strong that it has taken away his appetite.

Wilkins says: "As it were by some diuine operation, both King and daughter at one instant were so stricken in love with the noblenesse of his worth, that they could not spare so much time to satisfie themselves with the delicacie of their viands, for talking of his prayse" (Novel, p. 31). The king's sentiments must be regarded as much the same as his daughter's. But, which Dyce suggests, instead of *not* in line 29, would make the sense clearer. Stevens and Dyce rightly object to the proposal, made by Malone and by Mason, to give these two lines to Pericles, whose thoughts as yet are only employed on his past misfortunes.

121. Line 43: *Where now his son's like glow-worm in the night.*—So Dyce. Q. 1, which the other Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 follow, reads:

*Where now his son like a glowworme in the night.*

## 122. Lines 62, 63:

*And princes not doing so are like to gnats,*

*Which make a sound, but KILL'D ARE wonder'd at.*

The wonder is because of the insignificance of the gnat which has made so much noise. Stevens's explanation is that the worthless monarch and the idle gnat have only lived to make an empty bluster; and, when both alike are dead, we wonder how it happened that they made so much, or that we permitted them to make it. The parallel is a strained one. Mr. Daniel would read, "but still ne'er wonder'd at," for the latter part of line 63. Mr. Kinnear, in his Cruces Shaksperianæ, proposes, "but little are wonder'd at."

123. Line 64: *to make his ENTERTAIN more sweet.*—This is Walker's emendation, adopted by Dyce. Compare i.

1. 130. *Entrance, or entrance*, is the reading of Qq. and F. 3. F. 4; the meaning being, then, "his coming among us."

124. Line 65: *standing-bowl, or standing-cup*, was a drinking vessel having a foot or pedestal. Compare the stage-direction in Henry VIII. v. 5, where "great standing-bowls for the christening-gifts" are mentioned. In Elizabethan times they were not uncommon.

125. Lines 81, 82:

*A gentleman of Tyre,—my name, Pericles;  
My education BEEN in arts and arms.*

So, in Troilus and Cressida, iv. 3. 80, the Grecian youths are described as "flowing o'er with arts and exercise."

Malone, to avoid the elliptical mode of expression, gave *being* instead of *been* in line 82; but harsher ellipses occur in this and the preceding act. In the Novel the words are just as in the text, and the alteration would not better the sense.

126. Lines 87-89:

*A gentleman of Tyre,  
Who ONLY by misfortune of the seas  
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.*

The confused construction is, no doubt, the result of mutilation. This explains the broken line. No satisfactory emendation has been proposed. *Only*, of course, means alone.

127. Lines 94-97:

*Even in your armours, as you are ADDRESS'D,  
Will VERY well become a SOLDIER'S DANCE.  
I will not have excuse, with saying THIS  
LOUD MUSIC is too harsh for ladies' heads.*

In lines 94, 95 we have another incomplete sentence, whether due to the carelessness of author or of transcriber ye cannot now say. The Qq. omit *very*, which was inserted by F. 3. *Address'd*, in Shakespeare, means prepared, ready. Here, however, it seems to mean accoutred or dressed, a sense in which *ready* is often used elsewhere. In line 96 Q. 1, Q. 2 have a comma after *this*; the other copies omit the stop, and read *that*. The text is Malone's; but the line is a bad one. Most likely the *loud music* is the noise made by the armour in dancing. Steevens quotes Twine, *Patterne of Painefulll Aduentures*, where "dauncing in armour" is enumerated among the entertainments at the wedding of the prince and princess (p. 279). In *A Brieft Treatise Concerning the Use and Abuse of Dauncing*: collected out of the works of the most excellent Deuine Doctour Peter Martyr, by Maister Robert Massonius; and translated into English by I. K. (about 1580), we are told: "Besides these, there was another *maude* exercised by younge men in martiall affayres. Forasmuch as they were commaunded to leappe and make much gesture and signes of mirth in theyr Harnes, to thend they might be readier and apter for battell, when the cause of y<sup>e</sup> common welath so required. This manner of daunsinge was called *Pyrrhicha*, and because it was used in armour, armed, hereof mentio is made in the ciuill lawes, (that is to say) in the digest of punishmentes; *F. de pœnis*: L. ad damnum" (sig. C. liii., verso). The versified Dialogue, from which Malone quotes (Var. Ed. vol. xxi. p. 85), would seem to be based on this Treatise.

Sidney, *Arcadia*, book II., mentions "the matachine daunce in armour" (ed. 1596, p. 118), as danced by one of the characters of his story. In this the performers are said to have wielded sword and buckler, and another interpretation of the *loud music* of line 97 is hereby suggested. But all that is meant in the present passage is that the knights dance *without removing their armour*. In Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 the stage-direction, after lines 98 and 107, is simply *They dance*. Malone gave *The Knights dance* for the first, and *The Knights and Ladies dance* for the second direction, and this alteration has been generally followed. I have enlarged the directions in accordance with the view I have just expressed.

#### ACT II. SCENE 4.

128. Lines 7-10:

*When he was seated in a chariot  
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him,  
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up  
THEIR bodies, EVEN TO LOATHING.*

Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *those*, instead of *their*, in line 10. The transcriber perhaps caught the word up from the next line. Steevens made the correction, which is confirmed in the Novel.

Steevens altered lines 7, 8 thus:

*When he was seated, and his daughter with him,  
In a chariot of inestimable value.*

This mends the rhythm, but throws the sentence out of balance. There is probably some mutilation. In the Novel, thirty lines (printed as prose) are occupied with the account which in this speech is condensed into ten. The following passage explains *even to loathing*: "as thus they rode . . . Vengeance with a deadly arrow drawne from forth the quiner of his wrath, prepared by lightning, and shot on by thunder, litte and strucke dead these prowd incestuous creatures where they sate, leauing their faces blasted, and their bodies such a contemptfull object on the earth, that all . . . scorn'd now to touch them, loath'd now to look upon them" (p. 33). The death of Antiochus by lightning is mentioned in all the versions of the story. No historical personage of that name met with such a death.

129. Line 15: *To bar heaven's shaft, BUT sin had his reward.*—So Q. 1. Q. 2, which the other copies follow, has to barre heuens shaft.

*By sinne had his reward.*

130. Line 25: *Your griefs! for what? wrong not THE PRINCE you love.*—*Your prince* is the reading of Qq. and F. 3, F. 4. Steevens made the correction. As Dyce points out, the error arose by confusion between *yr* and *ye*.

131. Lines 31-34:

*And be resolv'd he liues to govern us,  
Or dead, GIVES cause to mourn his funeral,  
And LEAVES us to our free election.  
Sec. Lord. Whose DEATH's indeed the strongest in  
our censure.*

Q. 1, followed by the other copies, reads as follows:

*And be resolved he liues to gouerne vs:  
Or dead, giue's cause to mourn his funeral,  
And leaue vs to our free election.  
a. Lord. Whose death in deed, the strongest in our censure.*

The text is Malone's. The Cambridge editors, however, retain the reading of the old copies in lines 32, 33. *Give's* must, in this case, be taken as an abbreviation for *give us*, and the sentence must be regarded as a request. In old texts the omission and insertion of a *s* is one of the commonest of typographical mistakes.

132. Lines 35, 37:

*And, knowing this kingdom, if without a head,—*

WILL SOON TO RUIN FALL.

If is Malone's correction for *is*, the reading of the old copies. In line 37 these read *soon fall to ruin*. Steevens made the transposition, and inserted *will*.

133. Lines 37, 38:

*your noble self,*

*That best KNOW how to rule.*

*Know* is the reading of Q. 1, Q. 2. Q. 3 has *knowes*, which the other copies adopt. Malone read *know'st*, but this hardly agrees with *your self*.

134. Line 41: FOR honour's cause.—This is Dyce's correction. "Try honour's cause" is the reading of Qq. and F. 3, F. 4. Dyce compares ii. 5. 61.

135. Lines 49, 50, 52, 53:

*But if I cannot win you to this love,  
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,*

*Whom if you find, and win unto return,  
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.*

This passage lacks not only grammar and rhythm, but sense also. Something has, perhaps, fallen out to which *love* might refer. Wilkins, in the Novel, merely says: "nothing but this onely prevailed with them, that since he only knew their Prince was gone to trauell, and that, that trauell was undertaken for their good, they would abstaine but for three months longer from bestowing that dignity which they call'd their loue, though it was his dislike vpon him" (p. 34). Line 50 may have originally read  
Go search your noble prince, like noble subjects.

There would thus be an antecedent to *whom* (line 52).

136. Line 56: *We with our travels will endeavour it*.—It was added by Steevens. For the use, indefinitely, of it as the object of a verb, see Abbott, Shakespearean Grammar, § 226; and compare ii. 5. 23.

## ACT II. SCENE 5.

137.—According to the old story, Apollonius, after supper at the palace, enchanted every one by his masterly playing on the harp. The princess became his pupil, and fell every day more deeply in love with him. Gower describes her as losing her appetite and keeping her chamber, until the king is in doubt of her life. To the three princes who come seeking her hand, the king—

*Seith she is seek, and of that speche  
Tho was no time to beseeche.  
But eche of hem do make a bille  
He bad, and write his owne wille,  
His name, his fader, and his good:  
And when she wiste how that it stood,  
And hadde here billes oversein,  
Thei sholden have answerd ayen.*

The king sent the letters to his daughter, who wrote in answer:

*The shame which is in a maide  
With speche dar nought ben unloke,  
But in writinge it may be spoke.  
So write I to you, fader, thus:  
But if I have Appollinus,  
Of al this world what so betyde,  
I wol nou other man abide.  
And, certes, if I of him faile,  
I wol right wel, withoute faile,  
Ye shul for me be doughterles.*

Twine says that the king found means to put off the suitors, "for that present, saying that he would talk with them farther concerning that matter another time." According to Gower

*He yaf hem answerd by and by;  
But that was do so prively,  
That non of othres counseil wiste.  
They toke here leve, and wher hem liste  
They wente forth upon here wey.*

—See Pauli's ed., p. 304, 305.

The very jejune scene with the suitors is omitted by Wilkins in the Novel, but he gives the succeeding portion of the present scene with great elaboration. The childishness of the king's feigned anger has been often noticed. Simonides cannot plead the excuse of Prospero:

*They are both in either's powers: but this swift business  
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning  
Make the prize light.*

—Tempest, i. 2, 450-452.

The character has been made ridiculous, for the sake of showing off Pericles and Thaisa in the parts of a hero falsely accused and a heroine ready to sacrifice her life for the man she loves. There is a similar scene by Wilkins in The Travels of Three English Brothers: Robert Sherly is ordered off to execution for aiming at the Sophy's crown by an unlawful contract with his niece; a head, supposed to be his, is brought in, whereupon the lady avows her affection and begs the body for burial. The Sophy answers:

*Take it, with our best love and furtherance.  
And, having ioyn'd his body to the head,*

*His winding sheet be thy chaste marriage bed. (Enter Sherly  
—Day's Works, pp. 71-74 (of play).*

138. Line 6: *Which YET from her by no means can I get.*

—Yet was first inserted in F. 3.

139. Lines 49, 50:

*Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter,  
And thou art a villain!*

Brabantio accuses Othello similarly, but with more apparent justification. (See Othello, i. 2. 63.) Mr. Tyler compares the dissembling of Prospero, when he addresses Ferdinand: Tempest, i. 2, 453-456:

*thou dost here usurp  
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself  
Upon this island as a spy, to win it  
From me, the lord on't.*

140. Line 62: *not to be a rebel to your state*.—So Walker. Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *her* instead of *your*; but the correction is confirmed by the words of the Novel, "affirming, that he came into his Court in search of honour, and not to be a rebell to his state" (p. 39).

141. Line 87: *And for a further grief*.—Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 omit *a*, which was inserted by Malone.

142. Line 89: *Even so my life MY blood that fosters it.*—Q<sup>3</sup>, which the succeeding copies follow, has "or blood that fosters it." But the figure of the love of the life for the blood is not very different from that in l. 2. 110:

*Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.*

Compare *The Maid in the Mill*, iv. 2:

the young men were friends  
As is the life and blood conglutinate  
And curdled in one body.

—Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, ii. 599.

### ACT III. PROLOGUE.

143. Lines 1, 2:

*Now sleep yelaked hath the rout;  
No din but snores THE HOUSE ABOUT.*

The reading is Malone's. Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read for line 2:

*No din but snores about the house.*

144. Lines 5-8:

*The cat, with eyne of burning coal,  
Now crouches FORE the mouse's hole;  
And CRICKETS sing at th' open's mouth,  
AYE the blither for their drouth.*

*Fore* and *crickets* are Malone's emendations. The old copies have *from* and *cricket*, and, in the next line, *are*, for which *aye* was first substituted by Dyce. A resemblance to this speech of Gower's has been seen by some in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 1. 380, &c.

As regards the house cricket, we are told they "live in a kind of artificial torrid zone, are very thirsty souls, and are frequently found drowned in pans of water, milk, broth, and the like. Whatever is moist, even stockings or linen hung out to dry, is to them a *bonne bouche*" (Kirby and Spence, p. 140).

145. Lines 12, 13:

*time, that is so briefly spent,  
With your fine fancies quaintly ECHE.*

We may set beside this, but for contrast rather than comparison, the words of the Chorus in Henry V. v. 1-6:

Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,  
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,  
I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse  
Of time, of numbers and due course of things,  
Which cannot in their huge and proper life  
Be here presented.

The form *eche* occurs in *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2. 23, and in *Henry V.* iii. Prol. 35; modern editors, however, substitute *eke* in both passages. It is found in Chaucer.

146. Lines 15-32.—Gower thus tells the story:

It fel a day thei riden oute,  
The king and queene and al the route,  
To plein hem upon the stonde,  
Whereas they seen toward the lond  
A ship sailende of greet aray.  
Til it be come they abide.  
They axen when the ship is come.  
'Fro Tyr, anon answerde some.

The cause why they comen for  
Was for to seche and for to finde  
Appolinus, which is of kinde  
Her lege lord.

He was right glad, for they him tolde  
That for vengeance, as god it wolde,  
Antiochus, as men may wite,  
With thonder and lightning is forsmite.  
His daughter hath the same chauce.

'Forthy, our lege lord, we seye,  
In name of al the lond and preye  
That, left al otre thing to done,  
It like you to come sone  
And se your owne lege men,

This tale, after the king it hadde,  
Pentapollin al overspradde.  
Ther was no iole for to seche,  
For every man it hadde in speche,  
And seiden alle of oon accord  
'A worthi king shal ben oure lord,  
That thoughte us ferst an hevinesse  
Is shape now to gret gladnesse.  
Thus goth the tidinge over al.

Appolinus his leve took.

To ship he goth, his wif with childre  
woldie noight departe him fro.

Lichorida for her office  
Was take, which was a norrice,  
To wende with this yonge wif,  
To whom was shape a woful lif.  
Withinne a time, as it betidde,  
Whan they were in the see amidde,  
Out of the north they syke a cloude:  
The storme aros, the wyndes loude  
They bl-wen many a dredful blast.  
The welken was al overcast.

This yonge lady wepte and crylte,  
To whom no confort mighte availle,  
Of childre she began travaile.

—See Paul's ed. pp. 398-399.

147. Lines 15-19:

*By many a DERN and painful perch  
Of Pericles the careful search,  
By the four opposing COIGNS  
Which the world together joins,  
Is made with all due diligence.*

*Coigns* was substituted by Rowe for the *crignes* of Qq., F. 3, F. 4. It seems here to mean "quarters;" its literal sense is "corner" (French *coin*). *Dearn*, meaning dreary or solitary, is the reading of Qq. in *King Lear*, iii. 7. 63. The sentence means "the careful search for Pericles is made over many a lonely and toilsome mile of country, through the four quarters of the world."

148. Line 29: *The mutiny he there hastes t' APPEASE.*—*Appease* is Steevens's conjecture for *oppress* of the Qq., F. 3, F. 4. It is confirmed by the words of the Novel: "grauē Helycanus had not without much labour, appeased the stubborne mutiny of the Tyrians" (p. 42).

149. Lines 31, 32:

*in twice six moons,  
He, obedient to their dooms.*

The same imperfect rhyme occurs again, v. 2. (Gower) 19, 20 *Dooms* means judgments or suffrages.

150. Line 35: *YRAVISHED the regions round.*—Q. 1 reads *Iranyshed*, which the later editions made into *irony shed*.

Steevens made the correction. *Y-*, which has the same force as the German *ge-*, was, in Old English, the prefix of the past participle. An example has just occurred in line 1. The only example in Shakespeare is the word *ycipped*, Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1. 242; v. 2. 602.

## 151. Lines 45-48:

*half the flood  
Hath their keel cut: but fortune's MOOD  
Varies again; the GRIZZLED north  
Disgorges such a tempest forth.*

The meaning of the first clause is that the ship had completed half its voyage. Steevens first corrected *fortune mov'd*, the reading (substantially) of Qq., F. 3, F. 4, to *fortune's mood*. *Grizled* is the reading of Q. 1; the other copies have *grisly*.

## 152. Lines 51, 52:

*The lady shrieks, and, WELL-A-NEAR!  
Does fall in travail with her fear.*

Reed observed that *well-a-near* was equivalent to "well-a-day," and was a Yorkshire expression. Dyce quotes Coles, Latin and English Dictionary: "Well a day, *well a-neer*, well a way. Eheu." The word is found in Look About You, 1600:

*Now well-a-neere! that e'er I liv'd to see  
Such patience and so much impiety!*

—Dodsley, vii. p. 397

where Hazlitt wrongly prints "well a year." Wilkins's Novel says: "She is stricken into such a hasty fright, that welladay she falls in travail" (p. 44).

## 153. Lines 53, 54:

*And what ensues in this FELL storm  
Shall for itself itself perform.*

So Q. 1. The other Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 have *self* instead of *fell*. But ought we not to read "What next ensues?" And is prosaic. The next line is incapable of strict interpretation. Both are unnecessary, the sense being given in lines 55, 56.

154. Line 60: *The SEA-tost Pericles*. — Qq., F. 3, F. 4 read *seas*. The text is Rowe's.

## ACT III. SCENE 1.

155.—This scene passes by night. Clarke has here well observed: "The diction throughout the present scene is veritably Shakespearian. It has that majesty of unrestrained force which distinguishes his finest descriptive passages, and that dignity of expression, combined with the most simple and natural pathos, which characterizes his passages of deepest passion. After the comparative stiffness traceable in the phraseology of the previous scenes, and after the cramped and antiquated chant-speeches of Gower, this opening of the third act always comes upon us with the effect of a grand strain of music—the music of the great master himself—with its rightly touched discords and its nobly exalted soul-sufficing harmonies." B. W. Procter (Barry Cornwall) also, after stating his belief that the first two acts were probably not Shakespeare's work, observes that in the present scene "the genius of the author seems suddenly to expand," and that this opening speech has many touches "characteristic of our greatest poet, and worthy of him."

156. Line 1: *THOU god of this great vast*. — So Rowe. Qq., F. 3, F. 4 read *the* for *thou*.

## 157. Lines 4-6:

*Having RECALL'D them from the deep! O, still  
Thy deaf'ning, dreadful thunders; GENTLY quench  
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes!*

*Recall'd* is Dyce's correction, which, as he observes, is demanded both by the sense and the metre, in place of *call'd*, the reading of the old editions. *Gently*, in line 5, is given only by Q. 1; the other copies read *daily*.

## 158. Lines 7, 8:

*THOU STORMEST venomously;*

*Will thou SPIT all thyself?*

Qq., F. 3, F. 4 read *then storme venomously*. The text is Dyce's. *Thou* had been previously proposed by Malone. Pericles, Rolfe observes, is on the deck, Lycorida in the cabin. He says, just afterwards, that the noise of the storm drowns even the boatswain's whistle; and his thought seems to be, "how can Lycorida hear me?" He then calls more loudly. *Spout* is the reading of Qq., *spet* of F. 3, in line 8. See Merchant of Venice, note 08. Steevens compares Merchant of Venice, ii. 7. 44, 45:

*The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head  
Spits in the face of heaven.*

## 159. Lines 10, 11:

*Lucina, O*

*Divinest patroness, and MIDWIFE gentle.*

Q. 1, followed substantially by the other copies, reads:

*Lucina, oh!  
Divinest patronesse, and my wife gentle.*

The correction is Steevens's. As to *Lucina*, see i. 1. 8, and Cymbeline, v. 4. 43.

## 160. Lines 13, 14:

*the pangs*

*(If my queen's TRAVAIL*

So Dyce. Qq., F. 2, F. 4, read *travails*. Elsewhere Shakespeare uses the singular.

161. Line 26: *VIE honour with you*. — The old copies have "Use honour with you," which may mean, "may place ourselves on a footing with you in respect to honourable conduct." M. Mason, who made the emendation, observes: "The meaning is evidently this: 'We poor mortals recal not what we give, and therefore in that respect we may contend with you in honour.'" He compares act iv. Prolog. 31-34:

*With the dove of Paphos might the crow  
Use feathers white;*

and adds, "The trace of the letters in the words *vie* and *use* is nearly the same, especially if we suppose that the *v* was used instead of the *u* vowel:

*nature wants stuff*

*To vie strange forms with fancy.*  
Antony and Cleopatra [v. 2. 97, 98].

162. Line 35: *THY LOSS is more than can thy PORTAGE quit*. — Steevens interprets this, "Thou hast already lost more (by the death of thy mother) than thy safe arrival at the port of life can counterbalance, with all to boot that we can give thee." Malone takes a similar view of the sense of *portage*, which Dyce and Schmidt accept.

though with some *ginge* *Anty*. *Portage* properly means a toll or impost paid on reaching port. But we ought, I think, to interpret *thy loss* as the loss of which thou art the cause, the loss through thee, viz. Thaisa's death.

163. Lines 43, 44: *Slack the BOLINS there!*—*Thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.*—*Bolins*, or *bow-line* (literally, "side-line"), is a rope fastened near the perpendicular edge of the square sails, and used to keep the weather edge of the sail tight forward when the ship is close-hauled. They are slackened when the wind is very strong. The person addressed in the next sentence is not certain. From iv. 1. 62 it might seem that someone falls overboard, but whether these words refer to him I cannot say. If they do, we should read "*Thou wilt out.*" Mr. Nicholson, I find, makes the same conjecture.

164. Lines 45, 46: *But sea-room, and the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not;* i.e. Let there but be sea room, and I care not how much the tempest may rage. Compare Tempest, i. 1. 8: "Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!"

165. Lines 47-49: *Sir, your queen must overboard: the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be clear'd of the dead.*—Stevens quotes from Fuller's *Historie of the Holy Warre*, book iv. chap. 27: "The sea cannot digest the crudity of a dead corpse, being a due debt to be interred where it dieth: and a ship cannot abide to be made a bier of." Almost the same words as in Fuller's last clause are in the earliest version of the story of our play. The superstition still exists.

166. Lines 51-55: *with us at sea it hath been still observed; and we are strong in CUSTOM. Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.*

Per. As you think meet.—*Most wretched queen!*

Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4, Q. 6, F. 3, F. 4 read (substantially) as follows:

with vs at Sea it hath bin still observed.

And we are strong in easterne, therefore briefly yeeld'er.

Per As you thinke meet; for she must ouer board straight:

Most wretched Queene.

Q. 5 inserts *this is a lye* before *with us*. This is evidently some marginal annotation, which the printer mistook for a correction of the text. Malone made the transposition, which has since been universally adopted. *Custom*, for *easterne*, is the conjecture of Boswell. There can be little doubt that it is the right word.

167. Line 56: *Here she lies, sir.*—Lycorida most likely draws back a curtain, disclosing Thaisa within a sort of deck cabin, presumably in the after part of the ship. Compare Gower, p. 310:

Of childe she began trauaile  
When she lay in a cabot clos.  
Hir woful lord for hir aros.

Just in the same way Pericles is discovered to Lysimachus, v. 1. 36. See note 272.

168. Line 61: *Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in THE Ooze.*—So Stevens. Q., F. 3, F. 4 omit *the*, and read *oare* (or *oar*) instead of *ooze*. The word occurs in *The Tempest*, iii. 3. 100: "my son i' the ooze is bedded."

169. Lines 62-64:

*Where, for a monument upon thy bones,  
AND AYE-REMAINING LAMPS, the belching whale  
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse.*

*And aye-remaining lamps* is the conjecture of Stevens. He interprets: "Instead of a monument erected over thy bones, and perpetual lamps to burn near them, the spouting whale shall oppress thee with his weight, and the mass of waters shall roll with low heavy murmur over thy head." The Quartos and Folios have "The air-remaining lamps," variously spelt. This reading Mr. Tyler proposes to interpret as denoting the stars, the "gold candles fix'd in heaven's air" (Sonnet xxi.). *O'erwhelm thy corpse* could then only refer to the *humming water*. Holt White cites Milton, Lycidas:

Where thou perhaps under the *humming* tide  
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world.

Milton, he says, afterwards changed *humming* to *whelm*-*ing*.

170. Line 68: *Bring me the satin coffer.*—The old copies have *coffin*. This is a mere blunder of the scribe or printer, who repeated the ending of the preceding word. The coffer may have contained the "cloth of state," in which Thaisa was to be shrouded. See the next scene, line 65.

171. Lines 75, 76:

*We are near Tarsus.*

Per.

*Thither, gentle mariner,*

*Alter thy course for Tyre.*

Pericles means, "alter thy course which has hitherto been for Tyre;" or else he means that the skipper is to divert his course, so as to take Tarsus on his way, and then continue towards Tyre. We may conjecture that the vessel, having been driven out of her course by the storm, had somehow got to the north-west of Cyprus, so as to be nearer Tarsus than Tyre. In such a position the courses for the two places would be quite different. The introduction to this act (lines 47, 48) implies that the storm began from the north, and so Marina says, iv. 1. 52. Gower, p. 310, wrote:

Out of the north they syhe a cloude:

but probably neither author attended much to a geographical or nautical question.

## ACT III. SCENE 2.

172.—Wilkins, in the *Novel*, puts the events of this scene on the next morning (i.e. the morning of the next day) after the preceding.

173. Line 26, as Malone: Q., F. 3, F. 4 have *hold for held*. Line 37, *I was added* by Malone. Line 77, Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 have *ever for even*.

174. Lines 8, 9:

*Give this to th' apothecary,*

*And tell me how it works.*

"The recipe that Cerimon sends to the apothecary, we must suppose, is intended either for the poor men already mentioned, or for some of his other patients. The preceding words show that it cannot be designed for the master of the servant introduced here" (Malone).



## 176. Lines 21-28:

*But I much marvel that your lordship, having  
RICH TIRE ABOUT YOU, should at these early hours  
Shake off the golden SLUMBER OF REPOSE.*

Steevens remarks: "The gentlemen rose early, because they were but in lodgings which stood exposed near the sea. They wonder, however, to find Lord Cerimon stirring, because he had *rich tire about him*; meaning perhaps a bed more richly and comfortably furnished, where he could have slept warm and secure in defiance of the tempest." Dyce is of the same opinion; see his Glossary. The passage is, no doubt, mutilated. In the next line the tautology *slumber of repose* must be a corruption.

## 176. Lines 28-31:

*careless heirs  
May the two latter DARKEN and expend;  
But immortality attends the former,  
Making a man a god.*

Careless heirs may *darken* rank and wealth, staining their glory by misuse and excess. As to men being made divine by virtue and cunning, wisdom and art, compare Bacon, *Novum Organum* (¶29), "Again let a man only consider what a difference there is between the life of men in the most civilized province of Europe, and in the wildest and most barbarous districts of New India; he will feel it be great enough to justify the saying that 'man is a god to man,' not only in regard of aid and benefit, but also by a comparison of condition. And this difference comes not from soil, not from climate, not from race, but from the arts." N. Holmes, in his *Authorship of Shakespeare* (3rd ed. p. 55), recognized a Baconian colouring in this portrait of Cerimon. This we may allow without in the least assenting to the absurd notion that Bacon composed either *Pericles* or any other work with which Shakespeare's name is usually associated. Dr. Furnivall (Intro. to *Leopold Shakspeare*, p. lxxxviii.) says: "Seeing with what contempt he (Shakespeare) treated the apothecaries in the *Errors* and *Romeo and Juliet*, and how little notice he took of the Doctor in *Macbeth*, we are struck with the very different character he gives to the noble, scientific, and generous Cerymon here. He is a man working for the good of all, the kind of man that Bacon would have desired for a friend." This note is Mr. Tyler's, to whom I am indebted for the subsequent illustrations of this scene from Bacon's writings.

177. Line 36: *That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones.*  
—Steevens compares *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 3. 15, 16:

O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies  
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities.

## 178. Lines 41, 42:

*Or tie my TREASURE up in silken bags,  
To please the fool and death.*

Instead of *treasure* the old editions have *pleasure*, but this need not vary greatly the sense. It seems impossible to explain this passage satisfactorily. Steevens seems to think that there is here an allusion to some pictorial representation, for he says: "I have seen, indeed, (though present means of reference to it are beyond my reach,) an old Flemish print in which *Death* is exhibited in the act of plundering a miser of his bags, and the *Fool* (discriminated

by his bauble, &c.) is standing behind, and grinning at the process." This explanation would certainly be attractive, if we could find the print, and ascertain that it was widely known in Shakespeare's time. The mention of *the fool and death* reminds us of *Measure for Measure* (see note III on that play). But the resemblance is merely superficial. Mr. Tyler observes, on the present passage, that the fool, delighting in his treasure, is like an ass bowed down with golden ingots. Death is amused with the whole proceeding, as he takes away for ever the load of heavy riches.

## 179. Lines 46-48:

*but even  
Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon  
Such strong renown as time shall never RAZE.*

Even this generous liberality is quite Baconian. We read at the end of the *New Atlantis*: "And so he left me; having assigned a value of about two thousand ducats, for a bounty to me and my fellows. For they give great largesses where they come upon all occasions." *Raze* was added by Dyce; in the first three Quartos the line ends with *never*. Q. 4, Q. 5, Q. 6 and the Folios read *never shall decay*.

180. Line 55: *'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.* — It is a good thing that fortune has compelled the sea to discharge the chest upon our shore. Malone aptly compares *The Tempest*, iii. 3. 53-56:

You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,—  
That hath to instrument this lower world  
And what is in't,—the never-surfetted sea  
Hath caus'd to fetch up you.

## 181. Lines 66, 67:

*A passport too!—  
Apollo, perfect me in the characters!*

The old copies have "A passport to Apollo." The text is Malone's. It seems likely that the passage is corrupt. *With full bags of spices* is a very unrhymical passage. In Wilkins's *Novel Cerimon* is described as "invoking Apollo to his *empericke*" (i.e. experiment) when taking means to revive Thaisa. This hints that line 67 is out of place, and should, in some shape or other, follow line 88. The text, however, contains an invocation to *Æsculapius* at the end of the scene.

## 182. Lines 82-84:

*Death may usurp on nature many hours,  
And yet the fire of life kindle again  
The oppress'd spirits.*

Compare Bacon, *New Atlantis*: "Whereof we find many strange effects; as continuing life in them, though divers parts, which you account vital, be perished and taken forth; resuscitating of some that seemed dead in appearance; and the like." The queen presents signs of life in the accounts of Gower and Twine, which are not to be found in Shakespeare.

## 183. Lines 84-86:

*I'VE READ of an Egyptian  
That had nine hours lien dead,  
Who was by good APPLIANCES recover'd.*

The old copies have *I heard*. In Wilkins's *Novel*, which makes *Egyptian* refer to those who recovered persons

apparently dead. Cerimon says: "I have read of some Egyptians, who after four houres death (if a man may call it so) have raised impoverished bodies, like to this, unto their former health" (p. 48). I have introduced the correction into the text. *Appliances* is Dyce's emendation for *appliance*, the reading of Qq., F. 3, F. 4.

184. Line 87: *the fire and clothe*.—In the previous accounts we read of oil and wool for the anointing; thus in the Latin *Historia Apollonii Regis Tyri*, "Calcefecit oleum, madefecit lanam, fudit super pectus puella." Twine says: "Then tooke he certaine hote and comfortable oyles, and warming them upon the coales, he dipped faire wooll therein, and fomented all the bodie ouer therewith" (p. 287). Probably the idea is that of a medicated hot-water bath & fomentation. Bacon (*De Augmentis Scientiarum*, l. ch. iv.) insisted on the importance of imitating Nature by artificial baths.

185. Line 88: *The rough and woful music that we have*.—Such music as would be most likely to waken the dormant sense of hearing. Malone compares Winter's Tale, v. 3. 98, where, when Paulina pretends to bring Hermione to life, she orders music to be played, to awake her from her trance. So also the Physician, when King Lear is about to wake from sleep after his frenzy (iv. 7. 25): "Louder the music there!"

186. Line 90: *The VIAL once more*.—The first three Quartos have *violl*, but the probability is that Cerimon requires a bottle or other vessel of strong perfume. This at least suits what follows, *how thou stirr'st, thou block!* which would scarcely agree with the idea of *viol* as a musical instrument.

187. Lines 93, 94:  
*nature awakes; a WARMTH  
Breathes out of her*

Q. 1 has "Nature awakes a warmth breath out of her." The other old copies have *warne* instead of *warmth*. The text is Malone's.

188. Lines 101-104:  
*the diamonds  
Of a most praised water DO appear,  
To make the world twice rich.—O, live,  
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature.*

For do, Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *doth*. They omit O in line 103. Both alterations are Malone's. With lines 99-108 Stevens compares Sidney, *Arcadia*, book iii.: "Her faire liddes then hiding her fairer eyes seemed vnto him sweete boxes of mother of pearle, rich in themselves but containing in them farre richer Jewels" (ed. 1598, p. 351, which, however, reads *fairer liddes*).

189. Lines 109: *Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?*—The same words are found in Gower:

Thel leide hire on a couche softe,  
A~~nd~~, with a shete warmed ofte,  
Hir cokle brest bigan to hete,  
Hir~~te~~ also to flake and bete.  
This maister hath hir every joint  
With certein oil and balsem anoint,  
And putte a licour in hir mouth  
Which is to fewe clerkes outh;  
So that she covereth atte laste,  
And ferst hir yhen up she caste,

And, whan she more of strengthe caughte,  
Her armes bothe forth she straughte,  
Held up hir hord, and pitously  
She spak, and seide: 'Wher am I?  
'Wher is my lord? what world is this?'

—See Pauli's ed. p. 315.

### ACT III. SCENE 3.

190.—F. 3, in which for the first time this play is divided into acts, makes act iii. begin with this scene.

191. Lines 5-7:

*Your STROKES of fortune,  
THOUGH they HAVE HURT you mortally, yet glance  
Full WOUNDINGLY on us.*

Q. 1, followed substantially by the other Quartos, reads:

*Your shakes of fortune, though they haunt you mortally  
Yet glance full woundingly on vs.*

F. 3, F. 4 have *hate* instead of *haunt* (or *haunt*). *Hurt* is Stevens's reading. The arrangement is due to Walker, but the insertion of *have* is Fleay's suggestion. Walker read *although* instead of *though*. I have substituted *strokes*, for which *shakes* is an easy misprint. *Shafts*, the conjecture of Stevens, differs more from the Quarto text, and is less suitable. *Woundingly* was proposed by Mr. Kinneir in his *Cruces Shakspearianæ*. He compares Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 103-105;

I do feel,  
By the rebound of yours, a grief that suites  
My very heart at root.

192. Lines 27-30:

*Till she be married, madam,  
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all  
UNCISSER'D shall this hair of mine remain,  
Though I show ILL in't.*

*Uncisser'd* is Stevens's correction. Qq., F. 3, F. 4 read *unissier'd*. In the next line *ill* appears to have been proposed independently by Malone and by Dyce. The corrections are confirmed by the following from Wilkins's *Novel*: "vowing solemnely by othe to himselfe, his head should grow vncisserd, his beard vntrimmed, himself in all vncomely, since he had lost his Queene, and till he had married his daughter at ripe years" (p. 51). The incident belongs to the oldest versions of the story.

193. Lines 36, 37:

*Then give you up to the MASK'D Neptune, and  
The gentlest winds of heaven.*

*Mask'd* perhaps means fair-seeming. His strength and fury are disguised for the nonce. Malone compares Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 97, 98:

the guiled shore  
To a most dangerous sea.

But any suggestion of the sea's treacherous and deceitful nature is hardly in place in the present connection.

### ACT III. SCENE 4.

194.—The early Qq. are in confusion here about Thaisa's name. Q. 1, Q. 2 head this scene with the words, "Enter Cerimon, and Tharsa." Her first speech (line 4) is assigned to *Thar.*; and the other to *Thin*. The right form, however, appears in act v.

195. Line 6: *Ev'n on my EARING times*.—So F. 3, F. 4.

Qq. wrongly read *learning*; Mason and Grant White suggested *yearning*. But Shakspeare elsewhere uses the form in the text. See *Merchant of Venice*, i. 3. 80, 88. Compare note 90 on the same play.

196. Line 14: *Where you may ABIDE TILL your DATE expire.*—*Date* is here used of an appointed term of life. Compare, for example, *Sonnet cxxiii.* 5, 6:

Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire  
What thou dost foist upon us that is old.

Dyce proposed "*hide until*," for the sake of the metre.

## ACT IV. PROLOGUE.

197.—Unlike the subsequent speeches of Gower, the prologue to this act contains no indication of the scene upon which he appears.

198. Lines 3, 4:

*His woful queen we leave at Ephesus,  
Unto Diana there a VOTARESS.*

So Malone. Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read, for line 4,  
Unto Diana ther s a votarisse

This is followed, substantially, by the other old copies. Shakspeare uses *votress* in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 123, 163. Elsewhere *rotarist* is the form which he prefers. Possibly we ought here to read *Ephesus* and *votariss*; thus obtaining a rhyme, which the text lacks.

199. Lines 7, 8:

*by Cleon train'd*

*In MUSIC, letters.*

So Malone. Qq., F. 3, F. 4 read "*musicks letters.*" See act v. Prologue, and i. 43-46.

200. Lines 10, 11:

*Which makes HER both the HEART and place  
Of general wonder.*

Q. 1, followed substantially by the other Qq. and F. 3, F. 4, reads:

Which makes *hie* both the *art* and place  
Of generall wonder.

We have adopted Steevens's emendation. The meaning, he thinks, is "such as rendered her the centre and dwelling of general wonder."

201. Lines 12-14:

*That monster envy . . . .  
Marina's life  
SEEKS to take off.*

So Rowe. Qq., F. 3, F. 4 read *seek* (and *seeke*).

202. Lines 15, 16:

*And in this kind Cleon DOTH OWN  
One daughter, and a wench full grown.*

Qq., F. 4, F. 4 read:

And in this kinde, our Cleon hath  
One daughter and a full growne wench.

The emendation in line 15 is due to Mr. P. A. Daniel; line 16 is arranged as by Steevens.

203. Line 17: *Ev'n RIFE for marriage-RITE.*—Q. 1 reads "*Even right* for marriage *fight*." *Ripe* was substituted in Q. 2. *Rite* is the reading of Collier, Singer, and Dyce. Percy conjectured *rites*. Malone reads *fight*.

204. Line 21: *Be't when SHE ~~would~~ the SLEIDEN silk.*—Qq., F. 3, F. 4 read *they* for *she*, a correction which is due to Malone. *Sleiden silk* (mentioned in *A Lover's Complaint*, line 48), is, says Percy, untwisted silk, prepared for use in the *sley* or *slay*, i.e. the reed of the weaver's loom. Compare *Troilus* and *Cressida*, note 287. *Filoseile* is suggested as a modern equivalent.

205. Lines 23, 24:

*Or when she would with sharp NEEDLE wound  
The cambric.*

Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 465, observes that *needle* is often pronounced as a monosyllable. It rhymes with *feele*, *steele*, and *weele* in *Gammer Gurton* (see i. 3 and 4, and v. 2 of that play), though in the middle of a line the dissyllabic form also occurs there. A similar elision is found in the word *mell*, used instead of *meddle*, *All's Well That Ends Well*, iv. 3. 257. Just as *vile* became *vild*, so *neele* was sometimes corrupted to *needl*; compare *King John*, note 290.

206. Lines 26, 27:

*mude the NIGHT-BIRD mute,  
That still RECORDS with moan.*

Qq., F. 3, F. 4 misprint *bed* for *bird*. The night-bird is the nightingale, whose "doleful ditty" is a frequent theme. See *Passionate Pilgrim*, *Sonnets* to *Sundry Notes of Music* (xxi.), line 383; *Lucrece*, 1128-1142; *Romeo* and *Juliet*, note 138. *Record* occurs, in the same connection, in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, v. 4. 5, 6:

to the nightingale's complaining notes  
Tune my distresses and record my woes.

Compare Peele, *Old Wives Tale*:

hear the nightingale record her notes:

—Works, p. 449

where Dyce quotes *Coles*, Dictionary: "To record as birds; certatim modulari, alternis canere." The recorder, a kind of English flute, with a sound somewhat like the human voice, was used for teaching captive birds to record or pipe. Cotgrave (quoted by Dyce in his Glossary to Shakspeare) has "*Regazouiller*. To report, or to record, as birds one another warbling." The original idea seems to have been that of repetition or imitation. And so Fletcher, *The Pilgrim*, v. 4:

Hark, hark! oh sweet, sweet! how the birds record too!  
. . . The birds sing louder, sweeter,  
And every note they emulate one another.

—Works, vol. i. p. 613.

207. Line 29: *VAIL to her mistress Dian.*—Steevens observes, "To *vail* is to bow, to do homage. The author seems to mean—'When she would compose supplicatory hymns to Diana, or verses expressive of her gratitude to Diona.' " Malone and Singer read *way*.

208. Lines 31-33:

*With the DOVE OF PAPHOS might the crow  
VIE feathers white.*

The old copies have—

So  
The dove of Paphos might with the crow  
Vie feathers white.

This misplacement was rectified by Mason. As regards *vie*, compare note 161. *Paphos* was a shrine of *Venus*.

who was attended by *doves*; see *The Tempest*, iv. 1. 82-84.

209. Lines 47, 48:

*Only I CARRY WINGED time  
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme.*

With my slowly spoken words I make Time fly with preternatural swiftness. The old copies have *carried* for *carry*, which is Steevens's correction. As to the sense of these and the next lines, Malone aptly compares King Henry V. iii. Prologue, 1-3:

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies  
In motion of no less celerity  
Than that of thought.

## ACT IV. SCENE 1.

210. Lines 4-8:

*Let not conscience,  
Which is but COLD, inflaming LOVE IN THY bosom,  
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which  
Ere women have cast off, melt thee, but be  
A soldier to thy purpose.*

Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 print all of this scene but lines 23-30 as prose. In lines 4-6 we have adopted Knight's alteration. The reading of Q 1, which the other old copies follow, is:

let not conscience, which is but  
cold in flaming thy love bosome, enflame too nicelie.

The repetition of *inflame*, in line 6, is highly suspicious, and probably the whole passage is corrupt. Why should *conscience* be called *cold*? Mr. Kinnear suggests (Cruces Shakespearianæ):

let not conscience,  
Which is a coward, but inflaming love  
I th' bosom, thine inflame too nicely, nor  
Let pity, which even women have cast off,  
Melt thee, but be a soldier to thy purpose.

He quotes Richard III. i. 4. 138-143: "[conscience] makes a man a coward . . . 'tis a blushing shame-fac'd spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom;" and v. 3. 179: "coward conscience." Malone read *inflame love in thy bosom*, and proposed to omit *inflame too nicely*, which he thought might be a mere duplication.

211. Lines 10, 11:

*Here  
She comes weeping for HER ONLY MISTRESS' death.*  
*Her only mistress* is a strange appellation for the nurse Lycorida. Percy's conjecture, *her old nurse's death*, has been adopted by several editors.

212. Lines 14-18:

*No, I will rob TELLUS of her weed,  
To strew thy GREEN with flowers; the yellows, blues,  
The purple violets, and marigolds,  
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,  
While summer-days do last.*

*Tellus* (i.e. the Earth, personified) occurs only in *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 106, along with *Phœbus*, *Neptune*, and *Hymen*, in the Player King's opening speech. The *green* is the grassy hillock above Lycorida's remains. Ff. substitute *grave*, which, however, occurs in line 17, just afterwards. Malone has compared *Cymbeline*, iv. 2. 218-222. There is, in that scene, a marked insistence on the practice of strewing graves with flowers or leaves. The meaning

of *No*, Marina's first word, remains unexplained. The rhythm is imperfect, since the line lacks a syllable at the beginning.

213. Line 22: *How now, Marina! why do you KEEP alone!*—So Q. 1. The other copies have *weep*.

214. Lines 27-29:

*Come, GO YOU ON THE BEACH; give me your flowers.  
Ere the sea mar it, walk with Leonine;  
The air's quick there.*

The words *go you on the beach* are a conjecture of Mr. Fleay's. It is plain that something has been lost, to which *it* and *there* must refer. Qq., F. 3, F. 4 arrange as follows:

Come give me your flowers, ere the sea marre it,  
Walk with Leonine, the ayre is quicke there.

The rhythm, with such an arrangement, is assuredly not Shakespeare's. Malone, taking a similar view to Mr. Fleay, had already proposed:

Walk on the shore with Leonine.

Halliwell substitutes "*On the sea margent*" for "*ere the sea marre it*."

215. Line 30: *Our paragon to all reports thus blasted.*—The loveliness thus blasted of one whom all reports had previously represented as a paragon of beauty.

216. Lines 40-42:

*RESERVE  
That excellent complexion, which did STEAL  
THE EYES of young and old.*

Malone observes that to *reserve* is here to guard, to preserve carefully. So in Shakespeare's 32nd sonnet, 7:

*Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme.*

This sense of the word is taken from the Latin. With the sentiment of *stealing the eyes* Malone compares the use of the phrase in Sonnet xx. 8.

217. Line 52: *When I was born, the wind was NORTH.*—So the prologue to act iii. lines 47, 48. See note 171.

218. Line 53: *My father, as nurse SAID, did never fear.*—So Malone. Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 have *ses*, the other old copies *saith*.

219. Lines 63, 64:

*And with a DROPPING industry they skip  
From STEM TO STERN.*

*Dropping* is perhaps to be understood of constant falls in going the length of the ship. Collier, however, conjectured "dripping." The old copies, instead of *from stem to stern*, have *from stern to stern*, which Malone corrected.

220. Line 79: *I trod upon a worm.*—The three later Quartos and the Folios insert *once after worm*.

221. Lines 80-82:

*How  
Have I offended HER, wherein my death  
Might yield her any profit.*

*Her* was inserted by Fleay, whose arrangement of this speech is here adopted.

222. Line 97: *the great pirate VALDES.*—Who this individual was is not stated by the commentators. Malone thinks there is here a scornful reference to Don Pedro de

Valdes, a Spanish admiral who was taken by Drake in the combat with the Armada in 1588.

## ACT IV. SCENE 2.

223. Line 22: *THEY'RE TOO UNWHOLESOME.*—Qq., F. 3. F. 4 read "*ther's two unwholesome.*" The text is Malone's.

224. Line 23: *Three or four thousand chequins.*—*Chequin* is the Italian *zecchino*, which Florio calls "a coin of gold current in Venice." It was in use in various parts of the Levant, and the Imperial Dictionary says was worth 9s. 4d. In the form *sequin* the word is familiar to readers of the Arabian Nights. The author of this scene may have meant to suggest Turkish manners by the use of the word. The *Transylvanian*, mentioned just before, belongs to a district on the border of the Turkish empire, and Mytilene was, and still is, in Asiatic Turkey.

225. Lines 33-35: *our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger.*—That is, while we make profit by our trade we lose in reputation; and the profit is no equivalent for the danger, i.e. the terrors of the law.

226. Lines 36, 37: *'twere not amiss to keep our door hatch'd.*—It would seem from the context that the Pander means "it would be well to keep the door closed," i.e. to cease our traffic. For *hatch* as a substantive see King John, note 287. Halliwell (quoted by Skeat, Dictionary, *sub voce*) says that the verb *hatch*, in provincial English, means fasten; and Skeat compares the Anglo-Saxon *haca*, meaning a bolt, bar, or fastening.

227. Line 47: *I have GONE THROUGH.*—To go through is to strike a bargain. Compare II. Henry IV. i. 2 43-47: "The whorson smooth-pates [merchants] . . . if a man is *through* with them in honest taking up [purchasing on credit] then they must stand upon security." Bonil's next words show that he had contracted to buy Marina at an agreed price, and to clench the bargain had paid a deposit or earnest. Wilkins says, "hee forthwith demanded the price . . . and in the end went thorow, and bargained to haue her . . . and so presently hauing giuen earnest he takes Marina" (Novel, p. 60).

228. Lines 52, 53: *there's no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refus'd.*—The meaning is, no other quality is requisite, for want of which she would be rejected.

229. Line 80: *To scape his hands where I was LIKE to die.*—*Like* is omitted in Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3.

230. Lines 137-139. —This speech is given to Marina by Qq.

231. Lines 154, 155: *thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels.*—Whalley quotes Marston, Satires, book II. satire vii:

They are nought but eels, that never will appeare,  
Till that tempestuous winds, or thunder, teare  
Their slimy beds.

—Ed. 1764, p. 204.

232. Lines 155, 156: *as my giving out her beauty STIR up the lewdly-inclined.*—So Malone. Qq., F. 3, F. 4 read *stirs*.

233. Line 180: *UNTIED I still my VIRGIN-KNOT will*

*keep.*—Malone calls this a classical allusion, and compares The Tempest, iv. 1. 15: "If thou dost break her *virgin-knot.*" Literally, the *virgin-knot* is the knot of the lower girdle which was anciently worn by maidens round the hips, and untied by the bridegroom on the marriage night.

## ACT IV. SCENE 3.

234.—Twine's account, Patterne of Painsfull Aduentures, chap. xii., is as follows: "Straungilio himselfe consented not to this treason, but so soone as hee heard of the foule mischance, beeing as it were a mope, and mated with heauiness and grieffe, he clad himselfe in mourning array, and lamented that wofull case, saying, 'Alas! in what a mischief am I wrapp'd? what might I doe or say herein?' . . . Then casting his eies vp towards heauen, 'O God,' said hee, 'thou knowest that I am innocent from the blood of silly Tharsia, which thou hast to require at Dionysiaides handes;' and therewithall he looked towards his wife, saying: 'Thou wicked woman, tell me how hast thou made away Prince Apollonius' daughter? thou that liuest both to the skander of God, and man?' Dionysiaides answered in manie wordes cuermore excusing herselfe, and, moderating the wrath of Straungilio, shee counterfeited a fained sorrowe by attiring her selfe and her daughter in mourning apparell" (Hazlitt, pp. 294, 295). The poisoning of Leonine (line 10) is a refinement upon the earlier story. It will be seen that all but the bare suggestion of the characters of Cleon and Dionysa is original.

235. Lines 11, 12:

*If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness  
Becoming well thy FACT.*

That is, if you had poisoned yourself by drinking Leonine's health from the same cup, it would have been in keeping with this ingratitude of yours (towards Pericles). Qq., F. 3, F. 4 give *face* for *fact*, the reading of Dyce, who cites II. Henry VI. i. 3. 176, 177:

*a fouler fact*

Did neuer traitor in the land commit.

Macbeth, iii. 6. 10:

To kill their gracious father? damned *fact*!

236. Line 16: *She died at night; I'll say so.*—This is from Gower, who says that Dionisè—

wepeth, she forweth, she compleigneth,

And of seknesse, which she feigneth,

She seith that 'Thaise sodenly

By nighte is dede, as she and I

To-gidder lien nigh my lord.' —See Bull's ed. p. 326.

237. Line 17: *Unless you play the PIOUS innocent.*—*Pious* is Collier's reading, after the conjecture of Mason. Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read *impious*; the other Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 omit the word. Wilkins's words are: "For Pericles, quoth she, 'if such a *pious innocent* as your selfe do not reuenge it vnto him, how should he come to the knowledge thereof, since that the whole Citty is satisfied, by the monument I caused to be erected, and by our dissembling outside, that she died naturally; and for the gods, let them that list be of the minde to think they can make stones speake . . . for my parte I haue my wish, I haue my safety, and feare no daunger till it fall upon me'" (p. 59).

## 233. Lines 21-23:

*Be one of those that think  
The petty wrens of Tarnus will fly hence,  
And open this to Pericles.*

Compare Ecclesiastes x. 20: "a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter." This early instance of a common saying I owe to Mr. Tyler.

## 239. Lines 25-28:

*To such proceeding  
Who ever but his approbation added,  
Though not his PRIME CONSENT, he did not flow  
From honourable SOURCES.*

Malone compares King John, iv. 3. 125, 126:

*If thou didst but consent  
To this most cruel act, do but despair.*

See also Hupert's words just afterwards (lines 135, 136):

*If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,  
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath.*

*Prime consent* is Dyce's reading. Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 have *prince consent*, the other Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 *whole consent*. The sense is, he who would approve such a deed after it is done,—even though he were not an accessory before the fact,—comes of no honourable parentage. *Sources* is Dyce's correction for *courses*, the reading of Qq., F. 3, F. 4, and is justified by "noble strain" (line 24) in the preceding speech. Dyce compares All's Well that Ends Well, ii. 19142, 143:

*great floods have flown  
From simple sources*

240. Line 31: *She did DISTAIN my child.*—So Dyce and Singer, following the conjecture of Steevens. Qq., F. 3, F. 4 read *disdain*, which Clarke interprets "cause to be disdained."

## 241. Lines 34, 35:

*Whilst ours was BLURTED at, and held a MAWKIN,  
Not worth THE TIME OF DAY.*

To *blurt* means to make a scornful noise with the lips, to pooh-pooh. *Mawkin*, a coarse wench (thus spelt by Qq.), is the same as *malikin*, a diminutive of *Mal* or *Moll*. (See Coriolanus, ii. 1. 224.) Dionysa says in the next line that in Marina's presence people thought her own daughter not worth the most common salutation, or, as we might say, not worth a "good-day." See II. Henry IV. note 76, and II. Henry VI. iii. 1. 13, 14:

*be it in the morn,  
When every one will give the time of day.*

To *pass the time of day* is an expression still heard occasionally.

## 242. Lines 40, 50:

*You are like one that SUPERSTITIOUSLY*

*swear to the gods that winter kills the flies.*

Boswell thus explains this passage: "You are so affectedly humane, that you would appeal to heaven against the cruelty of winter, in killing the flies." But the use of *superstitious* is unique. Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read *doe* instead of *doth*.

## ACT IV. SCENE 4.

243.—F. 3, F. 4 begin act iv. here. Q. 1, Q. 2 read *long* in line 1 instead of *longest*.

## 244. Lines 3, 4:

*Making—to TAKE YOUR imagination—  
From bourn to bourn, region to region.*

Both rhyme and metre are faulty beyond remedy. Qq., F. 3, F. 4 read *our*. The text is Malone's. Steevens thinks *take* here means *captivate*, as in the phrase "to take your fancy." But to *take* means "by taking," and not "in order to take." See Abbott, § 357, and compare V. 1. 118. The speaker asks the audience to let their fancy follow his words: compare line 18.

245. Line 8: *learn of me, who stand I THE gaps to teach you.*—So Malone, following Steevens. Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read: *learn of me who stand with gaps to teach you.*

For *stand* with the other copies have *stands in*. For *gap*, with the meaning of interval, Malone cites Winter's Tale, act iv. Prologue, lines 5-7:

*I slide  
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried  
Of that wide gap.*

## 246. Lines 9, 10:

*Pericles*

*Is now again thwarting THE wayward seas.*

Q. 1 reads *thy* for *the*.

## 247. Lines 13-16:

*Old Helicanus GOES ALONG. Behind  
Is left to govern it, you bear in mind,  
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late  
Advanc'd in TIME to great and high estate.*

For this use of *goes along* compare Romeo and Juliet, I. 1. 201-203:

*I farewell, my coz.  
Bew. Soft! I will go along:  
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.*

Antony and Cleopatra, v. 1. 61, 62, 66-69:

*Ces. Come hither, Proculeius. Go, and say  
We purpose her no shame: . . . go,  
And with your speediest bring us what she says,  
And how you find of her.  
Proc. Caesar, I shall. [Exit.  
Ces. Gallus, go you along.*

See, too, Abbott, Shakespearian Grammar, § 30.

Walker plausibly suggested *Tyre* instead of *time* in line 16. The following transposition of these lines was made by Steevens:

*Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late  
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,  
Is left to govern. Bear it in your mind,  
Old Helicanus goes along behind.*

Malone substituted *bear you it in mind*, and, with this alteration, the rearrangement has been almost universally adopted. It seems to me, however, that the old text, properly punctuated, makes better sense. Mr. P. A. Daniel is of the same opinion. Why should Helicanus "go along behind," and not in the same ship with Pericles?

## 248. Lines 17-19:

*Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought  
This king to Tarnus—think HIS pilot thought;  
So with his steerage shall your thoughts GROW ON.*

Q. 1, followed substantially by the other copies, reads:

Well saying ships, and bounteous winds  
Have brought  
This king to Tharsus, thinke *this* Pilat thought  
So with his sterage, shall your thoughts *gone*.

The corrections were made by Malone. Seeing that in line 18 there are three words (in Q. 1) beginning with *th* before *his*, the blunder in printing *this* was a pardonable one. The sense is, "imagine swift Thought to be his pilot; so shall his ships (?) and your thoughts both move with the same quickness."

249. Line 24: *This BORROW'D passion stands for true OLD woe*.—Mr. Kinnear advocates Steevens's proposal:

*This borrow'd passion stands for true told woe*

He compares Sonnet lxxxii. 9-12:

yet when they have devis'd  
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,  
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd  
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend.

And also, as regards *borrow'd*, A Lover's Complaint, 327:

O, all that *borrow'd* motion seeming ow'd.

Looking at this latter passage we might suppose that *ow'd* should be read in the text, instead of *old*; or *old woe* may mean woe felt for a long time. Colloquially *old* was used intensively; but such a sense would be less suitable.

250. Lines 34-38:

*"The fairest, sweet'st, and best lies here,  
Who wither'd in her spring of year.  
She was of Tyrrus the king's daughter,  
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;  
Marina was she call'd."*

These first lines of Marina's epitaph resemble that given in Gower:

O ye, that this beholde,  
Lo, here lyth she the which was holde  
The fairest and the four of alle,  
Whos name Thaisis men calle.  
The king of Tyr Apollinus  
Her fadre was, now lyth she thus.  
Fourtene year she was of age,  
Whan deth hire took to his viage.

—See Pauli's ed. p. 326.

251. Line 39: "THETIS, being proud, swallow'd some part of th' earth."—So Q. 1. The other copies have *that is* for *Thetis*. In the lines that follow, "the poet ascribes the swelling of the sea," when it encroached on and swallowed part of the earth, "to the pride which Thetis felt at the birth of Marina in her element, and supposes that the earth, being afraid to be overflowed, bestowed this birth-child of Thetis on the heavens; and that Thetis, in revenge, makes raging battery against the shores" (Mason).

252. Lines 48, 49:

*while our SCENE must play*

*His DAUGHTER'S woe.*

Q. 1 reads *Stear*, Q. 2, Q. 3, *steare*, and the others similarly. Malone substituted *scene*. All the copies except Q. 1 read *daughter* instead of *daughter's*.

#### ACT IV. SCENE 5.

253. Line 7: *SHALL 's go hear the vestals sing?*—So Q. 1. Q. 2, Q. 3. The others read *shall we*; but *shall's* or *shall us* is a colloquialism well known in the Midlands, if not elsewhere. See Abbott, Shakespearean Grammar, § 215.

#### ACT IV. SCENE 6.

254. Line 32, first four Qq. and F. 3, F. 4, read *deedes* (or *deeds*). Line 75, Qq. *Send name* instead of *name't*. Line 94, *aloof* is Rowe's correction; old copies, *aloft*. Line 144, old copies read *He*; the text is Rowe's. Line 196, *I* was inserted by Rowe.

255. Line 22: *How a dozen of virginities?* For the same use of *how* see II. Henry IV. iii. 2. 42: "*How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?*"

256. Lines 27-29: *How now, wholesome INIQUITY? Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?*—This punctuation is Malone's. The Cambridge editors follow Qq. in reading *wholesome iniquity have you*; thus making iniquity the object of *have*. But this is awkward. For *iniquity* all the copies except Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read *impurity*, which Collier thought might be a misprint for *impurity*.

257. Lines 30-42:

Lys. *Well, call forth, call forth.*

[Exit BOUT.

Bawd. *For flesh and blood, sir, WHITE AND RED, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—*

Lys. *What, prithee?*

Bawd. *O, sir, I can be modest.*

Lys. *That DIGNIFIES the renown of a bawd.*

The two speeches here given to the Bawd are assigned by Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 to Bout. The present arrangement, which is that of Grant White, is justified by Lysimachus' words in line 42. Qq., F. 3, F. 4 mark ~~no~~ exit for Bout; it has usually been marked after *chaste* (line 44); but this gives him too short a time to perform his errand. With *white and red* compare Love's Labour's Lost i. 2. 104. *Dignifies*, in line 42, is the reading of Q. 4. Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 have *dignities*. The sense of Lysimachus' speech is, no doubt, as given by Steevens: "The mask of modesty is no less successfully worn by procuresses than by wantons;" but the passage is probably corrupt.

258. Lines 99-104.—Wilkins's Novel, after a paraphrase of these lines, continues: "What reason is there in your Justice, who hath power over all, to vndoe any? . . . my life is yet vnspotted, my chastitie vnsained in thought. Then if your violence deface this building, the workmanship of heauen, made vp for good, and not to be the exercise of sinnes intemperance, you do kill your owne honour, abuse your owne justice, and impouerish me" (pp. 65, 66). The Novel proceeds with speeches resembling lines 83-86, and continues Marina's reply, as follows: "Or if suppose this house, (which too too many feeble such houses are) should be the Doctors patrimony and Surgeons feeding; folowes it therefore, that I must needs infect myself to glue them maintenance? O my good Lord, kill me, but not deflower me, punish me how you please, so you spare my chastitie, and since it is all the dowry that both the Gods haue giuen, and men haue left to me, do not you take it from me; make me your seriant, I will willingly obey you; make mee your bondwoman, I will accompt it freedom; let me be the worst that is called vile, so I may still liue honest, I am content" (p. 66).

259. Lines 111, 112:

*Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,*

*Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee!*

These sentiments recur in lines 115, 116, 120, and some corruption may be suspected. The play diverges from the old story, which plainly describes the prince's ill intent beforehand, and, instead of a dialogue such as is here given, makes Tarsia (= Marina) appeal to his pity, by recounting her misfortunes; whereon "the good prince being astonished and moved with compassion, said unto her: 'Be of good cheer Tharsia, for surely I rue thy case; and I my selfe haue also a daughter at home, to whom I doubt that the like chances may befall.' And when he had so said, he gaue her twenty peeces of gold, saying: 'Hold heere a greater price or reward for thy virginittie than thy master appointed.'" (Twine, p. 298). Wilkins in his *Novel* does not follow the play, but, taking the line indicated by the old story, makes Lysimachus say: "I hither came with thoughtes intemperate, foule and deformed, the which your paines so well hath laued, that they are now white; continue still to all so, and for my parte, who hither came but to haue payd the price, a peece of golde for your virginittie, now giue you twentie to recompence your honesty" (pp. 66, 67).

260. Line 115: *be you THOUGHTLESS*.—For *think* with the sense of "believe" compare Richard III. note 146. There may be here a confusion with another verb *think*, meaning "seem," as in *methinks*. The impersonal construction properly belongs only to the latter word. Or we may regard *be thoughten* as a neuter verb used passively; compare Richard III. ii. 4. 23, 24:

Now, by my troth, if I had *been remember'd*,  
I could have given my uncle's grace a fount.

See Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 295. The form *thoughten* is anomalous, and is probably due to a false analogy with *foughten*, which occurs in Henry V. iv. 6. 18.

261. Lines 171, 172:

*Neither of these are so bad as thou art,  
Since they do better thee in their command.*

This is explained by Marina's words in the *Novel*: "thou goest about to be worse ther they, and to doe an office at their setting on, which thy master himselfe hath more pittie than to attempt, to robbe me of mine honour . . . to leproous my chast thoughts, with remembrance of so foule, a deede, which thou then shalt haue doone, to damne thine owne soule, by undoing of mine" (pp. 68, 69). The pretence is that the doer of evil deeds is worse than he who suggests them. With the rest of the speech contrast *Measure for Measure*, iii. 2. 20-29.

262. Lines 175, 176:

*Thou art the damned doorkeeper to every  
COYSTREL that comes enquiring for his Tib.*

As regards *coystrel* see *Twelfth Night*, note 21. Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 here print *custerell*, and the same form is used by Skelton, quoted by Dyce in his *Glossary*, along with Palsgrave's "*coustrell* that wayteth on a spere, *cousteillier*." *Tib*, of course, like *Doll* or *Moll*, is a cant name for a lewd wench, in which sense *Moll* is commonly used in *Staffordshire*.

263. Lines 190, 191:

*O, that the gods  
Would safely deliver me from this place!*

Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 omit *O*. The next line has been rearranged by Malone as follows:—

*Would safely from this place deliver me.*

But the metre throughout the present scene is so irregular that the text in this instance may fairly stand unaltered.

## ACT V. PROLOGUE.

264. Lines 7, 8:

*even her art sisters the natural roses;  
Her INKLE, silk, TWIN with the rubied cherry.*

Q. 1, followed substantially by the other old copies, reads in line 9:

*Her Inkle, Silk Twine, with the rubied Cherrie.*

Malone made the correction, which is readily suggested by *sister* in line 8. Marina's skilful work is as like natural roses as *sister* is like *sister*; the thread or silk, which she has wrought, matches the cherry as twins match each other. *Inkle* means a tufted thread of silk or worsted; perhaps resembling what is now called chenille. It also signifies ribbon, as in *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 208, and *Love's Labour's Lost*, iij. 1. 140. See note 69 on the latter play. Singer cites from Rider's Dictionary "*Inkle*, flum textile." An earlier form, *linge* or *lingel*, is given by Skeat, who quotes (*inter alia*) from Cotgrave the cognate French word "*lignuel*, shoemakers thread, or aatching end," a diminutive of *ligne*, thread, which is from Latin *linum*, flax.

265. Lines 13, 14:

*Where we left him, on the sea. We there him LOST:  
WHENCE, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd.*

So Malone. Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read *left for lost*, and *where* for *whence*. The faulty rhyme was noticed by some person concerned in printing Q. 4, and the following alteration was made, which later copies adopted:

*Where we left him at sea, tumbled and lost,  
And driven before the winde, he is arriv'd.*

This reading, however, must be looked on as quite conjectural.

266. Line 20: *And to him in his barge with FERVOUR hies*.—Q. 1 wrongly reads *former* for *ferveur*. The correction was made in Q. 2.

267. Lines 21, 22:

*In your supposing once more put your sight  
OF heavy Pericles; think this his bark.*

For of F. 3 reads *on*, to which the word *may* here be equivalent. Dyce explains the passage thus: "In your imagination once more fix your eyes on heavy Pericles." Malone plausibly puts a semicolon after *sight*, and reads: Of heavy Pericles think this the bark.

## ACT V. SCENE 1.

268.—Qq., F. 3, F. 4 have only the following stage-direction. *Enter Helicanus, to him 2. Saylers*. The first speech is given to the First Sailor, and line 7 to the Second Sailor. Lines 11-13 are assigned to Helicanus, which is plainly a mistake. Malone distinguished the two Sailors as respectively Tyrian and Mytilenian, and assigned both speeches to the former; but he rather absurdly makes everyone but Helicanus go off the stage after line 10, only



to return again instantly with Lysimachus and his attendants. Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 do not show how Lysimachus is informed of the permission to come aboard. He should naturally be told by his messenger, the Mytilenian Sailor, whose exit I have accordingly marked at line 7, directly after his request is granted by Helicanus.

269. Line 10: *I pray YE, greet THEM fairly.*—Q. 6 has *you for ye*; F. 3, F. 4 have *thee*. The other Quartos omit the word, which was supplied by Rowe. For *them* Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 have *him*, which we ought perhaps to retain, as the Cambridge editors have done. The Globe ed., however, reads *them*.

270. Line 15: *And you, SIR, to outlive the age I am.*—Sir was added by Malone.

271. Line 20: *But to PROLONG his grief.*—So Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3; the later Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *prolong*.

272. Lines 32–38:

Hel. *You may;  
But bootless is your sight: HE will not speak  
To any.*

Lys. *Yet let me obtain my wish.*

Hel. *Behold him* [The curtain is drawn, and Pericles discovered]. *This was a goodly person,  
Till the disaster that, one mortal NIGHT,  
Drove him to this.*

Q. 1 reads as follows:

Hel. *You may, but bootlesse. Is your sight, see will not speake to any, yet let me obtain my wish.*

Lys. *Behold him, this was a goodly person.*

Hel. *Till the disaster that one mortal night drove him to this.*

*Night, for wight*, in line 37, is Malone's reading. See, in line 32, was corrected to *he* in Q. 2. The proper distribution of the lines was made in Q. 4. The old copies give no stage-direction to show where Pericles is, or how he is discovered to Lysimachus. According to Gower and the earlier versions of the story—

The reste he levethe of his caban,  
That for the counsell of no man  
Ayein therein he nolde come,  
But bath beneath this place nome.

—See Pauli's ed., pp. 328, 329.

This was after leaving Taras. Twine's account says he "lay solitarily under the hatches." When the governor of Mytilene comes aboard the ship, Gower says:

He preith that he here lord may se,  
But they him tolde "it may not be,  
For he lyth in so clerke a place,  
That ther may no wylt se his face."  
But, for al that, though hem be loth,  
He fend the laddre, and down he goth,  
And to him spak, but noon answer  
Ayein of him he wylite he bere.

—Pauli's ed., p. 330.

It would be impossible for Pericles to be made visible to the audience if he were below the level of the stage, which here represents the deck. We must, therefore, suppose him to be upon deck, in a cabin or other place which can be closed or opened at will. In the original representation of the play, as Malone says, he was probably placed in the back part of the stage, where he could be concealed by a curtain.

273. Line 47: *And MAKE A BATTERY through his*

DEAFEND parts.—So Malone. *Defend*, the reading of Q. 1, was perverted by Q. 2 into *defended*, which all the later copies retain. To *make battery* is the usual expression for assaulting with artillery; see Stow, Chronicle, anno 1511: "The same night Thomas Hart, chiefe gouernour of the English ordinance, made his approach, & in the morning *sidge battery*" (ed. 1615, p. 456). In the present passage, of course, it is used metaphorically.

274. Lines 49–52:

*She is all happy as the fairest of all;  
And her fellow MAID is now upon  
The leafy SHELTER that abuts against  
The ISLAND'S side.*

Qq., F. 3, F. 4 give lines 50, 51 thus: "and her fellow maides, now vpon the leaue shelter." The reading *maides* is an easy corruption from *maid's*, or *maid is*. Malone's arrangement is:

And with her fellow maides, is now upon  
The leafy shelter.

This mends the metre, but makes an awkward sentence. Line 78 appears to show that Marina had only a single fellow maid, and the sense is: "Her companion is near; she herself will not be far away." Marina says afterwards (lines 115, 116) that her abode can be seen from the deck. *The island* is Lesbos, of which Mytilene is the chief town. *Shelter* denotes a sheltered or shaded spot.

275. Lines 53, 54:

*Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit  
That bears recovery's name.*

So Malone. The old editions have *Sure all effectless. That bears recovery's name* means that gives promise of recovery, or that is reputed to be a remedy.

276. Lines 59–61:

*the most just GODS  
For every grass woulde send a caterpillar,  
And so AFFLICT our province.*

Qq., F. 3, F. 4 read *god*. Walker suggested the correction, which was made by Dyce. *Afflict* is Malone's correction. The old texts have *inflict*.

277. Line 66: *Is't not a goodly PRESENCE?*—So Malone. The old editions have *present*.

278. Line 69: *I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely WED.*—So Q. 4. The reading of Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 is:

*I do wish  
No better choice, and thinke me rarely to wed.*

279. Lines 70, 71:

*Fair one, all goodness that consists in BOUNTY  
Expect even here.*

Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read on for one. The other Qq., and F. 3, F. 4 alter the word to *and*. *Bounty* is Stevens's correction for *beauty*, the reading of Qq., F. 3, F. 4. He justifies it by lines 74, 75.

280. Line 72: *thy prosperous artificial FEAT.*—Clarke (quoted by Rolfe) interprets thus: "thy felicitous accomplishment," "gracefully and skillfully performed deed." Walker explains it: "the successful exertion of thy art." Qq., F. 3, F. 4 insert *and* after *prosperous*, and read *fate*, which Percy corrected. Stevens, omitting *and*, aptly compares Measure for Measure, i. 2. 189–191:

When she will play with reason and discourse,  
And well she can persuade.

281. Line 81:

Lys. MARE'D *be your music!*

Marina sings.

Mar.

No, nor look'd on us.

The stage-direction is Malone's. Qq., F. 3, F. 4 say: *The Song.* In the printed copies of early dramas, as Dyce observes, the words of songs are frequently omitted. Wilkins, in his Novel, borrows Twine's translation of the song given to Tarsia (= Marina) in the *Historia Apollonii*. This may possibly have been sung at the first performance of the play, but it is not worth transcribing.

For *mark'd* Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read *marke*. The Cambridge editors record an anonymous critic's conjecture, assigning the reply to Lysimachus's question to Marina's companion. The suggestion seems a good one.

282. Lines 82-90:

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. *Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.* [Touching Pericles.

Per. *Hewn, ha!* [Thrusts her away.

Mar. *I am a maid,*

*My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes.*

Qq., F. 3, F. 4 give no stage-directions in this passage. The Cambridge editors conjecture that Pericles should push Marina back. Gower's words are:

But he for no suggestion  
Which toward him she couthe sterc  
He wolde not oo word answer,  
But, as a madman, atte laste  
His heed wepinge away he caste,  
And half in wrath he bad hire go.  
But yet she wolde not do so,  
And in the derke forth she goth,  
Till she him toucheth, and he wroth,  
And after hire with his hand  
He smoot. And thus when she him fond  
Discead, courtely she seide:  
'Avoy, my lord, I am a maide;  
And if ye wiste what I am,  
And out of what linage I cam,  
Ye wolde not be so salvage.'

—See Pauli's ed. pp. 331, 332.

Wilkins says: "With this Musicke of Marinnes, as with no delight else was he a whit altered, but lay groneling on his face, onely casting an eye upon her, as hee were rather discontented than delighted with her indeavour. Whereupon she beganne with morall precepts to reprove him, and tolde him, that . . . thus to mourne for the losse of a wife and child, or at any of his owne mis fortunes, approued that he was an enemy to the authoritie of the heauenus, whose power was to dispose of him and his, at their pleasure: and that it was as vnfitte for him to weeping for his continuing sorrow shewed he did no lesse against their determinations and their unalterd wiles, as it was for the giants to make warre against the Gods, who were confounded in their enterprise. 'Not fitte to sorrow,' quoth he, rising vp like a Cloude that bespeakes thunder: 'presumptuous bewty in a childe, how darest thou vrge so much?' and therewithall, in this rash distemperature, stricke her on the face" (Novel, pp. 76, 78). Part of these speeches is very likely Wilkins's own invention. We may safely give him credit for inter-

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peating the similitude of the gods and giants. The speech of Pericles, however, may represent something lost from the play. In any case, some such direction as that given in the text is wanted to account for lines 101 and 127.

283. Lines 103, 104:

Here of these SHORES?

Mar.

What COUNTRY WOMAN?

No, nor of any SHORES.

Qq., F. 3, F. 4 read *countrie women*; and for *shores* they give *shewes*. Malone made the corrections, the latter of which was suggested to him by Lord Charlemont.

284. Lines 111, 112:

her eyes as JEWEL-LIKE,

And CAS'D as richly.

See III. 2. 99-101, where Cerimon, speaking of Thaisa, says:

Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels  
Which Pericles hath lost, begin to part  
Their fringes of bright gold.

Case is used for eyelid in Winter's Tale, v. 2. 13, 14: "they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes."

285. Lines 127-129:

Didst thou not SAY, when I did push thee back,—  
Which was when I perceiv'd thee,—that thou cam'st  
From good descending?

Say is Malone's correction for *stay*, the reading of Qq., F. 3, F. 4. Pericles refers, it would seem, to Marina's speech (lines 55-56) after he pushed her away from him; which, he says, was at the moment when he first observed her. See lines 91, 92, and note 282.

286. Lines 130, 131:

I think thou said'st

Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury.

As showing how Wilkins compounds his Novel out of fragments of the play of Pericles mixed with large portions of Twine's *Patterne of Painful Adventures*, we may notice that in the speech of Marina when struck by Pericles (note 282) there are the words: "I haue bin tossed from wrong to iniurie" (p. 76). Wilkins has borrowed nearly all the rest of the speech from that in Twine's story, which differs from the one in the play.

287. Lines 138-140:

yet thou dost look

Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling

EXTREMITY out of act.

The emphasis is on the first words. Pericles has said it is strange if Marina's sufferings equal his; "yet," he adds, correcting himself, "it is not so wonderful as it seems at first; your looks show your great patience, the temper which by its sweetness would induce even the utterly desperate to forego violence." Malone quotes the well-known lines, *Twelfth Night*, ii. 4. 117, 118:

She sat like *Patience* on a monument  
Smiling at grief.

The greater conciseness of the present passage will be seen at once.

288. Line 141: *How lost thou THEM? Thy name, my most kind virgin!—Them*, which Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 omit, was supplied by Malone.

## 289. Lines 155, 156:

*Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?*  
 MOTION!—Well, speak on. Where were you born?

Dyce saw that *motion* is the exclamation of Pericles, after he has felt Marina's pulse, and ascertained by its beating that she is really a creature of flesh and blood. We may suppose that, in answer to Pericles' question (line 155), Marina silently lays her hand on his to let him feel that hers is "a working pulse." Stevens's emendation is *No motion*, i.e. "Are you not a puppet?" This is almost too easy; besides, the idea of "puppet" is out of place. The same objection applies to Mason's proposal to read *fairy-motion*, which Knight and Collier adopted. Walker thought *motion* was a stage-direction which had slipped into the text; but remembering the dearth of stage-directions which this play presents, this suggestion is hardly probable.

## 290. Lines 159, 160:

*My mother was the daughter of a king;*  
 Who died the VERY minute I was born.

*Fery* was inserted by Malone. Stevens wanted to alter *who* to *she*, because, as it stands, the word ought grammatically to refer to *king*.

## 291. Lines 167, 168:

YOU'LL SCARCE believe me;  
*T were best I did give o'er.*

So Malone, whom Dyce followed. Qq., F. 3, F. 4 read (substantially): "*You scarce*, believe me *twere best I did give o'er*," and this reading is retained by the Cambridge editors, and in the Globe edition. Fleay reads:

*You do scarce.*  
 Believe me, it were best I did give o'er

## 292. Lines 173-176:

*cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,*  
*Did seek to murder me: and HAVING would*  
*A villain to attempt it, who HAVING drawn to do't,*  
*A crew of pirates came and rescu'd me.*

The construction is awkward, and it is suspicious that the word *having* should occur in two consecutive lines. No satisfactory emendation has as yet been suggested.

## 293. Lines 189, 190:

Lys. SHE WOULD NEVER tell  
 Her parentage.

Qq., F. 3, F. 4 read *never would*. Stevens made the transposition. Gower says of this conversation of the father and child:

*I'll point to point at she him telle,  
 That she hath long in herte holde,  
 And never dorste make her mone;  
 But only to this lord alone.*

—See Pauli's ed. p. 334.

We may notice that Pericles, at this point, takes no heed of Lysimachus. See line 220, where Helicanus has again to explain who the stranger is. At present Pericles is hardly in his right senses, and Marina, who sees this, is trying throughout to calm him.

## 294. Lines 206-210:

*but tell me now*  
*My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest YOU said*  
*THOU hast been godlike perfect.*

*The heir of kingdoms, and another LIKE*  
*To Pericles thy father.*

Pericles has just said to Marina (lines 190, 197):

O, come hither,  
 Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget.

In Wilkins's account, he "thanketh Lysimachus that so fortunately had brought her to begette life in the father who begot her" (p. 77). This lends colour to the proposal of Mason that we should read *life for like* in line 209. Stevens adopted this emendation, which has been accepted by Singer, Collier, and Staunton. (Compare note 299.) The passage is most probably mutilated. Either *thou* (line 208), or else *you*, in the preceding line, must surely be wrong. Line 209 is obelised in the Globe edition. Various emendations of the other lines are recorded by the Cambridge editors (vol. ix. pp. 430, 431); the best is that of Dyce:

Thou hast been godlike perfect,—then art thou  
 The heir of kingdoms.

295. Line 224: *I am wild in my BEHOLDING*.—Schmidt says this means "I look wild," but it may rather mean "I behold wildly," "my eyes are dazzled" with giddiness.

296. Line 227: *for yet he seems to DOUBT*.—So Malone. The old copies read *dote* or *dout*.

## 297. Lines 233, 234:

Per. *Hark! sounds! Do ye not hear?*  
 Lys. *My lord, I hear.* [Music.  
 Per. *Most heavenly music!*

Q. 1, followed substantially by the other copies, reads as follows:

Per. *Hark! sounds, do ye not hear?*  
 Lys. *Musick my Lord? I heare.*  
 Per. *Most heavenly Musick.*

The text is Dyce's. He observes, "the author evidently intended that the *Music* (a prelude to the appearance of Diana), which had already been ringing in the ears of Pericles, should now be heard by the audience, though those on the stage with Pericles were supposed not to hear it." The Cambridge editors propose to read:

Lys. *Musik, my lord?*  
 Per. *I hear most heavenly music.*

298. Lines 241-250.—With this speech of Diana's Fl. begin act v. Qq., however, mark no exit, and there can be no doubt that scene I continues. This is indicated in Wilkins's *Novel*. Gower describes the vision thus:

*The hye god, which wolde him kepe,  
 When that this king was faste a slepe  
 By nightes tyme he hath him bede  
 To seile unto an other stede;  
 To Ephesus he bad him drawe,  
 And, as it was that time lawe,  
 He shal do ther his sacrifice;  
 And eek he bad in alle wise,  
 That in the temple amonges alle,  
 His fortune, as it is befallé,  
 Touchende his daughter and his wyf,  
 He shal knowe, upon his daye.*

—See Pauli's ed. p. 335.

Qq. print all but the first five words of Diana's speech as prose; but there can be no doubt that originally it was in rhymed stanzas, as Stevens supposes. Compare the vision of Jupiter, *Cymbeline*, v. 4. 93-113.

299. Line 247: *And give them repetition to the LIFE.* — So Malone, adopting the conjecture of Lord Charlemont. Q4., F. 3, F. 4 read *like*. The meaning is, "relate them truly and vividly."

300. Lines 261, 262:

*when you come ashore,  
I have another SUIT.*

Q4., F. 3, F. 4 read *sleight*, which was altered to *suit* by Malone.

### ACT V. SCENE 2.

301. Lines 1, 2:

*Now our sands are almost run;  
More a little, and then DUMB.*

*Run* and *dumb* make an assonance, but no rhyme. Compare *soon* and *doom*, lines 19, 20, and see note 2. F. 4 reads *dun*, for which Rowe gave *done*, but the change is unjustifiable.

### • ACT V. SCENE 3.

302. — Malone noticed the likeness between this scene and that of *Hermione's* discovery. See *Winter's Tale*, v. 3, especially lines 120–155, compared with lines 44–84 of the present scene.

303. Lines 3, 4:

*Who, frighted from my country, did  
Wed at Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.*

This and the succeeding lines are printed as prose in Q4., F. 3, F. 4. Something is evidently lost. Malone transposes the words thus:

*Who, frighted from my country, did wed  
The fair Thaisa at Pentapolis.*

The emendation is, however, somewhat inadequate.

304. Lines 6, 7:

*A maid-child call'd Marina; WHO, O goddess,  
WEARS YET THY SILVER LIVERY.*

*Wear* the goddess's *silver livery* may mean "wear the Every of the silvery goddess," or "goddess argentine," i.e. be a votary of the maiden moon-goddess. But Percy interprets the *silver livery* as the white robe of innocence or maidenhood. For *who*, Q4. and F. 3 read *whom*.

305. Lines 9, 10:

*WHOM at fourteen years  
He sought to murder.*

*Whom* is Malone's correction for *who*, which all the old copies give.

306. Line 15: *What means the NUN?* — Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read

*nun*, the other copies *woman*. Collier substituted *nun*, and the same correction is found, so the Cambridge editors say (vol. ix. p. 432), in MS. in Capell's copy of Q. 1. Twine writes: "his long lamented wife Lady Lucina remained in virtuous life and holy contemplation among the religious *Nunnes*" (p. 318). The direction at the beginning of this scene—which was introduced by Malone—describes Thaisa as high-priestess; but it is doubtful if Shakespeare intended this. All that Wilkins says is: "In this Temple was she placed to be a *Nunne*" (p. 77). Gower, however, calls her the *abbess*.

307. Lines 35, 36:

*That Thaisa am I, supposed dead  
And DROWN'D.*

We may regard the scansion of the first four words as two trochaic feet followed by an iambus, or we may take *That* as a monosyllabic foot (compare *Twelfth Night*, note 77) with an iambus following, and then an anapaest. *Drown'd* means overwhelmed, sunk and lost.

308. Lines 69, 70:

*Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision! I  
Will offer NIGHT-OBOLATIONS to thee.*

So Fl. and Dyce. Q4. read *and* for *I*. What *night-oblations* may be, no one has satisfactorily explained.

309. Lines 73, 74:

*This ORNAMENT,  
Makes me look dismal, will I clip to form.*

See iii. 3. 27–30. Malone cites *Much Ado about Nothing*, iii. 2. 45, 46: "the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis-balls." In the present connection the word *ornament* seems out of place. Perhaps we ought to read *excrement*, as in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 1. 110; see note 159 on that play. The absence of the relative pronoun before *makes* probably shows that the passage, as it now stands, has lost some words which once belonged to it.

310. Line 89: *Virtue PRESERV'D from fell destruction's blast.* — So Malone. Q4., F. 3, F. 4 read *preferd* or *preferred*.

311. Lines 95–97:

*when fame  
Had spread their cursed deed, AND honour'd name  
Of Pericles, to rage the CITY turn.*

So Malone and Dyce, following F. 3. Q4. read *the for and City*, used collectively for the citizens, is treated as plural.

312. Line 99: *To punish THEM, although not done, but meant.* — Malone inserted *them*, which is required both by rhythm and sense.

### ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

Note

7. i. 1. 128: *By your UNOMELY clasplings with your child.*

—So Wilkins' Novel.

3. i. 3. 28: *But since he's gone, THIS the king's EARS myst please.*

Note

68. i. 4. 13, 14:

*GRIEF MAKES our tongues and sorrows to sound deep  
Our woes into the air.*

183. iii. 2. 84: *I'VE READ of an Egyptian.*

—So Wilkins' Novel.

191. iii. 3. 5: *Your STROKES of fortune.*

# WORDS PECULIAR TO PERICLES.

## ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS SUGGESTED.

1. I. 1. 1. *MEET* for *embracements*.  
 2. I. 1. 135, 166: GO THOU,  
 PURSUE, AND SMITE HIM; SEE thou ne'er return.  
 3. I. 1. 13, 14:  
 GRIEF MAKES our tongues to SOUND OUR SORROWS deep,  
 AND woss into the air.  
 4. H. Prol. 19: for HE BOTH strive

- Note  
 102. II. 1. 129: I KNOW it: *I was mine own*.  
 103. II. 1. 134, 135: *in like necessity*.  
*The which the gods AVERT, THE SAME may defend thee.*  
 135. II. 4. 50: Go, search YOUR NOBLE PRINCE, *like noble*  
*subjects*.  
 309. v. 3. 73, 74:  
 • This EXCREMENT,  
 Makes me look dismal, will I clip to form.

## WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN PERICLES.

NOTE.—The addition of sub. adj. verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb, only in the passage or passages cited.

Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line
Adorned (vb. int.) i. 4 26	Entreasured... iii. 2 65	Ne... ii. Prol. 36	Slack <sup>25</sup> (vb. tr.) iii. 1 43
After-nourishment i. 2 13	Equivalent... v. 1 92	Needy <sup>26</sup> ... i. 4 95	Sleided <sup>27</sup> ... iv. Prol. 21
A-land <sup>1</sup> ... ii. 1 31	Escapen... ii. Prol. 36	Night-bird... iv. Prol. 26	Sojourner... iv. 2 150
A-land <sup>2</sup> ... iii. 2 69	Explain... ii. 2 14	Night-oblations <sup>15</sup> v. 3 70	Spoken... ii. Prol. 12
Appearer... v. 3 18	Faithful (adv.) i. 2 110	Nouse... i. 4 42	Square <sup>27</sup> (adj.) v. 1 109
Argentine... v. 1 251	Faithfulness... i. 1 63, 154	O'erfed... iii. Prol. 3	Staleness... v. 1 58
Bases <sup>3</sup> ... ii. 1 167	Fast-growing... iv. Prol. 6	O'ershowered... iv. 4 26	Standing-bowl... ii. 3 64
Bays <sup>4</sup> ... iv. 6 160	Fasting-days... ii. 1 86	Old (adv.)... i. Prol. 1	Thoughten... iv. 6 115
Belfry... ii. 1 41	Flunny... ii. 1 52	Pageantry... v. 2 6	Thwarting <sup>28</sup> ... iv. 4 10
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1 = by land. 2 = to land.

3 = a kind of dress.

4 = the laurel plant.

5 = to reproach; braided = interlaced, Ven. 271; Lover's Compl. 35.

6 = wanting.

7 Venus and Adonis, 544.

8 = duty; = equipment, Cymbeline, v. 5. 409.

9 = to go, to resort; frequently used in transitive senses.

10 Lucrece, 1062. 11 = closed.

12 Lucrece, 725.

13 = in the manner of mortals;

= fatally, Pericles, iii. 3. 6; Cymb. v. 3. 10.

14 = needful, requisite.

15 See Son. cxv. 10; Lover's Compl. 223. 16 = to explain.

17 = employer.

18 = corner-posts.

19 = to be distasteful to.

20 = fleet, squadron.

21 = assayed. 22 = sutures.

23 = sewers.

24 Lover's Complaint, 2.

25 = to loosen.

26 Lover's Complaint, 22.

27 Used figuratively = just, in Timon, v. 4. 26; Antony, ii. 2. 190.

28 = passing over, crossing.

29 Topped.

30 Name of the Clown in As You Like It.

31 = not revealed, Lucrece, 753;

= not numbered, Son. cxviii. 2.

32 Pass. Pilgrim, 277.



















